







Hero Tales of the American Soldier and Sailor

AS TOLD BY



THE HEROES
THEMSELVES
AND THEIR
COMRADES

The Unwritten History of American Chivalry

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A. HOLLOWAY

GLORY CROWNS THE BRAVE.



AMERICA, grand in her splendid isolation, no less than in her incomparable resources and militant mightiness, has felt so secure of her supremacy in the Western hemisphere that the energies, the talents, and the ambitions of our people have been devoted to those peaceful pursuits which have for their aim personal advancement, national prestige, and a wide dissemination of those principles upon which human liberty and the peaceful development of the world are founded. Our conquests have never been made by sword ; our growth as a nation has not been by accretions wasted from weaker powers ; our strength

is not derived from the blood of victims, and our conscience is not harrowed by spectres of hate and oppression. Thus, content in our national exclusiveness, and punctilious in our sense of justice and humanity, we have been facetiously designated, by Cæsars of militarism, as a nation of shopkeepers and as devotees of commercialism, who, mindful only of dollars, recoil at any suggestion of gunpowder. We have been patient in the face of contumely, self-possessed under painful provocation, but never indifferent to the cry of distress, nor deaf to appeals of the suffering. Other nations, drunk with ambition, glorying in aggrandizement, cannot comprehend the great American Republic, and thus characteristically misjudge our purposes, and condemn the administration of our Government. Our war with Spain has served to disillusion the statesmen of Europe, to quicken their slow intelligence, to flood their darkened understanding, and to give them an appreciation of the magnitude of our capabilities as a nation and our patriotism as a people. It has shown them that while we love money, and are devoted to building up our fortunes, to increasing our benefits, and to enriching our minds, we are more deeply attached to our homes, and that

our love of country is equaled only by our sympathies for those struggling in the grip of tyrants.

If Americans have any one thing to regret, it is the fact that we are not fully appreciative of our own history, having failed to study it as the subject deserves. This is natural to a people whose peace has been so seldom disturbed that it is hard to realize that perils have been experienced and great victories won. Notwithstanding we are a youthful republic, we may justly exult in the truth that we are, historically considered, the most picturesque nation of the globe, and unique not only for being the most powerful government ever instituted by man, but because our unexampled greatness has been attained in a single century, and that in our several wars we have never once been defeated. The more thoroughly we study the history of our country the better citizens we become, because the tendency is to intensify our patriotism by giving us a higher conception of the domestic blessings that we possess as sovereigns.

How very few of us even know that since the War of the Revolution America has been engaged in no less than seventeen different conflicts, much less realize their causes and results; and yet each one has been a distinct step in the work of founding and developing the nation. History is not so impressively taught by narration as by pictures; the artist is more graphic than the writer, because the eye comprehends quicker than the intelligence, while the pleasure is more acute and lasting. For this all-sufficient reason the publishers of this volume, dedicated to acts of patriotic daring, have wisely determined to interest and instruct Americans in the history of our beloved country, by splendidly illustrating and presenting in graphic detail stories of the most thrilling and valorous deeds performed by the brave men who have carried our flag to victory on land and sea, and thus glorified the nation. A higher purpose cannot be conceived, since its fulfillment presents in the most lucid, authentic and impressive manner the heroic incidents that have punctuated and exalted our history as the grandest, liberty-loving and freedom-insuring republic of any age.

J. W. BUEL.



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A MEMORABLE SPEECH.

By

Wm McKinley

NOT since Lincoln delivered his most famous speech at Gettysburg, imperishable as is his name and deeds, has any public man spoken so eloquently to the people as did President McKinley at a peace celebration in Atlanta, Georgia, December 18, 1898. His patriotic and sublime utterances upon that occasion will survive and thrill the hearts of millions in the centuries to come. He said:

I cannot withhold from this people my profound thanks for their hearty reception and the good will which they have shown me everywhere and in every way since I have been their guest. I thank them for the opportunity which this occasion gives me of meeting and greeting them, and for the pleasure it affords me to participate with them in honoring the army and the navy, to whose achievements we are indebted for one of the most brilliant chapters of American history.

Other parts of the country have had their public thanksgivings and jubilees in honor of the historic events of the past year, but nowhere has there been greater rejoicing than among the people here, the gathered representatives of the South. I congratulate them upon their accurate observation of events which enabled them to fix a date which insured them the privilege of being the first to celebrate the signing of the treaty of peace by the American and Spanish Commissioners. Under hostile fire on a foreign soil, fighting in a common cause, the memory of old disagreements has faded into history. From camp and campaign there comes the magic healing which has closed ancient wounds and effaced their scars.

For this result every American patriot will forever rejoice. It is no small indemnity for the cost of war.

This government has proved itself invincible in the recent war, and out of it has come a nation which will remain indivisible forever more.

No worthlier contributions have been made than by the people of these Southern States. When at last the opportunity came they were eager to meet it and with promptness responded to the call of the country. Intrusted with the able leadership of men dear to them, who had marched with their

**Who Will Haul Down
Our Flag?** fathers under another flag, now fighting under the old flag again, they have gloriously helped to defend its spotless folds and added new lustre to its shining stars. That

flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress.

Who will withdraw from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds?

The victory we celebrate is not that of a ruler, a President, or a Congress, but of the people. An army whose valor we admire, and a navy whose achievements we applaud, were not assembled by draft or conscription, but from voluntary enlistments. The heroes came from civil as well as military life. Trained and untrained soldiers wrought our triumphs.

The peace we have won is not a selfish truce of arms, but one whose conditions presage good to humanity.

The domains secured under the treaty yesterday, to be acted upon by the Senate, came to us not as the result of a crusade of conquest, but as the reward of temperate, faithful and fearless response to the call of conscience, which could not be disregarded by a liberty-loving and Christian people.

We have so borne ourselves in the conflict and in our intercourse with the powers of the world as to escape complaint or complication and give universal confidence of our high purpose and unselfish sacrifices for struggling peoples.

The task is not fulfilled. Indeed, it is only just begun. The most serious work is still before us, and every energy of heart and mind must be bent and the impulses of partisanship subordinated to its faithful execution. This is the time for earnest, not faint, hearts. "New occasions teach new duties."

To this nation and every nation there come formative periods in its life and history. New conditions will be met only by new methods. Meeting these conditions hopefully and facing them bravely and wisely are to be the mightiest test of American virtue's capacity. Without abandoning past limitations, traditions and principles, but by meeting present opportunities and obligations, we shall show ourselves worthy of the great trust which civilization has imposed upon us.

**The Life of the
Nation Saved by
the Valor of its
Defenders.**

At Bunker Hill, liberty was at stake ; at Gettysburg, the Union was the issue ; before Manila and Santiago, our armies fought not for gain or revenge, but for human rights. They contended for the freedom of the oppressed, for whose welfare the United States has never failed to lend a hand to establish and uphold, and, I believe, never will. The glories of the war cannot be dimmed, but the result will be incomplete and unworthy of us unless supplemented by civil victories, harder possibly to win, in their way no less indispensable.

We will have our difficulties and our embarrassments. They follow all victories and accompany all great responsibilities. They are inseparable from every great movement or reform. But American capacity has triumphed over all in the past. Doubts have in the end vanished.

Apparent dangers have been averted or avoided and our own history shows that progress has come so naturally and steadily on the heels of new and grave responsibilities that as we look back upon the acquisition of territory by our fathers we are filled with wonder that any doubt could have existed or any apprehension could have been felt of the wisdom of their action or their capacity to grapple with the then untried and mighty problems.

The Republic is to-day larger, stronger and better prepared than ever before for wise and profitable developments in new directions. Even if the minds of some of our own people are still disturbed by perplexing and anxious doubts, in which all of us have shared and still share, the genius of American civilization will, I believe, be found both original and creative, and capable of subserving all the great interests which shall be confided to our keeping.

Forever in the right, following the best impulses and clinging to high purposes, using properly and within right limits our power and opportunities, honorable reward must inevitably follow. The outcome cannot be in doubt.

**Strong in the
Right, Merciful in
Our Sentiments.**

We could have avoided all the difficulties that lie across the pathway of the nation if a few months ago we had coldly ignored the piteous appeals of the starving and oppressed inhabitants of Cuba. If we had blinded ourselves to the conditions so near our shores and turned a deaf ear to our suffering neighbors, the issue of the territorial expansion in the Antilles and the East Indies would not have been raised.

But could we have justified such a course? Is there any one who would now declare another to have been the better course? With less humanity and less courage on our part, the Spanish flag, instead of the Stars and Stripes, would still be floating at Cavité, at Ponce and at Santiago, and a

"chance in the race of life" would be wanting to millions of human beings who to-day call this nation noble, and who, I trust, will live to call it blessed.

Thus far we have done our supreme duty. Shall we now, when the victory won in war is written in the treaty of peace and the civilized world applauds and waits in expectation, turn timidly away from the duties imposed upon the country by its own great deeds? And when the mists fade and we see with clearer vision, may we not go forth rejoicing in a strength which has been employed solely for humanity and always been tempered with justice and mercy, confident of our ability to meet the exigencies which await, because confident that our course is one of duty and our cause that of right?"

MIGHTY STATE SECRETS OF THE LATE WAR.

Conditions that Demanded Delay in Beginning Hostilities.

BY GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD,
(*Ex-Minister to Spain.*)

NOW that peace terms have been consummated by which Spain and America are upon a basis of mutual understanding that permits resumption of friendly intercourse, it is no violation of proprieties in me to reveal some of the happenings at Washington and Madrid while I had the honor of holding the position of United States Minister to Spain. When appointed to that important post I carried with me to Madrid instructions from the President to direct my efforts to the accomplishing of three things:

One was to secure justice for Cuba; another was to see that our commercial interests in that island were no longer embarrassed, and the third was to demand the withdrawal from Cuba of General Weyler on or before, October 31, 1897—or to demand the passports of the American Minister. I delivered my instructions to the Duke of Tetuan, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he promptly told me that under no circumstances would General Weyler be withdrawn from Cuba until the end of the two years for which he had been sent there.

What the Duke of Tetuan refused to do and what American diplomacy failed to secure was accomplished by providential means. The Conservative

Government resigned, the Sagasta Ministry came into power, and on October 29, I think it was, two days before the time set for General Weyler's recall by the President, Weyler was recalled.

The weeks drifted by and February 15, 1898, came, when our battleship was blown up in the harbor of Havana. Through departments other than the State Department I received telegraphic information on February 18 that there was not on American ships or in the ordnance depots in the United States more than two rounds of powder per gun and per man, and I was therefore told to exhaust the arts of peace until April 15, the earliest date at which we could be anywhere near ready for war, and that, in any event, smokeless powder for both the navy and the army would be another impossibility.

**Our Navy Without
Ammunition.**

I did the best I could; but let me inform you that, had it not been for the unfaltering, unchanging and loyal friendship of England and the attitude of her Minister at Madrid, I might have failed to do the little I did do, because the representatives at Madrid of Continental Europe were ready at any time to interfere with the plans of the United States, if the British Minister would only join them. In the meantime the work of preparation went on at home, and to show you how accurately the time was gauged, I may tell you of the run of a sealed express train across the continent, the contents of which train no man outside of Washington, and only two there, knew. It had the right of way over all other trains. When it reached San Francisco its cargo was transferred to the Mohican, which raced to Honolulu. There the cargo was shifted to the "Baltimore," which carried it to Hong Kong, and on April 23 the cargo was distributed among the American warships there, and Dewey had the ammunition he wanted. On April 24 he got his orders to sail for Manila. That ammunition on May Day awoke echoes in Manila Bay that were heard round the world and took from Spain an empire.

The war with Spain has been likened to the hundred days in France. Those one hundred days changed the map of Europe for twenty years. The days of our war changed the map of the world and changed it forever. Loyal Americans may differ as to politics, but upon one thing we cannot differ. We tore down the sovereignty of Spain in the Philippines.

We must either establish there a form of government as we know government, or we must guarantee the protection of life and property there until the peoples of those islands show that they can govern themselves. We must do one of these two things. It is our duty and we cannot shirk it. I agree with any one who says that if we govern the Philippines as we govern American cities we will not

**Our Duty in the
Philippines.**

succeed. If we put in power there men who have been leaders of ward caucuses in New York, Brooklyn, or Philadelphia, the Philippines will be to us a curse instead of a blessing. But, thank God, we have a man at the helm, your President and my President, who, instead of insisting upon a policy of his own, is waiting to hear from the people he governs, and in this country it has ever been that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

THE PRELUDE TO AN EMPIRE'S FALL.

BY J. W. BUEL.

HE would have been endowed with more than human foresight—universal consensus would have doubtless pronounced him a visionary—who, in the early spring of 1898, should have foretold not only that in the course of a few weeks the Union would be in the throes of a war to the bitter end with Spain, but that within one hundred days the whilom mistress of the Western World would have lost her sway over any portion of it forever.

Not, indeed, that the primary causes for such a conflict were lacking, or that no cloud overhead bespoke the gathering storm; on the contrary, the long series of Spain's misdeeds in the West Indies for centuries past had left behind it a blood-stained trail along which retribution could not fail to reach her, when the time came, with swifter, surer strides, as her punishment had been withheld the longer.

It has been tersely said that, up the present, the history of Cuba has been a tragedy. The term is appropriate, and would apply as well to the other Spanish possessions in the West Indies and to the Philippines; yet it needs qualification. We have here a tale of woe that none of the softer influences of the tragic drama ever came to alleviate; a plot of well-nigh incredible infamy, the perpetrators of which have no other incentive than their rapacity, and not a thrill of virtuous impulse to mitigate their crime; a picture of darkness unrelieved to the eye save by the purple gleam of the murderer's blade or the pallor of starving spectres, with no other silver lining than the treacherous glamor of pledges unfulfilled, unless it be the fitful flash of a heroic deed at the hands of a forlorn hope.

It were needless, at this juncture, to retrace the drainings of Cuba's resources, which was started by her discoverer, Columbus himself, 400 years

ago. She was spoken of by her lusty conquerors under a variety of names, "Juana," in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella; "Ferdinandina," in remembrance of Ferdinand after his death; "Cuba," her original Indian name; "Santiago" and "Ave Maria," after St. James, the patron of Spain, and the Virgin Mary, respectively; but whether under these, or any of those endearing epithets, "the Garden of the West," "the Summer Isle of Eden," etc., which the irony of fate placed upon their lips, Cuba lay helpless in the grasp of her oppressors until 1762, when the British occupation of Havana bade her hope for a new era of unknown welfare and prosperity.

**Pious Remem-
brances and
Romantic Titles.**

The vista soon faded away, however; the treaty of Paris, the outcome of a coalition of Spain, France, Austria and Russia against Great Britain, restored Havana to Spain; the beneficial reforms initiated by the British were kept up only so far as they ministered to the insatiable greed of those in power; and the dawn of the nineteenth century brought no brighter prospect to the unfortunate island.

It may seem remarkable to the superficial observer that our first intervention in Cuba's affairs was directed towards the maintenance of Spanish rule there; in 1825 France was emphatically told that we could not consent to the occupation of Cuba or Porto Rico by any other European power than Spain under any contingency whatever; in 1840, and again in 1843, our intentions in this respect were conveyed to Great Britain in scarcely less unequivocal terms; but it is superfluous to emphasize the fact that we were then merely asserting the tenets of our new Monroe Doctrine (first enunciated in the Presidential message of 1823), and not in any way upholding a regime which had proved so blighting a curse on every colony to which it had been applied.

Years rolled by; our own civil war engrossed for a time our entire attention; and when, on its termination, we felt stronger than ever to urge the necessity of reform on the government of Queen Isabella, the dethronement of the latter in 1868 opened a new chapter in the annals of Cuba.

For the first time, the legion of office-hunting Spaniards, whose occupation in Peru and other enfranchised South American colonies was gone, and whose traffic in blood-stained gold was now confined to Cuba and Porto Rico—the "Peninsulars," as they are called—found themselves face to face with a regularly organized insurrection on the part of the natives or "Insulars," as they were designated.

**Spain's Arrogance
Brooks No
Intervention.**

The revolution of 1868 in Spain had no sooner been announced than Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, a well-known Cuban lawyer and wealthy planter, raised the standard of revolt and quickly found himself at the head of an army of 15,000 strong. A declaration of independence, setting forth the too glaring causes that justified it, was published at Manzanillo, on October 10; in the following month of April, at a congress summoned at Quaymaro, a Republican constitution was framed and Cespedes elected president. Mexico and other South American States recognized the Cubans as belligerents; it was not long ere Peru went one step farther and acknowledged their independence; what was to be known as Cuba's ten years' war was in full sway, and under promising auspices.

Of the methods adopted by the military authorities to face this new condition of affairs, one instance will suffice; it is contained in a proclamation issued by General de Valmaseda in April, 1869, which reads as follows:

"1. Every man, from the age of fifteen years, upwards, who is found away from his habitation (finca) and does not prove a justified motive therefor, will be shot.

**Iniquitous Laws
that
Shame Spain.**

"2. Every habitation unoccupied will be burned by the troops.

"3. Every habitation from which does not float a white flag, as a signal that its occupants desire peace, will be reduced to ashes.

"Women that are not living at their own homes, or at the houses of their relatives, will collect in the town of Jiguani, or Bayamo, where maintenance will be provided. Those who do not present themselves will be conducted forcibly."

Not more than one example seems needed either, to illustrate the cowardly hypocrisy with which politicians played their part in this war. A loudly-heralded bill, the Moret bill, which was to emancipate certain classes of slaves, was elaborately passed and became a law amid the plaudits of Europe, in June, 1870. On examination it was found that this would-be emancipatory measure simply relieved the slave owner from supporting the very young and the very old, while it strengthened and prolonged his hold of the able-bodied, but even such as it was, the outside world thought it had been in operation for almost two years before the Peninsulars even permitted it to be publicly announced in Cuba.

In November, 1875, President Grant determined, if possible, to bring matters to an issue, and a note was sent to the Spanish government, of which this was the concluding paragraph:

"In the absence of any prospect of a termination of the war, or of any change in the manner in which it has been conducted on either side, the President feels that the time is at hand when it may be the duty of other governments to intervene, solely with a view of bringing to an end a disastrous and destructive conflict and of restoring peace in the Island of Cuba.

**General Grant
Tries to Pacify
the Island.**

No government is more deeply interested in the order and peaceful administration of this island than is that of the United States, and none has suffered as the United States from the condition which has obtained there during the past six or seven years. He will, therefore, feel it his duty at an early day to submit the subject in this light, and accompanied by an expression of the views above presented, for the consideration of Congress."

Spain's answer came in a two-fold manner during the following spring.

In a note addressed to her representatives in foreign countries, including the United States, Minister Calderon stated that the insurrection was supported and carried on largely by negroes, mulattoes, Chinese, deserters and adventurers; that Spain had amply sufficient forces to put an end to the kind of guerrilla warfare in which they were engaged, and that her triumph would speedily be followed by the total abolition of slavery and the introduction of administrative reforms. And furthermore, in conversations with our representative, Caleb Cushing, Calderon reiterated the assurance that Spain was in full accord with the United States in regard to the abolition of slavery, the extension of liberal political and administrative reforms to Cuba and the promotion of unrestricted commerce, and that she was only waiting for the establishment of peace to put these various measures into operation.

Such protestations naturally put all attempts at intervention out of question for the time being. Two years passed by, and the ten years' fight was abandoned in February, 1878.

It was not, however, Spain's "all-sufficient power" that had brought the struggle to a halt; it was the contentions that had arisen between the civil and military departments of the newly formed and ill-matured republican government, and, above all, the lavishness of the promises which Spain once more held out to the insurgents—promises the nullity of which, when realized, could not but reopen hostilities at the first opportunity.

**War Between the
Civil and the
Military.**

And yet, declining to learn a lesson from her past experience, Spain kept on the tenor of her Punic faith, and her heartless exactions continued to make Cuba a fattening field for her penniless nobles and fortune-hunting minions, until the inevitable result came, in 1895, and a fresh insurrection

broke out, more determined in its efforts and better prepared than ever for a conflict which was destined to be the last.

The ten years' war had cost Spain the loss of over 80,000 out of 150,000 soldiers; that the present was to drain her resources to a greater extent still seemed foredoomed from its inception, while her powerlessness to subdue the revolt of her victimized subjects became more and more apparent.

In the two years ending March 1, 1897, two Spanish generals, 13 field and 108 subaltern officers, 2,018 men were killed in battle or subsequently died of their wounds, while the number of those who had been reported as wounded amounted to 8,627. This was little, however, when compared to the losses caused by disease. Yellow fever alone had, in that lapse of time, carried away 318 officers and 13,000 men, while no less than 40,000 men and 127 officers had been the victims of other maladies.

In other words, according to the computation of a writer in the *Revue Scientifique* for October 16, 1897, those two years had caused the death or disablement of 521 per 1,000 of the Spanish forces in Cuba, as follows: Killed or dead from wounds, 10.7 per 1,000; dead of yellow fever, 66 per 1,000; dead of other diseases, 201.3 per 1,000; sent home (sick or wounded), 143 per 1,000; left in Cuba (sick or wounded), 100 per 1,000.

**Horrors of
Cuba's War for
Independence.**

The unprecedented successes of the natives in this second war only angered the Peninsulars the more, and the progress of Cuba's enfranchisement was met by a refinement of cruelty worthy of savage life. To Captain-General Weyler history will give due credit for the originating of the so-called "concentration" system. This dastardly measure shocked the human race at large; and the nauseated world stood aghast at its callous execution. Weyler was succeeded by Blanco, and the latter, while hardly loosening his murderous grasp of the non-combatants, was so impressed with the progress of the fighting insurgents that he used every effort to substitute the power of bribery for the impotency of his sword.

To Gomez, the veteran, who for thirteen years had lived but for the liberating of his country, he offered the use of a Spanish vessel to escape from the island, and a fortune in gold if he accepted the proposal; such was the blind infatuation of Spain that she expected Gomez to clutch at her magnanimous offer!

But patriotism that could not be purchased, and loyalty that was as incorruptible as the heart of righteousness, was now soon to have its aid from the good angel of mercy and justice. The destruction of the "Maine" awakened our long patient nation from passivity and led to loosing the

bloody-mouthed dogs of avenging wrong. The episodes of the war that began in April and ended by a peace treaty signed at Paris on December 10, 1898, constitute an epoch of American history which true Americans will call to mind with exultant spirits, for aside from the results which may follow—the liberation of long oppressed peoples and the acquisition by the United States of valuable island territory which remains to be governed—the greater benefits are found in that the war served to cement anew, with indissoluble fraternal bonds, the North and South.

No treaty negotiated in the present century is more pregnant of change in the general international situation than this second Treaty of Paris, as it will probably be called. It is not only that it marks the end of the colonial career of Spain—the final destruction of Spanish-American imperial dominion which was one of the wonders of the world's history, and which has its counterparts only in the expansion of Rome and the growth of Greater Britain—but it brings into the field of international politics a seventh great Power which, with resources of wealth, power and culture in no way inferior to those of the great States of Europe, enters into the competition for dominion over the waste and savage regions of the earth. The stored-up vitality of the American nation has broken its bonds, and after a century of restraint the heirs of the Pilgrim Fathers have cast to the winds the pious renunciations of their ancestors and have given rein to that "old Adam" of world-dominion which is an instinct of the masterful race to which we belong.

THREE EPISODES IN HISTORY.

WHEN the Spanish flag came down from Havana's Morro Castle on New Year's Day, 1899, one chapter of history was closed. The Spanish Empire in America became an episode that was passed.

In the space of four hundred and six years two months and ten days from the morning when Columbus landed on San Salvador until Castellanos turned over his authority to General Brooke in the Palace of Havana, the rule of Spain had been a huge fact in the life of America.

After the treaty of Paris in 1783, by which England surrendered East Florida to the Spaniards, to whom France had ceded Louisiana twenty years before, the Spanish dominions entirely surrounded the Gulf of Mexico, and stretched in one unbroken mass from Cape Horn to the Hudson Bay country. It was then that the Spanish episode in the New World reached its climax. Eighteen years later the retrocession of Louisiana marked the beginning of

the decline of Spain's American Empire. After that one province after another fell away until now not a Spanish flag is to be found flying anywhere in the vast region through which, a hundred years ago, the traveler might have journeyed for eight thousand miles without finding anything else.

This passing vision of empire recalls two other parallel episodes, both more extended in time than the sway of Spain in America, but each, like it, evanescent. One was in Spain-itself, where the Moors maintained a Moslem dominion for seven hundred and eighty-one years. Throughout the Middle Ages Spain was regarded essentially as a part of Africa. Malaga had been a Moslem city for six hundred years when Smyrna, Trebizonde and Constantinople were still Christian strongholds. But as the centuries rolled on the crescent slowly retreated until the last inch of the Moorish empire in Spain disappeared in the very year that saw the beginning of the Spanish empire in America.

**Spain's Glory in
Eclipse.**

The last of the three historical episodes is not yet ended, but its close is plainly in sight. A few years ago a great black blot called "Turkey" overspread the eastern and southern lands of the Mediterranean. It covered the greater part of the empire of Justinian, and some regions to which the arms of Belisarius and Narses had never reached. Under that thick pall of barbarism all the marks of the ancient civilization were effaced. There was no longer a Greece, a Macedonia, a Thrace—there was only "Turkey."

But now this incident, too, is passing away. It has become evident that there is no such thing as "Turkey"—there are only Turks, encamped in greater or less numbers in lands in most of which they still remain strangers. One by one the ancient names are emerging, and as one familiar region after another comes back into the sunlight the world realizes that the old civilization was not killed, but merely covered up. Egypt, Cyprus, Tripoli and Tunis are again under Christian rule, as in the days before the weary arms of Hercules drooped before the onset of youthful Islam. There is again a Greece, with Athens for its capital. The Romans of Dacia have a king of their own; two fragments of the old Servian Czarism have become independent States: Bulgaria rules herself; the sentiment of nationality is seething in Macedonia and Thrace; Colchis, of the Golden Fleece, is part of a Christian empire, and in these last weeks Crete has been redeemed.

The three episodes have been tremendous, tragic facts to the people involved in them—they have seemed for the time to blot out the heavens—but the development of history goes on, and in the perspective of future centuries there will be little to show that a Moorish empire in Spain, a Spanish one in America or a Turkish one in the East ever existed.

THE "VIRGINIUS" MASSACRE.

Story of an Atrocity that Embittered America Against Spain and
Called for Vengeance.

BY J. W. BUEL.

TO those only who have failed to keep informed of passing events in Cuba and who are ignorant of the history of the long suffering people of that most unhappy island, can any question arise as to the justice of United States intervention in the affairs between Cuba and Spain. Humanity's call was a loud one, which as a civilized nation we could not afford to ignore, but there were other provocations than those which begat our sympathy. The devastation of cultivated fields, the oppression of Spain's colonists by confiscatory taxes to enrich her besotted aristocracy; the merciless execution of protestants of her infamous measures; the winnowing and harrowing of the agricultural classes, and the merciless exactions that reduced Cubans to a tribute-paying people, were the causes that led to frequent rebellions and which aroused our strongest compassion. The material trade interests of our country were also seriously impaired by the appalling efforts made by Spain to uproot the plant and destroy the seeds of what was holy insurrection, for it caused an almost total suspension of commercial intercourse between Cuba and the United States, and a consequent loss to our people of more than \$200,000,000 in the years 1896-97. Great as were the losses to our trade, and shocking as were the crimes perpetrated by Spain upon the Cubans, which had small intermission from the time of the Columbian discovery to the date of enforced liberation, affording abundant and all-sufficient reason for armed intercession by our government, these did not constitute all of the iniquities which inflamed our national spirit; there were, in fact, many others which but for diplomatic restraint would have involved our government in war with Spain long before the blowing-up of the "Maine" and the fast-following events that exhausted our endurance to bear insult, and the persecution of our sorrow-burdened and liberty-seeking neighbor.

**Spain and
America on the
Verge of War.**

The United States was several times upon the point of taking up arms against Spain to avenge wrongs perpetrated upon our citizens, but at no time, prior to actual hostilities, did war so seriously threaten as in 1873, when the drum-beats were actually heard summoning the government to preparation and the voice of America's sons rose loudly in a demand for

reparation. The incident which came so near precipitating a great conflict was the seizure of the "Virginius" and execution of her crew, at Santiago de Cuba, in November of that year. The circumstances connected with this Spanish outrage may thus briefly be related:

The "Virginius" was a wooden vessel of 1,500 tons, which for a while was a blockade-runner, carrying arms and supplies to the Cuban insurgents, but later she was sold and engaged in a legitimate coasting trade, chiefly in the Caribbean Sea. She was American register, carried the United States flag, and was commanded by Joseph Fry, of Louisiana. At the time of her seizure she carried a crew of thirty men, and had 130 passengers, nearly all of the latter having gone on board at Kingston, Jamaica, for New York, to which port the "Virginius" was bound. The vessel was for a long while under suspicion and after her departure from Kingston she was pursued and seized on the high sea by the Spanish man-of-war "Torpedo," and upon being taken into Santiago the captain and crew were brought before a summary court-martial on a charge of piracy. No defence was permitted and

**Court Martial
and Execution
of Captain Fry.**

a sentence to death was passed upon the arrested men two days after their apprehension. Execution was ordered forthwith, before word could be conveyed to the United States authorities by the American Consul at that point.

Accordingly, on November 7 Captain Fry and his crew were shot by a squad detailed for the purpose, after which the bodies were subjected to the most horrible indignities, Spanish officers riding over the dead, and the remains were also mutilated in other ways. In celebration of this savage crime the Spanish officers gave a great ball in Santiago, attended by the aristocracy of the city, which was a carnival of exultation only one degree below that of a cannibal feast. On the following day—November 8—sixteen of the passengers were shot, but further executions were prevented by the arrival of the British warship "Niobe" in Santiago harbor, the commander of which threatened to bombard the city in case another one of the unfortunates were shot before the matter could be referred to the home authorities.

When the slaughter of the "Virginius" crew and several of her passengers was reported, and all its horribly brutal details became known in the United States, the country was aroused to a pitch of frenzied excitement and more than 100,000 volunteers offered their services to the government to punish Spain.

**The Nation
Clamorous for
Revenge.**

For a while it appeared that war was inevitable, that nothing but blood could atone the savage outrage, but this result was averted by Spain disavowing the acts of the officers at Santiago and by a

promise to investigate and make due reparation. As an earnest of the purpose to make amends the Spanish authorities ordered the release of the surviving passengers, but no apology or indemnity was paid until several months later. The affair thus became a long and tedious process of diplomatic negotiation which finally resulted in Spain making a conditional apology and in paying an indemnity of the small sum of \$80,000. The "Virginus" was also surrendered, but while on the voyage north she encountered a storm off Hatteras and was wrecked, many persons declaring, however, that she had been made unseaworthy by the Spaniards with a view to her destruction. The \$80,000 which Spain paid was for seizure and detention of the "Virginus," no part of which went to the relatives of those who were murdered, so the crime was in no sense avenged until Cervera's ships were destroyed and Santiago fell twenty-five years later.

DIFFICULTIES AND PERILS OF THE HAVANA BLOCKADE.

By

J. E. Chadwick

(Captain of the Cruiser "New York.")

THE Havana blockade was a more anxious one than that of any of the neighboring ports, as there were two large, swift torpedo-boat destroyers in the harbor, and we naturally expected an attack by these. During the day we were in easy and plain sight, and we ourselves could distinguish the guns in the batteries, the men at work and, frequently, standing closer in, could look up the streets and somewhat into the harbor.

At the first go-off the batteries were not so powerful but that we could have silenced them and kept them silenced with the ships we had, could the risk of injury to our heavier ships have been undergone. The fleet at Spain's disposal was too great a menace for this to be approved by the government, so that the batteries were left to grow and strengthen. Those on the lower ground to the west of the city, the last of which was some three miles distant from the harbor entrance, had but little westerly command, and at

this time we could have parried both these and the city from the somewhat extensive bay at the head of which is the seaside resort of Marianao, formed by the sweep of the shore to the southward a mile or so west of the last battery.

This southerly trend is sufficient to have enabled our ships to lie in comparative, if not absolute, safety and take the whole series of these batteries as far as Santa Clara (the first west of the entrance and the most powerful) with a flanking fire at from three to five miles. But this fire

**A Temptation to
Throw Heavy Shot.** would have been a worriment rather than an injury to the batteries, though immense destruction might have been dealt the city. The military effect might have not been commensurate with the expenditure of ammunition which, in the earlier stages of the war, it was important to economize. Besides, the ships most fitted for the service could have ill been spared from the blockading duty.

Changes from the monotony of the first established blockade came quickly. It was but a fortnight from our starting from Key West that the larger part of our heavy ships was on its way to San Juan. By this time we had been numerously reinforced by revenue vessels, lighthouse tenders, yachts and tugs—excellent material for the duty on which all had been, which did not require battleships. A commodore (Watson) had been appointed afloat, and another (Remey) was in command of our base at Key West. Cervera was due on this side of the Atlantic, and the great question was to meet and bring him to action. To Commodore Watson was left the covering of the Havana blockade, while Sampson went eastward in search of the Spanish fleet.

San Juan was locked in and bombarded. Cervera not being there, Sampson at once returned on his tracks, arriving at Key West to find the flying squadron, which went on to Cienfuegos, reinforced by the "Iowa." The commander-in-chief, with all the rest of his force, once again joined the Havana blockading force, but moved the greater part of it eastward to oppose Cervera's advance from that direction, the latter having already been heard of as being finally in Santiago de Cuba. The flying squadron had been ordered there from Cienfuegos, but on hearing that the commodore in command proposed returning to Key West for coal, the commander-in-chief was directed to go to Santiago, where he arrived June 1 with the "New York," "Oregon," "Mayflower" and the torpedo boat "Porter."

This sudden transference of interest from Havana to Santiago brought an entirely new phase to the blockade. The heavy fighting ships, with few exceptions, and these chiefly the monitors, were before the latter port, and there then ensued a month of wearisome and toilsome watching

against the escape of the caged squadron. As this was the blockading of a hostile squadron and not of a port particularly, for which, in fact, we had no uses and which was of no military importance, it differed widely in its methods from what had gone before. The commander-in-chief immediately upon his arrival tested the strength of the batteries, with a view to sending in close the battleships with their searchlights at night. The ships were drawn round the narrow entrance with their heads toward it, ready to assault at once the enemy should he appear.

At nightfall a battleship moved in to between one and two miles and fixed a searchlight up the narrow cañon which serves as a channel to the deep inner bay, which is invisible from outside. On her port hand was another battleship ready to fire in case anything appeared. The one showing the searchlight was relieved every two and a-half hours, so that as there were usually but three the duty fell very heavily, and was one of much anxiety to the captains. The crews had chiefly to sleep in the superstructure on account of the great heat, and though no serious injuries to the ship were apprehended from gun fire the men were practically unprotected.

**Watch Dogs
Before Santiago's
Gateway.**

Fortunately, they were not fired upon, and the month passed without the loss of a life from the carrying out of this duty. The remaining vessels of the squadron drew close in to the searchlight ship, and inside this latter were stationed three small vessels of the "Gloucester" class, and within these again and close under the Morro three steam launches as pickets. These last were frequently subjected to musketry fire, but no one was injured.

The attempted closing of the entrance by the sinking of the "Merrimac" was at once seen to be a failure, on account of her getting too far in, and the persistent searchlight was the only thing which prevented the sortie of Cervera at night. They found it impossible to come out in face of the blinding glare which made it impossible to navigate the narrow channel, which was so lighted that the smallest boat could not cross without our knowledge. This use of the searchlight was certainly one of the basic elements of our success. Had the Spanish Admiral succeeded in coming out at night, the chances of at least some of his ships escaping would have been immensely greater than during the day, and that the war might end quickly it was necessary that none should get away.

In the meantime, so many ships had been drawn to the vicinity of Santiago that blockade running became very active on the south coast west of Santa Cruz. Small vessels from Mexico and from other Spanish-American ports in the Gulf and from Jamaica were constantly increasing in number,

using Batabano particularly as a point of delivery. This, however, was soon blocked, and the entire length of some 500 miles was patrolled by a number of our lighter ships, making communication so hazardous that all attempts had practically ceased by the end of hostilities.

One of the last ships making the effort was the fine transatlantic steamer "Santo Domingo," which was driven ashore and burned by the "Eagle" near Cape Frances. Her destruction practically ended the blockade running of this section. Further east the inner waters of this great stretch of reefs were harried by a detail of vessels, some five or six of which were constantly on the station, and which, in addition to ordinary blockade duty, did most effective and gallant service in the bombardment of Manzanillo and the sinking there of the Spanish gunboats on that station by the "Wilmington," "Helena," "Manning," "Hist" and "Hornet."

The occupation of Guantanamo Bay was an easement to the southern blockade, the benefit of which can scarcely be measured. It at once became our coaling and repair station for the entire southern coast. Coaling at sea is at best but a difficult makeshift. It can be done, but, as a rule, it was wearisomely slow and was dangerous to both collier and cruiser. Guantanamo gave opportunity to coal and overhaul at the same time, and this, for the smaller ships especially, was of the utmost importance. Had hostilities continued, a coaling station would have also been established further west, and we should thus have had Key West, Guantanamo Bay, and a third (probably the Isle of Pines) in the 2,000 miles ellipse of the blockade.

PEACE.

BY FRANKLIN TRUSDELL.

THE Pride of the Antilles bowed her head,
 She had snapped her teeth in vain;
 Her faith was weak and her hope was dead,
 Crushed by the power of Spain.

'Twas then that a greater power arose,
 And o'er the Western wave
 A voice called "Halt" to Cuba's foes,
 And an arm stretched forth to save.

The voice was the surge of a people's soul,
 In the arm was a mighty sword,
 In the wake of a war-time thunder's roll
 Was the blood of heroes poured,

Till the heart of the Don no longer braved
 The force of the Iron Hand,
 And the flag of the Great Republic waved
 Throughout that weary land.

* * * * *

The dogs of war have ceased to bark,
 The wings of peace are spread,
 And a gleam of glory lights the dark
 In the graves of a nation's dead.

God grant these hundred days of strife
 May bring a hundred years
 Of plenteousness and peaceful life,
 And an utter dearth of tears.

For men are no less brave at home,
 And women's hearts are stronger
 When soldier sweethearts cease to roam
 And war alarms no longer.

If men must work and women weep,
 Why should it be for others?
 So let the dogs of war still sleep
 And let all men be brothers.

THE FIGHT AT GUANTANAMO.

BY A SAILOR OF THE "TEXAS."

"HELLO," said the man beside me. "I guess I came pretty near being shot."

We stood on the quarter-deck of the "Texas" at Guantanamo. The marines a few hundred yards away were moving through the thick cover in skirmishing order, driving the Spanish guerrillas before them, and across the water came the continual splutter of their rifles. Puffs of smoke gleamed for an instant against the green foliage and faded.

A roar came from the ravine in advance of the marines occasionally, telling that Commander McCalla, who had taken the "Marblehead" to a position enabling him to direct a flanking fire upon the Spanish, had dropped another shell where it was needed. The picture was an absorbing one. But when the man beside me said he had nearly been shot I forgot the marines instantly and turned to ask about it, realizing that if he had nearly been shot I must have been, too. He pointed to the deck at his feet. A Mauser bullet had gouged a piece out of it, and the wood beneath showed clean and new. Several of us became interested in a gun shield of improved pattern right after that, but it was uncomfortable there, for Captain Philip and the officers about him were too busy scanning the smoke-topped ridge to notice a mere rifle bullet, and we came out of the shelter to see the rest of the piece. Then a queer thing happened. The Spanish moved a gun down to the shore across the bay opposite to that in which the marines were busy and opened fire without giving notice of their purpose. Then the "Texas" belched smoke and flame, first on one side and then on the other, pouring shrapnel into the cover toward which the marines were advancing. An armed collier added

the music of her guns. The splutter of rifles was heard on
In a Storm of Shot both sides of us, and on the flank thundered McCalla of
and Shell. the "Marblehead." It struck me that Captain Philip of

the "Texas" must have more on his hands than one man could possibly attend to, so I went to see how he was succeeding. He was getting his own marines and his machine guns into boats to reinforce the hard-pressed men on the hill. He had seen that their situation was serious. To the fighting he paid no attention, apparently, but a glance here and there told him that his officers were carrying out his orders. He had no thought of stray bullets, that was plain. And he was not to be deceived. A young officer, a bit excited, told him some Spanish troops were visible beyond the crest of the ridge. Up went the busy captain's telescope. It was leveled for an instant only.

"Nonsense," he said, "those are our fellows, not Dagoes."

And that night, when the camp of the marines was surrounded on three sides by Spanish riflemen, the men and machine guns, which Captain Philip toiled to get ashore that afternoon while bullets sang and batteries were roaring, helped to sweep back the enemy and avert a disaster. Perhaps the aid he sent was just enough to turn the scale. So now, when I think of that spirited battle picture at Guantanamo, I see in the foreground a busy man who could weigh well all the duties which pressed his attention in the roar of battle, and tell which was of paramount importance.

BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

BY SEAMAN EDWARD O'NEILL, OF THE "DETROIT."

IT was on or about April 29 that the flagship "New York" signaled to us to go to Key West and take on plenty of coal and prepare for a long voyage. We did so, and then anchored outside with the fleet. It was rumored that we were to go to Porto Rico. We got up anchor on May 1, and were starting off when Sampson got orders to postpone the trip. He then ordered us to resume our blockade off Havana. The men were disappointed, for we thought we were going to have a fight.

About 12 o'clock the next day the "New York" ordered us to get up full steam and follow her. We picked up the rest of the fleet along the line. That night the signals were displayed, and the "New York" ordered a sharp lookout, as the Spanish fleet had left the Cape Verde Islands, and was making for Porto Rico.

It was Sampson's intention to steam slow and wait for the fleet, engage in battle and proceed to destroy Porto Rico. He lay off Hayti two days, but saw no Spaniards. It was on May 11 that the "New York" came alongside of us and the admiral gave us the following orders:

"To-morrow morning we shall be in sight of Porto Rico. Proceed right up the bay, take soundings, and if they fire on you return fire. To-night I will transfer my flag to the 'Iowa;' so take orders from her and keep 1,000 yards ahead of her." Thus we had the honor of leading the fight.

At daylight we steamed up the bay, with the fleet following. The port was in full view. We kept on going, as no guns were fired on us. Sampson thought we were getting too close and ordered us to stop, but the brave "Detroit" kept right on.

The
Bombardment.

The "Iowa" turned her broadside on the forts and fired a small gun in the water. This was only a ruse, but it worked like a charm, for the Spaniards thought we were firing on them, and they opened fire on us, and we right under their noses—so close that they could not train their guns on us. The "Iowa" then let go her broadside and took half of the main fort with it; the "Detroit" followed with a discharge of her six 5-inch, and did terrible work, and the "Indiana" and the monitors joined the band.

One of the "Indiana's" 13-inch struck the barracks and lifted it bodily. The guns on the main fort spoke only once; that was when they first fired. They never spoke after the "Detroit's" first volley. Around the

surf-beaten, rock-bound shore, was constantly shown, and the navy appeared to leave the army at last much to its own devices.

The almost insuperable difficulties that attended the debarkation of our army continued when the advance was made, and the disadvantages of our troops operating against a strongly intrenched and fortified enemy were incalculably great. Nothing like the usual proportion of artillery was present in the field to aid the other arms as accessories before the fact, and the comments on and results of this can come best from line officers of the other arms.

The remarkable marksmanship of our trained soldiers was hardly more exploited than the gross ignorance of our recruits. The books say that it ought not to be possible to successfully assault in front unshaken, still more well fortified infantry, under modern conditions. But in this instance dismounted cavalry, as well as its confrere of the infantry arm, did, without bayonets, successfully assault infantry posted on commanding ground, behind water, well intrenched, valiant and unshaken, and the severity of the task is indicated by the list of casualties, as compared with the actual numbers which the immediately opposing trenches held.

**Our Victory Violates
Book Rules.**

When the fight was over, though successful everywhere, we had no reserves—Bates' independent brigade having been in the assault first at Caney and then by a night march reinforcing the left at San Juan under most urgent calls. It was afterward supposed that the gap between our right and the bay was closed by Garcia's forces, and the demand for the surrender of the Spaniards was made prior to any knowledge of the intention of Cervera to escape with his fleet or of the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements. Such a conjunction of events may indicate the rapidity of the changes in the situation. Indeed, the fighting of this army came up to the highest expectations, and accomplished results beyond what it is usual to expect of a force so constituted.

At early dawn of July 1 the troops of Lawton's division started into the position previously designated for them to occupy. The one battery of artillery assigned to duty with this division for the day occupied a position overlooking the village of El Caney, 2,400 yards distant.

General Chaffee's brigade took up a position east of the village, ready to carry the town as soon as it should have been bombarded by the artillery. General Ludlow's brigade took up a position to the west of the village in order to cut off the retreat of the Spaniards, when they should be driven out and attempt to retreat to the city of Santiago. But with soldierly instinct and admirable effect he closed in upon the

**Ludlow's White Hat
a Target.**

defences of the village, and his white sailor hat became a target for the enemy during the hours he hugged the blockhouses on his flank of the well-defended village. Colonel Miles' brigade was held in reserve south of the village.

The artillery opened fire about 7 a. m. The battery was entirely beyond the reach of small arms' fire, and the enemy had no artillery. The battery opened with shrapnel at what appeared to be a column of cavalry moving along the road from El Caney toward Santiago, then fired a few shots at the blockhouse, then a few at hedges where the enemy's infantry seemed to be located, and then fired a few shots into the village. At about 11 o'clock the battery stopped firing. During all this time a continuous fire of musketry, partly firing at will and partly by volleys, was kept up along all parts of the lines. Our advance was drawing closer toward the enemy's works, and the brigade in reserve brought up the line.

General Bates' independent brigade reached the position in the afternoon and also went into the line, all closing on toward the village. Between 1 and 2 o'clock the division commander directed the battery of artillery to concentrate its fire upon the stone fort, or blockhouse, situated on the highest point in the village on the northern side, and which was the key-point to the village. The practice of artillery against this was very effective, knocking great holes in the fort and rendering it untenable. The infantry of Chaffee's, Bates' and Miles' brigades then made an assault upon the work and carried it.

**Fine Artillery
Practice.**

There were a number of small blockhouses on the other side of the village, from which a strong fire was kept up for some time after the stone fort had fallen. Word was sent to the commander of artillery to bring his battery down so as to take these blockhouses, but by the time the battery had arrived the fire had ceased. But there was one blockhouse still occupied by the Spaniards, and at this the battery fired four shots, resulting in the loss of a number of Spaniards. Orders having reached the division commander in the meantime to withdraw his forces as soon as possible and come into touch with the division on his left, our troops were not moved into the village, but were ordered to bivouac near the main road leading to the city of Santiago.

During the second of July there were a great many casualties, resulting not entirely from aimed fire, but from bullets clearing the crest of our intrenchments and going far beyond, striking men as they were coming together into position or as they were going back and forth bringing water, caring for the wounded, etc. Many casualties also resulted from the fire of sharpshooters stationed in trees with such thick foliage that the sharpshooters could not be seen.

It seemed incredible that men should be so reckless as to remain within our lines and continue firing, and it is believed by many that what was reported to be fire from sharpshooters was simply spent bullets that came over the crest of our works. But I and the members of my staff can testify to the fact that in many places along the road leading up to the centre of our lines the sharp crack of the Mauser rifle could be heard very close to the road, and there were all the usual indications of the near and selected aim against individuals. Scouting parties were sent out from time to time to get hold of these fellows, and a number of them were captured or shot; it was not until a day or two afterward, however, that they were all cleared out.

**Sharpshooters
in the Trees.**

Our troops suffered a great deal of unavoidable exposure from heat and rain. Many days and nights it was necessary for them to bivouac without putting up their shelter tents. In other cases the ground was so wet that it was impossible to be protected from it, and so our men were obliged to remain for days and nights in their wet clothing, the same being true of officers as of men. All this, moreover, occurred within a day's march of the base of supplies.

We were told when we entered upon the campaign that it was necessary above all things to sleep off the ground, and hammocks were recommended to secure this end. Some were seen in the original bales on the transports, but it is doubtful whether the soldiers could have carried hammocks in addition to what they already had to carry. Even such heavy intrenching tools as were on hand were felt to be a burden. Some men, notably among the volunteers, started out with overcoats, but these were left on the transports or quickly abandoned; in some cases even blankets, blouses and underclothing were thrown away. Knapsacks were strewn along the roadsides. And yet it is almost as difficult in the Cuban climate to keep warm at night as it is to keep cool in the daytime. What became of personal property wherever left will possibly prove a problem for some one to solve. On the subject of uniforms it is said, the khaki uniform quickly loses its shape and dandy color, and is not strong enough to withstand the thorns constantly met with beside the roads. The knapsack or pack seems to disappear and all come down naturally to the blanket roll.

**Equipments
Thrown Away.**

A serious question presented was the disposition of the heavy pack when the soldier goes into action. Shall he carry it with him, weighing him down in the charge and pursuit, or shall he throw it away never to see it again, perhaps? In the battles of July 1 and 2 it became in most cases a physical necessity to throw the pack aside. In some instances the

regiments deposited their packs by the roadside and marched some miles after the battle to recover them again. In others, packs were thrown haphazard into the bushes, and in many cases were never recovered by their proper owners. Apparently the Cubans and the sick found some comfort from the owners' loss. Both pack animals and packers were overworked. It was some time before the wagons could be unloaded and used. At one time the places of the packers, who were nearly all sick, were taken by men from the firing line.

As an indication of the strain, little or no commissary supplies, such as are furnished by post exchange and commissaries, were at any time furnished beyond Sabilla. Such things as pocket-combs, tooth brushes, shoestrings, matches, tobacco, pipes—little things that did not take up much room and are of such small weight, but are of incalculable importance to the soldier—were not to be had. The stories of the prices paid for tobacco, and discontent about insufficient coffee, officers without a shirt to their backs, and clusters of them in ragged and soiled trousers, are too numerous to need more than a reference.

**Woeful Lack of
Supplies.**

The volunteers found it difficult to contend with an invisible enemy pouring in an effective fire from a position impossible to determine. The bayonet was not used in the campaign, except as an intrenching tool and to grind coffee.

In the beginning the Cuban soldiers were used largely as outposts on our front and flanks. There was a great deal of discussion among officers of the expedition concerning the Cuban soldiers and the aid they rendered. It appears that they had very little organization or discipline, and they did not, of course, fight in the battle line with our troops. Yet in every skirmish or fight where they were present they seemed to have a fair proportion of killed and wounded. They were of undoubted assistance in our first landing and in scouting our front and flanks. It was not safe, however, to rely upon their fully performing any specific duty, according to our expectation and understanding, unless they were under the constant supervision and direction of one of our own officers, as our methods and views were so different and misunderstanding or failure so easy.

DEWEY'S VICTORY IN MANILA BAY.

A Graphic Description of the Great Engagement, by an Eye Witness.

BY E. W. HARDEN,

COMMODORE DEWEY'S final instructions from the Navy Department were brief. He was advised that "hostilities had commenced between Spain and the United States," and he was directed to "proceed to the Philippine Islands, find the Spanish fleet and capture or destroy it."

At 5 p. m. on Saturday, April 23, the acting Governor of the British colony at Hong Kong, Wilson Block, notified Commodore Dewey that as "a state of war existed between the United States and the Kingdom of Spain" he had been "instructed by Her Majesty's Government to order the United States squadron to leave the harbor of Hong Kong and the waters of the colony by four o'clock p. m. Monday, April 25." Commodore Dewey, whose preparations had been completed, sailed on Sunday afternoon without waiting for the expiration of the time fixed by the British Government. During the six-hundred-mile voyage to Manila the squadron changed its formation several times to prove the ability of the ships to manœuvre to the satisfaction of Commodore Dewey. On Saturday afternoon, April 30, the headland of Cape Bolinao, in the Philippine Islands, was sighted.

Careful
Preparations
Made for Battle.

Only half the boilers of the squadron had been in use since the squadron sailed from Hong Kong. Fires were now kindled under every boiler. Black smoke poured from every funnel. Splinter nettings were spread, fire hose was run between decks ready instantly to drown any fire caused by bursting shells, ammunition hoists were tried, magazines opened and every strip of bunting, except the signal flags used in navy codes, was taken in. Stanchions, rails, davits and other movable stuff was unshipped and stowed below, where no shot could reach them to create dangerous splinters. The few lifeboats left on board were gotten into shape for lowering to be towed behind a steam launch away from the ships in action. All spars and ladders which could not be stowed below decks were swung over the sides of the ships. Rigging that could be dispensed with was taken down, and the wire stays which stiffen the masts were so lashed with ropes that if shot away they could not fall on deck to interfere with the working of the guns.

Commodore Dewey's officers made no effort to create a belief among the men that the battle would be easily won. On the contrary, they were told that the Spanish fleet was twice as numerous as the American, carried twice as many men, almost as many guns, and, with the forts, the mines and the torpedoes, which were of inestimable advantage in defensive operations, the Spaniards were known to have some advantage over us.

**Anticipations of
a Great Battle.**

It was now 7 p. m., Saturday, April 30. As darkness fell and the crews went to their battle-eve supper, the spirit of excitement rose to exultation. Electric lights still flamed in every porthole and cabin and at every mast-head, and with the red and white answering signal lights our fleet looked like a squadron of excursion boats returning to New York from a day's pleasure trip down the bay. By nine o'clock, however, the battle ports were closed, and while lights were burning brightly in the cabins, not a ray showed from the outside. The side lights required by law on all vessels at sea were not displayed. The mast lights were put out. When the entrance to Manila Bay was twenty miles away the only ray of light that gleamed from any ship was the stern signal inclosed in a box so that it could be seen only by ships directly in the wake of the vessels.

The flagship led the way. The "Baltimore," about 400 yards astern, followed the sternlight of the flagship; the "Boston," third in line, followed the sternlight of the "Baltimore," and so on down to the supply ships, more than a mile astern. Every man in the fleet then knew that Commodore Dewey was going to run the gantlet of the forts at Corregidor, and if possible do it without being discovered. The speed was six knots an hour. The sky was overcast, but the moon showed behind fleecy clouds. The sea was just heavy enough to give the ships a gentle undulation. Commodore Dewey timed his arrival with such wonderful precision that it was within a few minutes of midnight when the Corregidor Island light flashed ahead. The entire fleet, with neither increased nor diminished speed, steamed tranquilly on into the darkness of Manila Bay.

**Formation of the
Battle Line.**

The entrance is through either one of two passes lying on either side of Corregidor Island. The north pass is called Boca Chico and it is one mile wide. Both on the island and the mainland there are heavy forts with Krupp guns of high power. Commodore Dewey had received information at Hong Kong, which afterward proved to be correct, that there were mines guarding this approach. The south pass is called Boca Grande and is five miles wide. But the water is not so deep as in the narrow passage, and there are many rocks. Commodore Dewey chose Boca Grande, however.

The flagship steamed stealthily on and at midnight was directly in the line of fire between the two forts. Not a sound was heard. I stood on the forecastle deck of the "McCulloch" watching with breathless suspense the dark lines of Corregidor and of the mainland which guarded the narrows. While the flagship was close to the narrows the smokestack of the "McCulloch" suddenly belched tongues of flame. The soot of the soft coal had taken fire under the intense heat of the furnaces, which were storing up energy for the coming battle.

Stealing by Corregidor at Night.

Suddenly there was a bright flash of light from the mainland. A shot sped across the water just forward of us. Then the "Raleigh," the next ship in line ahead of us, instantly answered the challenge with a shot from one of her heavy guns. The "McCulloch" followed with three 6-pounders whizzing toward the flash of light ashore. Concealment we now thought useless. The forts answered twice, and the "Boston" closed the short, sharp duel with a long shot from her heavy 8-inch after gun, which it was afterwards ascertained actually hit the fort.

The ships were soon out of range. There is no telegraphic communication between the entrance to the bay and the fort at Cavite and the City of Manila. It seems incredible, but it is proof of the utter inefficiency of the Spanish preparations for defence, that no provision was made to notify the sleeping city and the Spanish fleet of the arrival of the American squadron, and so our appearance was a genuine surprise. From Corregidor to Manila is nearly seventeen miles, and as Commodore Dewey did not want to begin battle until it was light enough for his gunners to see the enemy, he signaled with the red and white lights to proceed in double column formation at a speed of four knots an hour.

No Spanish Communication with Manila.

The Commodore next signaled orders for the men to rest. The gunners lay down on the decks—anywhere they could find room. As there was a possibility of the battle opening at any moment everything was in readiness, every gun loaded, every furnace blazing at full power, every watertight compartment closed below deck, magazines opened, ammunition hoists filled, gun crews stripped naked to the waist—and then the men were told to lie down at their posts and get some sleep, so that their nerves might be steady for the great battle in the morning. Officers moved about inspecting every point on the ships over and over again, and conversing in low tones, so as not to disturb the sleepers between whose legs they were obliged to walk.

A few moments before 5 a. m., as the sky was lighting with the dawn, the spires of Manila appeared, dimly outlined on the horizon and below them the round domes of the public buildings.

The Commodore's orders were so well understood that there was no interchange of signals. Dewey himself stood on the forward bridge of the

**Dewey Takes His
Position on the
Forward Bridge.**

"Olympia," at its most exposed place, toward the forts and the Spanish fleets. When the flagship was within 4,500 yards of Cavite the fort opened fire. Dewey paid no attention, but waited to see how quickly the Spanish gunners would get his range. His intention was to destroy the Spanish fleet first, then the forts at and near Cavite, and finally the forts at Manila, further up the bay. The Spanish flagship "Reina Cristina," lying nearly a mile up the bay, beyond Cavite, inaugurated the naval combat by opening fire on the "Olympia" at 4,000 yards range, to which challenge, however, Commodore Dewey did not reply. The squadron moved steadily on, the "Olympia" far in the lead, the sole target for both the Spanish ships and the forts. The flagship had proceeded unscathed more than half a mile further, and shots were falling all about her, when Commodore Dewey turned to Captain Grigsby and said:

"Now, Grigsby, you can begin firing."

The "Olympia" slowly swung around, presenting her port side to the enemy's guns. As she did so, her two 8-inch guns were discharged almost simultaneously. Before the echoes of the "Olympia's" guns ceased to reverberate, the "Baltimore," following in her wake, joined the attack with her 8 and 6-inch guns. Each ship manœuvered exactly like the "Olympia," with slow deliberation, absolute precision and in perfect order.

**The Battle
Begins.**

The "McCulloch" stood in behind the line of battleships, but close at hand with heavy hawsers stretched across her quarter-deck, ready to dart in and tow out of range any of our vessels which should become disabled. Four Spanish land forts and six warships lying in the harbor at Cavite were belching incessant torrents of flame, notwithstanding which, after the squadron had passed in line before the enemy, using all the port guns, it turned deliberately and repassed the forts and the fleet, this time using the starboard guns. And so while there was no diminution of the broadsides, the gunners who worked the starboard batteries had ten minutes of rest while the port batteries were in action, and then, when the ships turned again, the starboard batteries were again brought into action and the port batteries were at rest. Five times our squadron paraded thus in battle line before the enemy's fleet and forts, within a range of 2,000 yards.

During the third passage the Spanish Admiral, Patritio Particio Montojoy Pasaron, on his flagship "Reina Cristina," a modern steel cruiser of high power, quick-firing guns, steamed slowly out to meet the "Olympia."

Commodore Dewey leaned over the bridge to tell one of his aides, who was on the deck below, to go through the ship and give orders personally to the captain of each gun crew to concentrate his fire upon the "Reina Christina."

Admiral Montojo, like Commodore Dewey, stood on his bridge, unprotected, with his two sons as aides. The next time our fleet passed the line the Spanish admiral again steamed out toward the "Olympia." Again all the guns of our flagship were concentrated on her. It was a duel between two flagships.

**A Duel Between
the Flagships.**

A shot from one of the "Olympia's" 5-inch guns tore away one end of the bridge on which Admiral Montojo stood. Undismayed, he stepped to the other end and continued to direct the fire of his gun crews.

This time the two flagships approached to within less than 2,000 yards of each other before the "Reina Cristina" tried to turn back. As she swung round to retire under the protection of the guns at Cavite an 8-inch shell from one of the "Olympia's" forward guns struck the "Reina Cristina" squarely on the stern, under the protective deck, and ploughed through until it almost reached the ship's bow, blowing up the main forward magazine in its course. The flagship was wrecked by this one shot. Her sides were riddled and her crew practically annihilated by the flying missiles from the exploded shell. Admiral Dewey learned from the British Consul the next day that 130 people were killed in the "Reina Cristina," including the captain commanding, and ninety were wounded by this single shot, which number represented 75 per cent of the ship's complement.

Admiral Dewey, at 7.30, after three hours of incessant battle, signaled the fleet to withdraw and report casualties. Thereupon the flagship halyards blossomed with fluttering signals. Small boats were lowered from our ships, and we saw the commanding officer of each being rowed toward the "Olympia." Captain Hodgdon was away not more than thirty minutes, but it seemed an age to us. Finally we saw him returning in his gig with a smile on his face, but we were not prepared for the almost unbelievable statement which he made as he ascended the companionway. Captain Hodgdon said:

"There was not a single man killed in our entire fleet, nor one seriously wounded. Our ships have suffered no damage worth reporting. The battle will go on as soon as the men have had breakfast."

At 10.30 o'clock, after two hours and forty minutes' rest, the fleet again formed in line of battle, this time the "Baltimore" leading toward Cavite. The dispatch boat "McCulloch" was lying about three miles from the town of Manila, which presented a scene of perfect quiet and almost matchless beauty.

**Stop Firing
Until Breakfast
is Served.**

Before the "Baltimore" reopened the cannonading we could hear the sound of church bells in Manila softly floating across the water. The peaceful calm of the scene seemed real and the battle a dream. The "Baltimore" is not a beautiful ship. She is not even armored, but she has the lines of a battleship and she looked magnificent as she went straight at the enemy, with every gun trained forward. She had been ordered to silence the most active of the forts on the mainland—that at Canacao Point.

The second engagement continued two hours and ten minutes, the Spaniards fighting with unabated courage, but only one of their shells penetrated an American ship, the "Baltimore," striking on the starboard breast and passing through, but was deflected by a steel stanchion and made to retrace its course. It was this shot that caused practically all the damage that any of our ships sustained in the action, and which by striking and exploding two 6-inch shells wounded seven seamen, but none seriously. These were the only casualties to the American forces. The last Spanish fort at Canacao Point signaled at 12.30, by international code flags, "We surrender."

The havoc done by the guns of the American fleet had been even more terrible than was first reported. Spanish officials were reticent as to their casualties, but there was evidence that the number of killed was at least 321, and that more than 700 were wounded. This is the most accurate estimate that could be obtained by Admiral Dewey two weeks after the battle, nor have the losses been accurately ascertained since the conclusion of the war.

As to the ships destroyed, the wrecks of all of Montojo's ships were lying in the shallow water about Cavite, silent witnesses to the terrible bombardment.

**Results of the
Engagement.**

The "Reina Cristina," the one which suffered so great a loss of life, was a first-class cruiser of 3,520 tons displacement. She carried six 16-centimetre breech-loading rifles, three 6-pounder rapid-fire, two 3-inch rapid-fire, two 9-pounder rapid-fire and six 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon. She had five torpedo tubes on board, and was a first-rate fighting ship of her class. She is still lying in four fathoms of water with only her upper works showing. She was completely gutted by fire before she sank, and masts and spars were charred to cinders. Her guns are above water, but they were ruined by the intense heat. All of her plates were bent and twisted and there were three holes in her two funnels, made by shells from 6-pounders.

The "Castilla" was a first-class unprotected cruiser of 3,260 tons, built of wood. She was not in good trim, and all her fighting was done from the bay west of Cavite, where she was moored fore and aft with her starboard

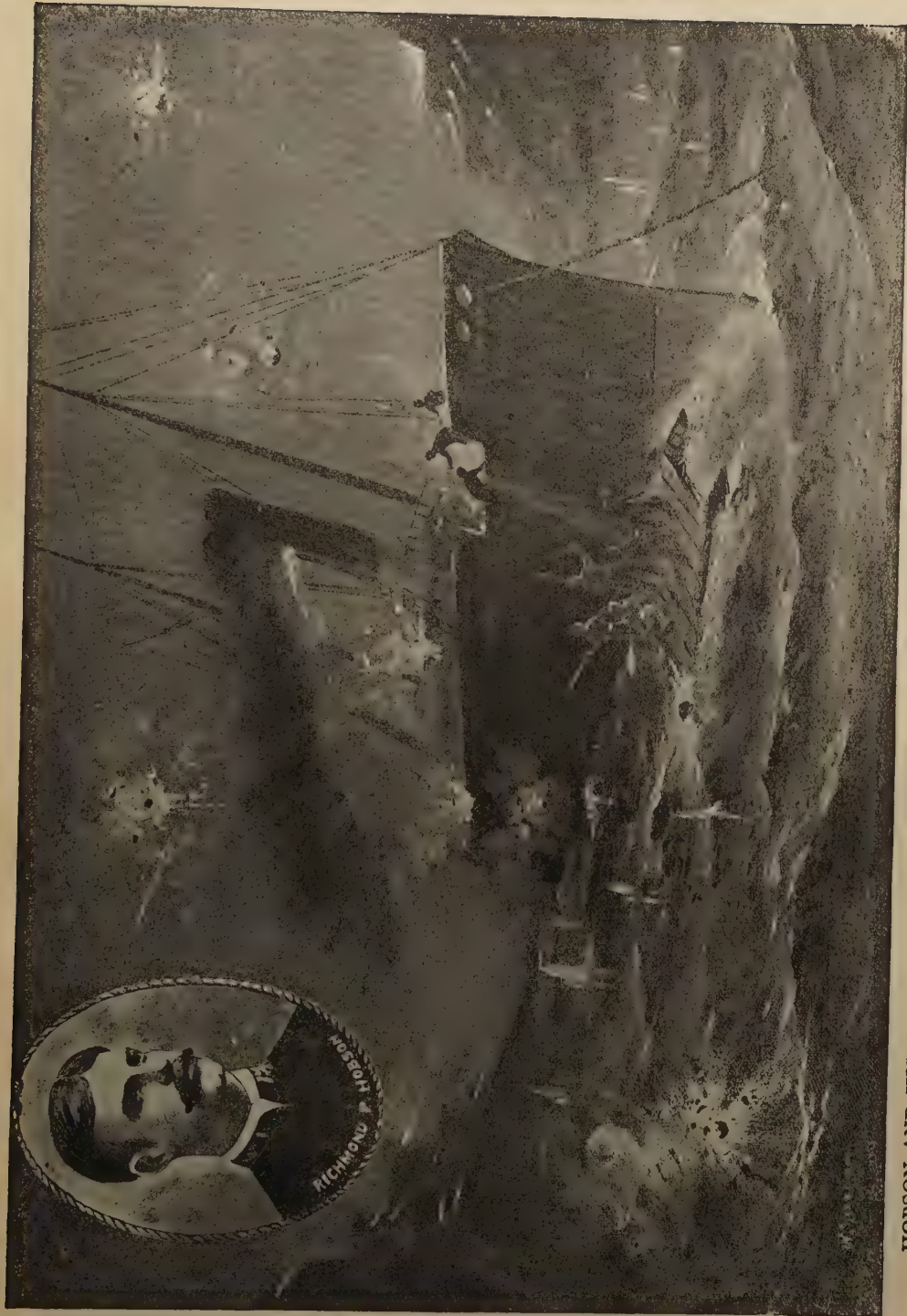


ATTACK ON COLOCAN (NEAR MANILA) BY GENERAL OTIS, AIDED BY THE "CHARLESTON" AND "MONADNOCK,"
FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

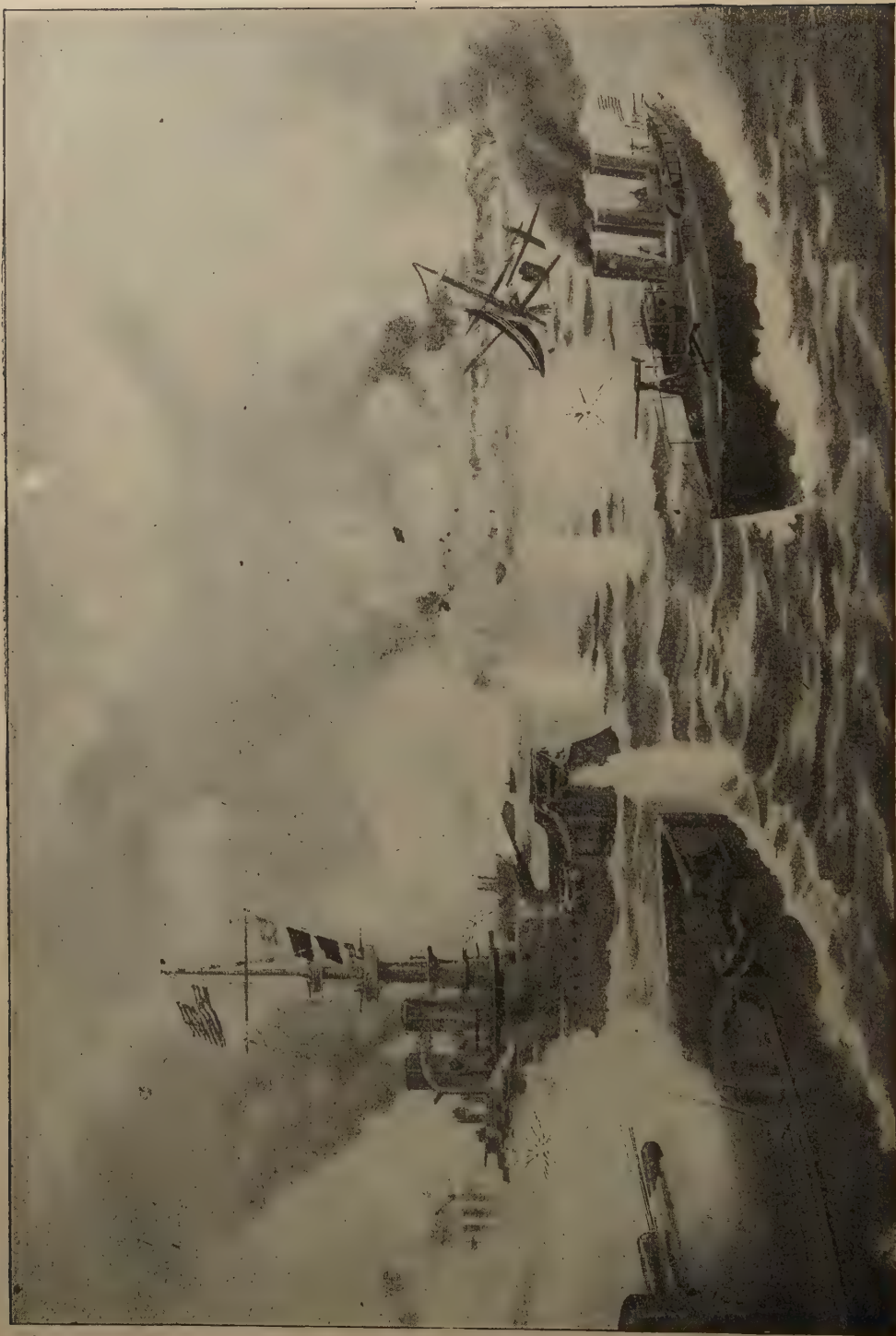


THE GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN MANILA BAY.

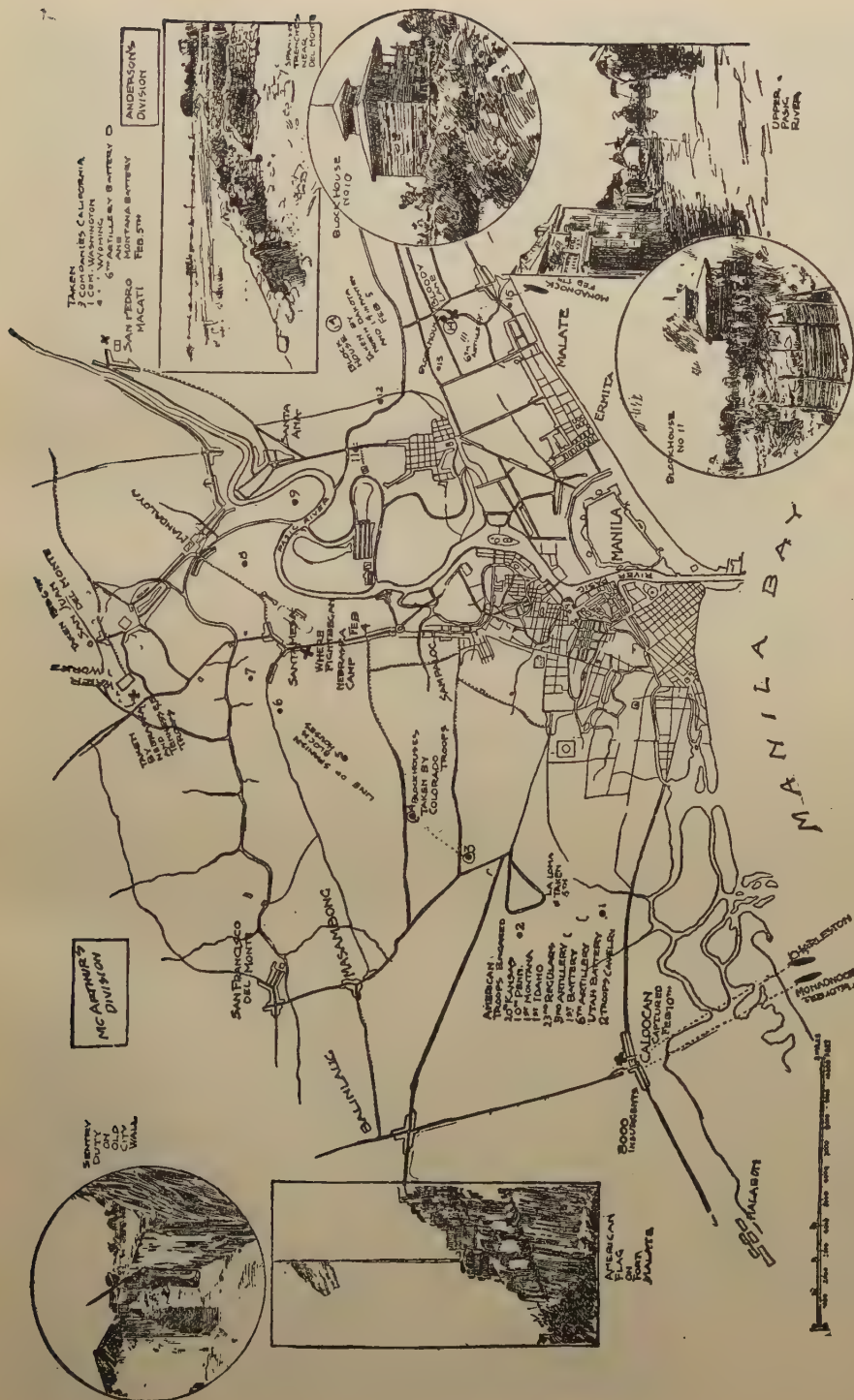
Fought May 1, 1898. Spanish loss—11 ships, 150 men killed, 250 wounded. American casualties—7 men slightly wounded



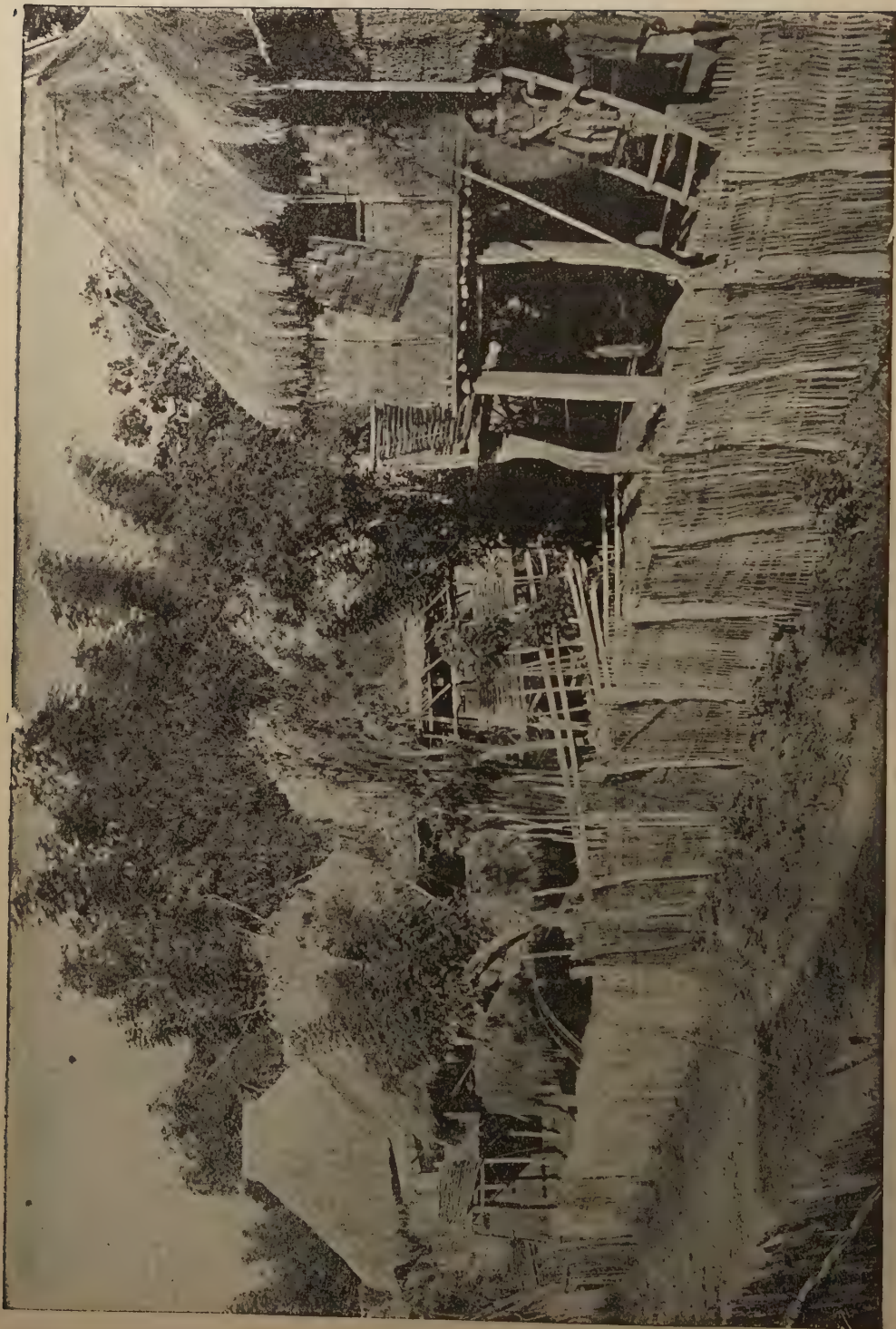
HOBSON AND HIS MEN LEAVING THE SINKING MERRIMAC AFTER HER DESTRUCTION ON THE NIGHT
OF JUNE 3, 1868.



BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, BY SAMPSON'S SQUADRON, MAY 12, 1898.



MAP SHOWING LINES OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS AND POSITIONS CAPTURED FROM FILIPINO'S INSURGENTS.



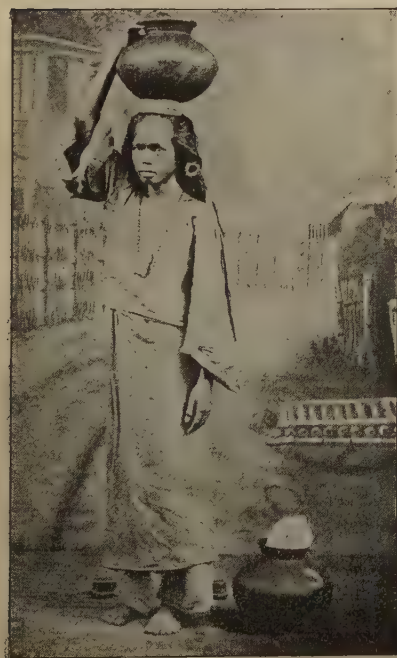
VIEW OF A SUBURB OF MANILA



COCK FIGHTERS.



ABORIGINAL, NEGRITO.



FEMALE WATER CARRIER



SHELLING CORN.

TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES.



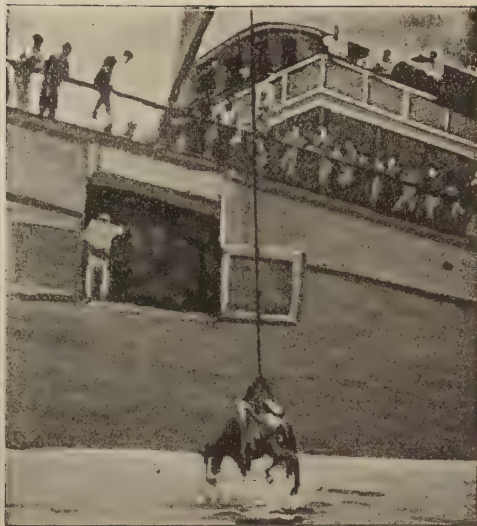
A 12-INCH KRUPP GUN MOUNTED BY INSURGENTS AT CAVITE AFTER DEWEY'S GREAT VICTORY.
DRESS-PARADE GROUND IN THE DISTANCE. /



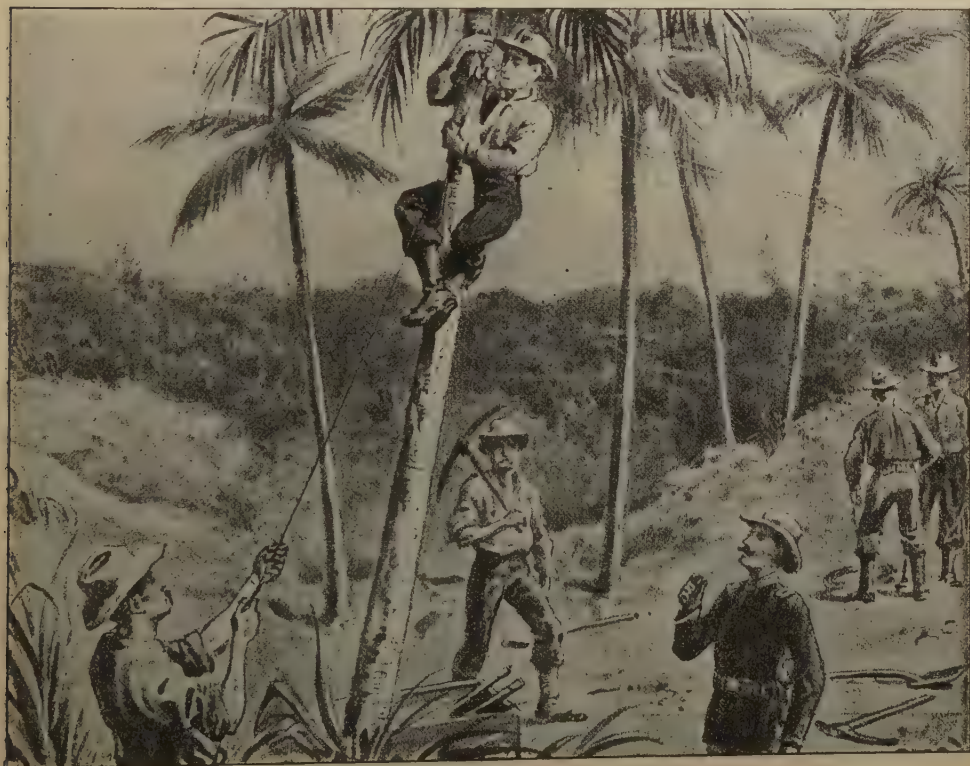
DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY AND FOUR OF THE CREW OF THE TORPEDO BOAT "WINSLOW," AT THE ENGAGEMENT
IN CARDENAS BAY, MAY 11, 1898.



DOCK AT MANILA, SHOWING THE LANDING OF AMMUNITION CASES.



WET PASSAGE OF A DRAFTED PASSENGER. . UNLOADING MULES FROM A TRANSPORT OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.



THE SIGNAL CORPS STRINGING TELEGRAPH WIRES IN PORTO RICO.



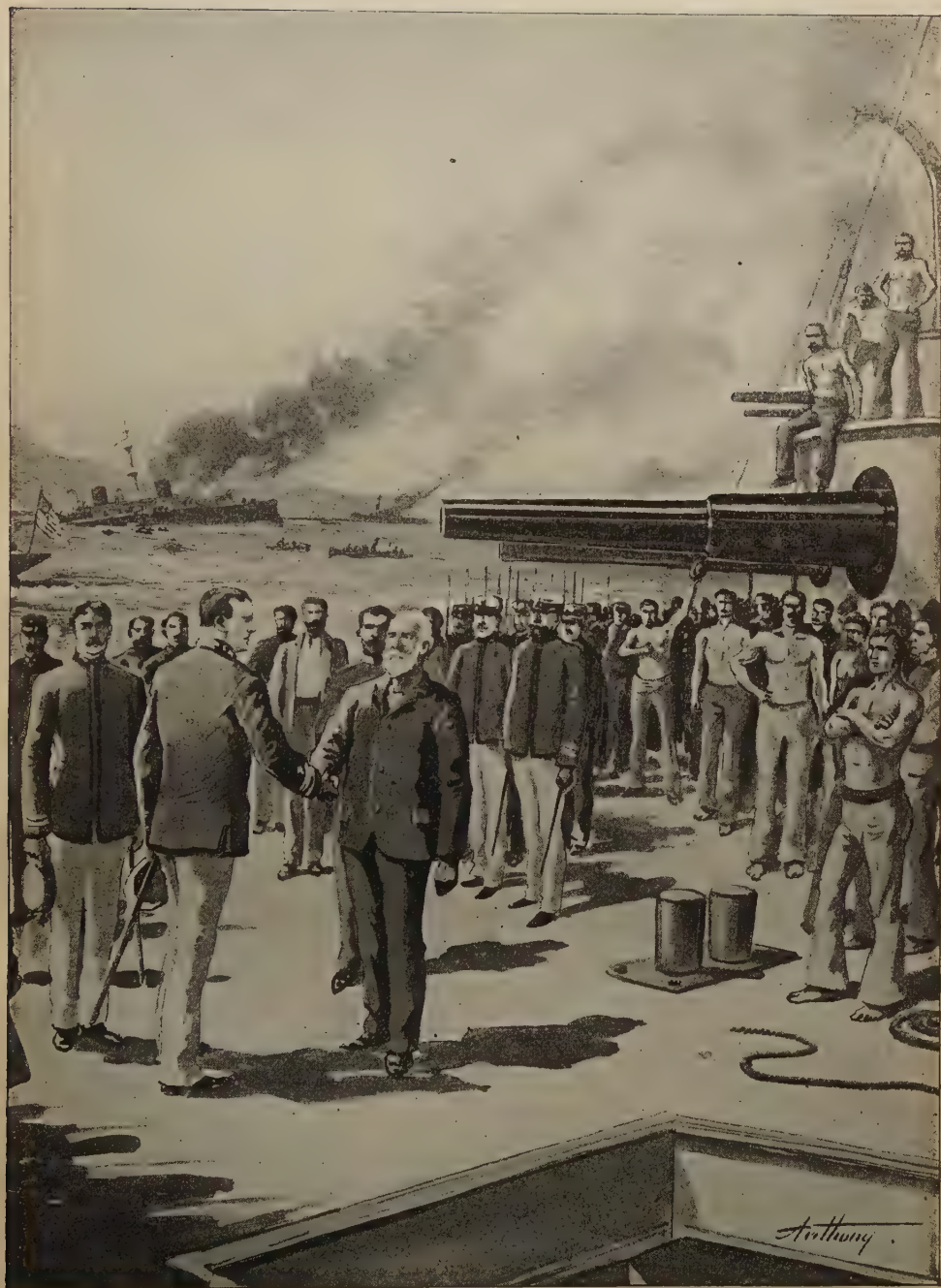
LOADING TRANSPORT SHIPS AT TAMPA WITH ARMY SUPPLIES.



THE HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 2, 1898



SPANIARDS LOOTING HOUSES IN SANTIAGO JUST BEFORE THE SURRENDER



CAPTAIN EVANS RECEIVING ADMIRAL CERVERA ON BOARD THE "IOWA,"
AFTER THE SURRENDER, JULY 3, 1898.



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From the original drawing by Victor S. Perard.

BOILER ROOM OF THE "BROOKLYN" DURING SCHLEY'S ENGAGEMENT WITH CERVERA'S SQUADRON, JULY 3, 1898.

battery exposed to the fire of our guns. The "Castilla" had a battery of four 15-centimetre and two 12-centimetre Krupp breech-loading guns and two torpedo tubes. She is lying sunken and burned near the "Reina Cristina," and only her upper works now show above water.

In the harbor with the "Castilla" and "Cristina" is the wreck of the "Don Antonio de Ulloa," an iron ship of 1,160 tons, which was equipped with four 12-centimetre, two 7-centimetre, four 42-millimetre Nordenfeldt, four Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two torpedo tubes. She is one of the few ships that was not burned by our shells. She was hit by an 8-inch shell which seemed to break her in two, and she sank of her own weight.

Behind Cavite in a sheltered bay there are the wrecks of six other Spanish ships which were either burned or sunk by the American fleet.

Graduates of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, during the last twenty years know personally or by reputation Commander Woods, who was called familiarly "Tanglefoot" Woods, because of his peculiar way of walking. If he did not deserve the appellation because of his peculiar movements before, he is certainly entitled to it now. He had been assigned to the command of the "Petrel," the little gunboat, which has hitherto been looked upon as a joke. People of the fleet were not looking for anything from the "Petrel." They thought she was so small that she would be practically useless in any general engagement, though she might do to run down small gunboats or to explore rivers.

The "Petrel"
Shares the
Honors.

During the opening engagement the "Petrel" had proven so effective that she was assigned important work when our ships went into action the second time. She was given a fort to silence and she silenced it. Her draught is small, and she was able, therefore, to run up close to the fort, which she promptly did. If she had been a battle-ship, with eighteen inches of Harveyized steel armor, instead of being a little gunboat, without even a protective deck, she could not have behaved with greater bravery. Notwithstanding a heavy fire from the forts she laid up close to the shore and sent in shots as fast as her guns could be served, until the fort was silenced and she had achieved a victory which placed her commander among the heroes of the war, not only so far as bravery is concerned, but for execution and skill in handling his craft.

The day of the battle the "Petrel" was given another important commission. Behind the breakwater and the arsenal at Cavite were the remaining ships of the Spanish flotilla. These ships had done some service during the battle, running out from their place of shelter to fire a few shots and then returning to a place of safety. They were not quick enough, however,

to escape American shells, and all of them had been riddled and some of them set on fire by shots from our guns. To the "Petrel" was assigned the task of destroying these ships as well as some of the torpedo boats which, it was reported, still remained capable of service. The commodore was fearful of Spanish treachery, and of the possibility of some of these torpedo boats coming out during the night and attacking our vessels. The "Petrel" was sent to look after the vessels in the inner harbor, and she did her work well. Everything that was afloat, except the "Manila," a storeship, and some small steamers, were absolutely destroyed by the "Petrel." When she came out of the harbor at 5 o'clock there was not enough left of the Spanish fighting fleet to destroy an Erie Canal boat. We could hear the sound of explosions and see clouds of white smoke rising in the air and we knew the "Petrel" was busy, but she had shown an ability during the morning to get busy and we were therefore not surprised. But she was gone so long that we finally became anxious for her safety. About 5 o'clock we saw her come steaming slowly out, with six boats in tow, ranging in size from a 100-ton steam tug to a little steam launch. As she passed by the fleet all of the ships gave her a rousing cheer.

Early Monday morning (May 2d) a small tug flying the Spanish flag, but with a flag of truce at the bow, came up the bay from the direction of Corregidor. She went alongside the flagship and a Spanish officer boarded her. She came to propose a surrender of the forts at Corregidor. Up to this time the Cavite forts had not received much of our attention, but now Commodore Dewey sent his men ashore, and in a few hours they had absolutely annihilated every vestige of fortification belonging to Spain in Cavite harbor. To accomplish the destruction of the big, high-power guns of the forts bands of gun cotton were wound around them and then fired, producing terrific explosions and crushing the guns so they could not again be used.

**Completion of
the Victory.**

Commodore Dewey did not want the surrender of Manila. He knew he could have it any minute, but preferred to wait until a land force was at hand, which decision was a wise one, as subsequent events proved.

Secretary Long's cable despatch announcing the promotion of Commodore Dewey to be a rear-admiral was well received in the fleet. It was expected, of course, and every officer would have been disappointed if it had not come. The first notice of his promotion that was issued was a slip from the flagship's printing office, giving the cable received, and this was sent to every officer and was read at morning muster. Promptly at 8 o'clock the flag of a rear-admiral, blue ground with two stars, was hoisted at the main and was promptly saluted by the foreign men-of-war in the harbor. Each

salute was returned by the "Olympia." Spain had more guns, more ships, more men and could throw a greater weight of metal than the ships in the Asiatic fleet of the United States Navy. The Spanish officers expected victory, and each ship was manned with two crews, one of which it was intended should be put aboard a captured vessel when our fleet surrendered. There was no lack of ammunition either, and, but for the superiority of marksmanship on the part of our gunners and the superior generalship of our commander-in-chief, there might have been a different sort of story to tell; but a brave commander, and as gallant crews as ever served guns, won the victory, which must henceforth be regarded as one of the greatest ever achieved on the high seas, and for which the world will never cease to give its applause.

THE ROMANCE OF ONE OF DEWEY'S GUNNERS.

How "Dannie" Dooley Won a Manila Belle.

BY A SHIPMATE.

WHEN Admiral Dewey took his ships into Manila Bay Dannie Dooley, from his place in the turret of the flagship "Olympia," thought only of the battle. After the smoke had cleared and while the heated waters of the bay were caressing the flaming wrecks of the enemy Dannie sought the shadow of his quarters and wrote a letter to little Mamie Donohue, who lives close to the bend in Mulberry street and had been Gunner Dooley's promised wife for the last two years.

"Shure, me darlin' of darlin's" the letter ran, "we've jist finished de scrap wid them Spanish dagoes an' dose of dem wot didn't go down wid de ships is a floatin' around in de water as dead as de mackrels wot yer mudder fried for me on de day I left New York. Barrin' a scratch on me shoulder an' an awful thirst in me troat I'm as good now as I wuz whin de ould man started us on dis bloomin's kruse. Mannilly, dear, ain't even as purty as old Jersey City, an' judjin' from de heat here in de bay it must be awful hot on de shore. Shure, me time will be up in a month, darlin' and then I'll be makin' straight fur ould New York wid me pockets full of prize money an' me heart crowded over wid love for you."

Three days after Mr. Dooley had sealed and posted the above letter to little M^{iss} Donohue he was one of the landing party sent by the Admiral to

explore the arsenal at Cavite. Half an hour after the soles of his No. 7 boots had first caressed the white sands of the beach he earned a cheer from his shipmates and a word of praise from his commanding officer by plunging into the surf and rescuing a native girl who had fallen from the sea wall beyond. Dooley for the first time took a good look at the maiden. He saw that her skin was of the tint of burnished bronze, that her eyes were snuff brown and beautiful, her feet and hands were small and shapely and the contour of her dainty figure would have delighted the most exacting connoisseur.

Her name was Kantisse, and among the native women of old Cavite she was an acknowledged belle. When she recovered from her swoon the girl staggered to her feet and astonished the bystanders by coiling her naked arms about Dooley's neck and pressing her full red lips against his own.

From the day of his meeting with Kantisse Dooley was a steady applicant for shore leave, and much of his time was spent under the drooping palm trees which cluster like a ribbon of green velvet against the white and crumbling fortifications of the harbor. And the man was not alone during those warm hours spent on shore. Kantisse was always by his side.

All love affairs have their ending, and all lovers have their sorrows. One day Gunner Dooley tried to make his dusky sweetheart understand that he had received his discharge papers and intended to take the next ship home.

Dannie had expected tears and a fainting spell. Instead the music of her laughter rippled in his ears, and her soft, brown arms encircled his red neck. He tried to speak to her; tried to utter the last farewell. But her kisses pressed fast and warm against his lips and all but smothered his words.

That very night Dannie was on his way to Hong Kong. Stowed away in the hold of the same ship was dainty Kantisse.

At Hong Kong the gunner changed ships. So did Kantisse. Two days after the long voyage to San Francisco had begun they found the girl and brought her before the captain. When they asked her the reason of her strange escapade she showed her white teeth and murmured:

"My own Dannie."

Then she caught a glimpse of Dooley, and with a glad cry sank into his arms. It was too late then to turn back, and so when the ship glided into the harbor of the Golden Gate Kantisse stood by the side of Dooley and together they watched the details of the landing. Once in 'Frisco Dooley tried to reason with the girl and persuade her to return, but it was without avail. That night the train paused for a moment at a wayside station and he sent the following telegram to his brother Willie in New York:

WILLIE DOOLEY :—Mate me in Jersey City wid ould man Harrigan's hack an' de cloak dat mudder wore last winter, an' as youse loves me say nothin' to no one about me comin' and kape Mamie Donohue away from the station.

DANNIE DOOLEY.

When Gunner Dooley stepped from the train in Jersey City his brother Willie greeted him with a hearty handshake and then in an anxious voice exclaimed:

"Fur de love of heavin, Dannie, wuz yer crazy or only drunk when ye sint that telegram to me?" **Mulberry Bend**
Linked with Manila.

"Willie Dooley, ask no questions," replied Dannie.
"Ask no questions, but tell me has yez got mudder's cloak an' Harrigan's hack outside?"

"Hully gee, de cloak an' de hack is outside all right, but would yez moind tellin' me what yez want wid mudder's fur-lined circler whin it's hot as blazes an' yer sweatin' like 'er stoker now? Mudder of heavin, what is dat"—

For Willie Dooley saw a girl, brown as bronze and joyous as a debutante, leap from the platform of the car and greet his brother with these words:

"My own Dannie."

"Willie," he said, "dis is Miss Kantisse. She's a howlin' swell out in Minnilley, an' wots more she's de goirl I'm goin' ter marry next Sunday"—

"Hully gee, Dannie!" said his brother, "ain't the loidy—ain't she—a—naygur?"

"Naygur, nothin'. She's my Kantisse. Why, de officers on board de old ship used tur call her de daughter of de Philipppines an' trow bowkays at me fer winnin' her. Why, look at her, Willie, boy. Is der a goirl in all Mulberry street wi' sech eyes an' hair an' sech a purty little foot? Look at her agin an' tell me if youse tink dat Mamie Donohue, wid her faded blue eyes an' taffy-colored hair, is in de same class wid my Kantisse. I'm d——d glad ter hear dat Mame married der bartender."

* * * * *

After Willie Dooley had escorted Kantisse and his brother into the back room of his Mulberry street saloon he went upstairs and broke the news to old Mrs. Dooley.

"May heavin' preserve us!" exclaimed old Mrs. Dooley. "Sind fer Katie Clancey, the dressmaker, an' thin sind the pair ov thim upstairs ter recave me blessin'. Ah, but I wonder what that little Mamie Donohue will say whin she hears that our Dannie has won a goirl wid sich a beautiful name."

ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF MANILA.

BY SIDNEY MAY,

(Of the Astor Battery.)

THE magnificent victory of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay which destroyed eleven Spanish vessels and silenced the forts, made him master of the bay, but the city (Manila) remained in the hands of the enemy. He could have wrecked the place, but to have attempted to reduce Manila by bombardment would doubtless have led to complications with other powers, and had the city surrendered Dewey could not have taken possession, because he did not have a force of marines sufficient to hold it. For this sufficient reason he held his squadron intact and waited the arrival of reinforcements. To provide these General Merritt departed for Manila with a force of 6,000 men on June 28, which arrived at Cavite July 29. Other troops followed until there were all told 13,000 men landed near Manila, among whom were the Astor Battery. One of the brightest members of that heroic band was a New York boy named Sidney May, who was twice wounded in the engagement of August 13, when assault was made on the blockhouse and fortifications of Manila, who tells the story of that gallant charge as follows:

I was a little behind in the first of the fighting, but made a rush for the front when the ball got at its best. The first man I noticed as I went forward on a trot was Sergeant Marcus E. Holmes, superintendent of the Army and Navy Club, New York. He was bandaging Sergeant Sillman's leg and I stopped beside them and in a moment after a pistol charge was made on our left flank, when blockhouse No. 13 was taken. I heard the order given to lie down. Almost at the same time I heard, above the rattle of pistols and guns, a cry, "My God! I'm hit!" Then I saw Sillman get up and try to walk forward. His leg gave out under him and down he went. He got up again and tried it, and down he went again.

I said, "Shall I come over and help you?" He said, "No; I'm all right. Stay where you are. I'm going to scoop up a little mud and sand in front of myself." So I lay still, and he scooped up sand in front of him. After a while he tried to crawl off to the rear, but he was so weak he couldn't.

A bullet had struck him on the right knee-cap and gone clean through the leg.

I said to Holmes, "Sillman's got it in the leg." Holmes says, "I'll come over and help you." Sillman says, "No." But just the same Holmes crawled over and knelt down beside Sillman, who sat up to show him his leg. Their heads were close together as they were looking at it. Holmes took out his handkerchief and had just passed it under the leg, going to tie it up, when Sillman fainted away and fell flat on his back. Then I heard something gurgling. There was Holmes, still kneeling down and holding his handkerchief. A Spanish bullet had gone into his mouth and blown off the back of his head.

Aiding His Wounded Comrade.

Sillman is getting well now. While he was lying there he was hit by a spent bullet in the right hip pocket. It went through his Bible and a little way into his flesh. I guess he has that bullet yet.

The pistol charge? That was made because the mud was so thick we couldn't drag our guns any further. You see the mud was waist deep, and the guns weighed 473 pounds each. The thing began at five o'clock in the morning and lasted until five in the evening. I guess it was a little after two o'clock when we got orders to give up our guns and lie down. There we were, all sprawling in the mud.

General McArthur came up on his little brown horse—say, that man was on his horse all day long. I don't believe he dismounted once in the whole twelve hours, even when he was ordering everybody else to lie down. Talk about fighters! The officers were all like him, too.

General McArthur came up and his horse's hoof was within six inches of my face. The General says: "What man'll lead a charge up that road?" I turned up my face. "I'll do it, General," I says. "No; General," says Sergeant Sillman; "I'm a sergeant. I'll lead it." Then Captain Peyton March, who had been—about thirty feet up the road, hurried over. "I'm commanding this battery, General" he said. "I'll lead the charge."

A Charge Ordered.

"Certainly, sir," says General McArthur. Away we went, charging the Spanish blockhouse with nothing but our pistols. Some of the men were better athletes than Captain March and ran ahead of him. He wouldn't have that for a minute. "Get back in your place there," he ordered half a dozen fellows, "keep behind your captain." And all the time he kept running ahead of us as hard as he could go. No wonder the Spaniards got out of that blockhouse.

We were in the woods part of the time, firing our pistols and whooping it up. Private Hollis had his hat shot off by one of our own men. About

a dozen of us were away off from the others, lost. A regiment of Filipinos came marching from the right. We were all alone, as far as we could tell, in the woods. These Filipinos were going to cut in ahead of us. Sergeant Burdick waved his pistol at them and made signs that they must go back. They didn't understand English, but I'm blest if they didn't turn around and march away, and we didn't see them again.

Our guns were 3-inch rapid-fire Hotchkiss rifles, throwing eight shells a minute. About 11 o'clock in the morning we had a good joke on the First

**Joke on
Colorado Men.**

Colorado Regiment. Their football team beat ours afterward, but on the day of the battle we had a good laugh on them. On about our third try we sent a shell into the Spanish magazine at Santa Ana. The place caught fire, and the Spaniards ran. The First Colorado fellows didn't know that. Pretty soon the cartridges in the magazine began to go off, a hundred or so at a time, and the Colorado fellows banged away at the magazine, thinking the Spaniards were firing at them.

The beginning of the battle, too, was funny, now that it is over and I can look at the laughable side of it. The first shots began to fly at 5 o'clock in the morning when we were at breakfast. I was acting waiter to Captain March at the time, and confess to being a little anxious when the bullets began to spit, and zip, but holy my! the shivers took me in a bunch when a shell hit the ground almost at my feet. I had Captain March's breakfast on a tray, but the shivers made me let go of it quicker than I can tell you, and the tray fell on the shell, which fortunately didn't explode, but I jumped like a frightened bull-frog, and Captain March lost his breakfast.

An hour after our hurried scramble from an uneaten breakfast, I caught a Mauser bullet in the fleshy part of my left hand, which didn't hurt much, and three minutes later "zip" another took me in the left leg. I say another, but it wasn't a bullet this time. Our gun was unlimbered under a shock about three feet high, and we had just fired a shot when a Spanish shell came sailing in and landed in the mud between our wheels, where it went off with a noise that blowed me end-over-end, and when I landed, I found that a scrap of the shell had touched my left peg. It hurt me worse than the Mauser, but I didn't give up, and kept my nerve until the finish, so as to miss none of the fun, and the glory, too.

OUR SOLDIERS' SONG.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

"When the destruction of Cervera's fleet became known before Santiago, the soldiers cheered wildly, and, with one accord, through miles of trenches, began singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' "

SINGING "The Star Spangled Banner "
In the very jaws of death!
Singing our glorious anthem,
Some with their latest breath!
The strains of that solemn music
Through the spirit will ever roll,
Thrilling with martial ardor
The depths of each patriot's soul.

Hearing the hum of the bullets!
Eager to charge the foe!
Bidding the call to battle,
Where crimson heart streams flow!
Thinking of home and dear ones,
Of mother, of child, of wife,
They sang "The Star Spangled Banner "
On that field of deadly strife.

They sang with the voices of heroes,
In the face of the Spanish guns,
As they leaned on their loaded rifles,
With the courage that never runs.
They sang to our glorious emblem,
Upraised on that war-worn sod,
As the saints in the old arena
Sang a song of praise to God.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF EL CANEY.

A Pathetic Tragic Incident of the War.

WHEN the colonel of the —th cavalry summoned Captain Burden to regimental headquarters, some one at the officers' mess asked who he was, anyway, that the "old man" should have picked him from among a dozen old campaigners for a consultation.

"Nephew, or something, to a senator," growled a grizzled lieutenant, who had seen twenty years of service and was jealous of the —th's reputation. "Fresh from a desk in the War Department, but all-fired anxious to smell dago powder."

"Ought to have joined the Rough Riders," added another, "they'll be in the fight to-morrow; the —th's too full already, an' here's the old man asking him to supper before he's seen a week of service."

"Tut!" interposed the regimental surgeon, "Burden's not a greenhorn, and the colonel knows it. Reckon you don't know what sent him out of Washington into this fever-stricken climate; do you think a doughboy 'd join the fighting —th?"

"Come," said the adjutant, locking arms with the surgeon, for he saw the latter had something on his mind, and he, too, was curious about Captain Burden. "Let's go outside, and leave the fellows to their growling;" then, when they had passed beyond the confines of the mess tent—"What was it, Johnson? The chap's no coward, and he interests me."

"Well," said the surgeon soberly, "it isn't my business, but I don't mind telling you; I've a cousin in the War Department, a chum of Burden's, and he wrote me to keep an eye on him. It was hard luck drove him out of Washington."

"Humph!" growled the adjutant sarcastically, "small pay and—"

"No," broke in the surgeon. "Burden has an income and—"

"Then what the deuce? Why didn't he stay in Washington and leave us poor devils to do the fighting?"

A Love
that Prompted
Sacrifices.

"If you'd been in Washington it wouldn't take much guessing," replied the surgeon, "for if you'd been there you'd have known Miss R—, and how she played Burden, to throw him over for a doughboy; so all Washington was on to it, and felt sorry for the captain, and didn't wonder when he threw up a fat position in the department and petitioned the Secretary for active service."

"And the doughboy?" grunted the adjutant, enlisted for all time in the new captain's behalf. "stayed in Washington with the reserves and—"

"Not much; and that's what puzzles the wise heads up there. He enlisted in the regulars and lit out for Santiago along with Burden, though I reckon they didn't come together."

"What's his name?" asked the adjutant.

The surgeon fumbled for the letter, glancing over it by the light of a neighboring lantern. "Hardey," said he, shortly, "and, by thunder, he's in the —th! What if he and Burden come together?"

In the meantime Captain Burden, unconscious of the effect the summons from the colonel had upon his brother officers, stood before the commander of the regiment, at headquarters.

"Captain Burden," said the latter, noting with a practiced eye the slender figure of the young officer, "you come to the —th highly recommended for coolness and courage. To-morrow we attack El Caney; I have been ordered to call for volunteers to do a little scouting; will you lead the party?"

"Thank you," said Burden, simply; "it will be an honor, I—"

The colonel removed his eyeglasses. "Young man," said he, seriously, "the bush is full of Spaniards; you may be killed or seriously wounded; every caution will be required.

"I will do my best, sir," replied Captain Burden; "is the start to be made at once?"

The colonel wheeled about on his camp stool. "Orderly," said he sharply, "tell Captain Clark that I wish a volunteer party of some good men from his company to undertake a dangerous errand near the enemy's line. They are to report to me at once."

"Your duty will be," he continued, turning to Captain Burden, "to reconnoitre as near as possible to the enemy's lines. You will skirt the base of El Caney, making a detour to the north. It is unnecessary to say the volunteers will be under orders from you and are to be governed by your judgment."

**A Dangerous
Reconnaissance.**

Five minutes later the tramp of approaching men was heard and two cavalymen entered the commander's presence. Captain Burden, noting them critically, started; the sharp tones of the colonel rang in his ears:

"Corporal Joyce and Private Hardey, you are under orders to proceed according to Captain Burden's direction on a reconnoissance into the enemy's lines. That will do."

Burden returned the men's salute mechanically. The presence of John Hardey filled him with conflicting emotions. He had fled from Washington

hoping to drown in the excitement of an aggressive campaign the sorrow which this man had brought upon him. Had it not been for Hardey—he clenched his hands until the nails bit into the flesh. “What now?” an evil spirit whispered, “he is in your power, you may order him whither you will, even to death by Spanish bullets; none will know of it, for the Cuban bush tells no tales.”

The colonel wondered at the paleness upon the face of the young officer as he passed from the tent into the darkness beyond. Could he be afraid? He dismissed the thought with a laugh. Captain Burden had come to the —th with the highest recommendations from the Secretary of War.

Out beyond the shelter of the camp, Burden led his men straight into the thick, prickly brush. At times he could almost feel Hardey’s breath upon his face and hear the voice whispering in his ear: “To the left, to the left! he will reach the Spaniards sooner there.”

Far up the height a dozen tiny lights glimmered in the darkness—the Spanish torches about the blockhouse of El Caney. To the left the faint ring of steel told the three Americans that the enemy’s sentinels were wide awake, ready to fire blindly into the darkness. Captain Burden paused.

“Private Hardey,” said he, so huskily he scarcely recognized his own voice, “move cautiously to the left, keeping well in the shadow of the brush; the corporal and I will detour to the right approaching the slope further on.”

Hardey’s hand came to a quick salute. “Very good, sir,” replied he, steadily, though he must have known he ran against the very muzzles of Spanish rifles. Then, wheeling about, he disappeared in

Running Upon the tangled thicket.

the Muzzles of Captain Burden paused irresolutely, white to the very
Pointed Rifles. lips. “Come!” said he, sharply, “to the right, corporal.”

A myriad of insects buzzed about their faces, the pests of the Cuban chaparral. The corporal cursed and brushed them off, but his companion scarce noticed them; his ears were strained to catch the shots from the slope of El Caney, the fusillade which would send him back to Washington.

A minute passed—five—ten; it seemed as many hours. The heat and blackness of the brush stifled the Americans, the sharp thorns tore their clothes and lacerated their bodies. Corporal Joyce swore and cursed the fate which had sent him to Cuba. Captain Burden moved forward as one bereft of feeling. He had become a machine, a thing devoid of sense and feeling, a human sounding-board waiting to catch a rifle crack from El Caney.

Suddenly the buzz of insects, the crunching of the dry leaves and twigs under the feet of the moving men, the noise made by the passage of their bodies through the bush, were drowned by the echoing report of a Mauser rifle; then another, a third and fourth and fifth. Corporal Joyce unconsciously clutched his officer's arm. "God!" he whispered, "they've riddled him, an' a braver fellow never wore a sabre."

Captain Burden staggered as though the bullets from the Mausers had pierced his body. A cry sounded in the stillness following the echo of the shots; an appeal for help, and the voice was Hardey's.

For an instant Burden wavered; then, before the corporal could restrain him, dashed through the matted chaparral to the slope of El Caney, upon whose summit danced a hundred Spanish torches awakened into life by the fire of the sentinels.

With Joyce panting at his heels, he pushed forward, drawing his revolver as he ran and shouting aloud to Hardey to answer him, that he might gain the private's side in the darkness.

Breaking through the bush, he came upon an open space unsheltered from the Spanish guns above, to stumble over Hardey, who, resting on one elbow, was keeping off five white-clothed figures with his revolver.

Perhaps the Spaniards feared an attack from the entire American army. At sight of Burden and the corporal they wavered, forgetting the Mausers in their hands, that they were five to three, with one of the latter sorely crippled.

"Corporal!" said Burden, sharply, noting with quick perception the confusion of the Spaniards, "to the rear with Private Hardey; I will cover you"

Saving the Life of
His Rival.

A flash of admiration filled the corporal's eyes. "God, sir!" he muttered; "they'll shoot you like a dog; I—"

"To the rear, sir!" shouted Captain Burden; "he's light and—"

Then, as the bulky corporal lifted the wounded cavalryman, slinging him across his shoulder like a bag of meal, Burden faced the astonished Spaniards. "No," cried Hardey, struggling in the arms which would bear him into safety; "stop, for God's sake, corporal!" Then, in an appeal of agony: "Save yourself, Burden; she will not marry me, it's you—"

The sharp crack of the captain's revolver cut short the sentence. "Run!" he shouted; "I'll hold them off."

Four times the revolver cracked ere the Spaniards, realizing 'twas but one man who confronted them, raised their rifles.

Corporal Joyce, tearing through the chaparral, heard the whiplike crack of the dreaded Mausers; then once more the sharp report of the captain's

revolver. Afterward came silence, save for the groaning of Private Hardey and the rustle of the parting branches.

On the morning of July 3, after the charge upon El Caney, an orderly halted before the quarters of the fighting —th.

"A letter for Captain Burden," replied he to the sentry's query, "franked at the War Department, an' from a lady. I reckon he won't want to wait for it." The colonel pushed aside his tent flap. "Surgeon," said he, turning to the officer who followed him, "tell that fellow Captain Burden's dead—killed in an ambuscade. And, surgeon, you'd better take the letter and forward it to Washington."

THE HEROIC CHARGE ON SAN JUAN.

By

J. M. Smith

ON the afternoon of June 30, pursuant to orders given me verbally by the corps commander at his headquarters, I moved my Second and Third Brigades (Parson and Wikoff) forward about two miles to a point on the Santiago road near corps headquarters. Here the troops bivouacked, the First Brigade (Hawkins) remaining in its camp of the two preceding days, slightly in rear of corps headquarters.

On the following morning (July 1) at seven o'clock I rode forward to the hill where Captain Grimes' battery was in position. I here met Lieutenant-Colonel McClernand, assistant adjutant-general, Fifth Corps, who pointed out to me a green hill in the distance, which was to be my objective on my left, and either he or Lieutenant Miley, of Major-General Shafter's staff, gave me directions to keep my right on the main road leading to the city of Santiago. I had previously given the necessary orders for Hawkins' brigade to move early, to be followed in turn by Wikoff and Parson. Shortly after Grimes' battery opened fire I rode down to the stream and there found General Hawkins at the head of his brigade at a point about 250 yards from the El Paso sugar house. Here I gave him his orders.

The enemy's artillery was now replying to Grimes' battery. I rode forward with Hawkins about 150 yards, closely followed by the Sixth Infantry, which was leading the First Brigade. At this point I received instructions to allow the cavalry the right of way, but for some unknown reason they moved up very slowly, thus causing a delay, in my advance, of fully forty minutes.

Waiting on
the Cavalry.

Lieutenant Miley, of General Shafter's staff, was at this point and understood how the division was delayed, and repeated several times that he understood I was making all the progress possible. General Hawkins went forward, and word came back in a few minutes that it would be possible to observe the enemy's position from the front. I immediately rode forward with my staff. The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was very distinctly felt at this time. I crossed the main ford of the San Juan River, joined General Hawkins, and with him observed the enemy's position from a point some distance in advance of the ford. General Hawkins deemed it possible to turn the enemy's right at Fort San Juan, but later, under the heavy fire, this was found impracticable for the First Brigade, but was accomplished by the Third Brigade coming up later on General Hawkins' left.

Having completed the observation with my staff, I proceeded to join the head of my division just coming under heavy fire. Approaching the First Brigade I directed them to move alongside the cavalry (which was halted). We were already suffering losses caused by the balloon, near-by, attracting the enemy's fire and disclosing our position. The Spanish infantry fire, steadily increasing in intensity, now came from all directions, not only from the front, and the dense tropical thickets on our flanks, but from sharpshooters thickly posted in trees in our rear, and from shrapnel apparently aimed at the balloon. Lieutenant Colonel Derby, of Shafter's staff, met me about this time and informed me that a trail or narrow way had been discovered from the balloon a short distance back leading to the left of a ford lower down the stream. I hastened to the forks made by this road and soon after the Seventy-first New York Regiment, of Hawkins' brigade, came up. I turned them into the by-path indicated by Lieutenant-Colonel Derby, which led to the lower ford, sending word to General Hawkins of this movement. This would have speedily delivered them in their proper place on the left of their brigade, but under the galling fire of the enemy, the leading battalion of this regiment was thrown into confusion and recoiled in disorder on the troops in rear. At this critical moment the officers of my staff practically formed a cordon behind the panic-stricken men and urged them to again go forward. I finally ordered them to lie down in the thicket and clear the way for others of their own regiment, who were coming up behind. This many of them did, and the second and third battalions came forward in better order and moved along the road toward the ford.

**Seventy-First
Repulsed.**

One of my staff officers ran back, waving his hat to hurry forward the Third Brigade, which upon approaching the forks found the way blocked by men of the Seventy-first New York. There were other men of this regiment

crouching in the bushes, many of whom were encouraged by the advance of the approaching column to arise and go forward. As already stated, I had received orders some time before to keep in rear of the cavalry division. Their advance was much delayed, resulting in frequent halts, presumably to drop their blanket rolls and due to the natural delay in fording a stream. These delays under such a hot fire grew exceedingly irksome, and I therefore pushed the head of my division as quickly as I could toward the river in column, or files of twos, paralleled in the narrow way by the cavalry. This quickened the forward movement and enabled me to get into position as speedily as possible for the attack.

Owing to the congested condition of the road, the progress of the narrow column was painfully slow. To quicken the advance I sent a staff officer at a gallop to urge forward the troops in the rear. The head of **Slow Progress on a Narrow Path.** Wikoff's brigade reached the forks at 12.20 p. m., and hurried on the left, stepping over prostrate forms of men of the Seventy-first. This heroic brigade (consisting of the Thirteenth, Ninth and Twenty-fourth United States Infantry) speedily crossed the stream and were quickly deployed to the left of the lower ford.

While personally superintending this movement, Colonel Wikoff was killed, the command of the brigade then devolving upon Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Thirteenth Infantry, who immediately fell severely wounded, and then upon Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth Infantry, who five minutes later also fell under the withering fire of the enemy. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Ewers, Ninth Cavalry.

Meanwhile, I had again sent a staff officer to hurry forward the Second Brigade, which was bringing up the rear. The Tenth and Second Infantry, soon arriving at the forks, were deflected to the left to follow the Third Brigade, while the Twenty-first was directed along the main road to support Hawkins. Crossing the lower fork a few minutes later, the Tenth and Second moved forward in column in good order toward the green knoll already referred to as my objective on the left. Approaching the knoll the regiments deployed, passed over the knoll and ascended the high ridge beyond, driving back the enemy in the direction of his trenches. I observed this movement from the fort on San Juan Hill.

Colonel E. P. Pearson, Tenth Infantry, commanding the Second Brigade, and the officers and troops under his command deserve great credit for the soldierly manner in which this movement was executed.

Prior to this advance of the Second Brigade, the Third, connecting with Hawkins' gallant troops on the right, had moved toward Fort San Juan,

sweeping through a zone of most destructive fire, scaling a steep and difficult hill and assisting in capturing the enemy's strong position, Fort San Juan, at 1.30 p. m. This crest was about 125 feet above the general level and was defended by deep trenches and a loop-holed brick fort, surrounded by barbed wire entanglements.

General Hawkins, some time after I reached the crest, reported that the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry had captured the hill, which I now consider incorrect, and credit is almost equally due the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth Regiments of infantry. Owing to General Hawkins' representations I forwarded the report sent to corps headquarters about 3 p. m. that the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry regiments had captured the hill.

The Thirteenth Infantry captured the enemy's colors waving over the fort, but unfortunately destroyed them, distributing the fragments among the men, because, as was asserted, "it was a bad omen," two or three men having been shot while assisting Private Arthur Agnew, Company K, Thirteenth Infantry, the captor. All fragments which could be recovered were sent to Washington for preservation.

**The Enemy's Colors
Torn to Pieces.**

The greatest credit is due to the officers of my command, whether company, battalion, regiment or brigade commanders, who so admirably directed the formation of their troops, unavoidably intermixed in the dense thicket, and made the desperate rush for the distant and strongly defended crest.

I have already mentioned the circumstances of my Third Brigade's advance across the ford, where in the brief space of ten minutes it lost its brave commander (killed) and the next two ranking officers by disabling wounds. Yet, in spite of these confusing conditions, the formations were effected without hesitation, although under a stinging fire, companies acting singly in some circumstances and by battalion and regiments in others, rushing through the jungle, across the stream waist deep, and over the wide bottom thickly set with barbed wire obstructions.

In this connection I desire to particularly mention First Lieutenant Wendell L. Simpson, adjutant, Ninth Infantry, acting assistant adjutant general, Third Brigade, who was noticeably active and efficient in carrying out orders which I had given him to his brigade commander, who had been killed.

The enemy having retired to a second line of rifle pits, I directed my line to hold their positions and intrenchments. At ten minutes past 3 p. m., I received, almost simultaneously, two requests, one from Colonel Wood,

commanding a cavalry brigade, and one from General Sumner, asking for assistance for the cavalry on my right, as they were being hard pressed. I immediately sent to their aid the Thirteenth Infantry, who promptly went on this further mission, despite the heavy losses they had already sustained.

Great credit is due to the gallant officer and gentleman, Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between the two regiments, leading his brigade, the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, urged and led them by voice and bugle call to the attack so successfully accomplished.

HOW HAM. FISH MET HIS DEATH.

BY THE "WORLD" CORRESPONDENT.

THIS is the narrative of Edward Culver, Rough Rider, wounded at La Quasima, Santiago, by the same bullet that killed Hamilton Fish. When I met him first in New York Harbor on the hospital ship "Olivette," just after his return from Cuba, he didn't look much like a soldier. He had no hat. He had one when he went to Cuba, but he had thrown it away on the march from Altares to Siboney. He had no boots. The surgeons had cut them off on the battlefield as he lay wounded beside "Ham." Fish. His only clothing was a blue flannel shirt and a pair of duck trousers, which had been brown, but they were faded now, and from the knees down they were darker than they had ever been.

"My blood made them that way," he said in explanation.

There were no buttons on the blue shirt. It hung open; a bandaged wound was visible just above his heart. A bullet had entered there. It was the bullet that had killed "Ham." Fish on its way to Culver's breast.

He is only a boy, this trooper from the West—twenty-two years of age. He lives at Muskogee, Indian Territory, and he grew up out there on the cattle ranges of his native place. When Theodore Roosevelt organized his Rough Riders he enlisted in Troop L. Shortly afterward he became the firm friend of "Ham." Fish. Here in his own words is the story of that friendship, of Fish's life in the field and of his death in battle;

The first time I saw Sergeant Fish was at San Antone, Tex. That was on the nineteenth day of May. You see, we all of us had heerd of him before and we just all nat'rally wanted him in our troop. Yes, sir, we was all anxious for him. And he just took a mighty likin' to our troop, too. He seemed to want to be with our boys. You see, Cap'n Capron he was a military man, and Fish just said he wanted a military man to lead him.

**The Rough Rider's
Own Story.**

So at Tampa he was transferred to our troop. That was the night before we got on the transport for Cuba. And that same night he was made sergeant of our squad. He was a great friend of all of our squad, and we all allowed he was all right. You see, we all in our squad grew up together from boys around Muskogee, Indian Territory, and on the cattle ranges we just nat'rally judge a man by his looks. So we just all of us allowed the sergeant of the third squad was all right, and he was mighty proud of his squad. The night he was made our sergeant he shook each one of us by the hand and he says, "Boys, we eleven must always stand together, no matter what comes." And we all of us allowed we would.

When we was goin' to Cuba he found out where I was from, and he just got to be a particular friend of mine. He always allowed he wanted to go to Indian Territory, so he says, "I'll go after we come home again, and we all will have some good fun on the ranges."

We were on the "Yucatan" and we landed at Altares on the twenty-second of June about three o'clock in the afternoon. Our squad landed in a skiff. The surf was runnin' pretty high too. You see, he had charge of the rations, so he just says to me, "You watch the rations and don't let 'em get wet and I'll row." So he takes an oar from one of the men and rowed in through the surf. Then when we landed we all put up our tents and that night we all had a good time around the camp-fire. We was all glad to get to Cuba, and it sorter seemed nat'ral to be on land again. We all went to bed early that night and we slept well. The next day was the twenty-third. That was the day before our squad went into the fight. That was the day before Sergeant Fish was killed. We all in our squad were lonesome that day, 'specially at night around the camp-fire. I always made his coffee and fried his meat in with mine. Each man had to fry his own meat, but, you see, my pan was big and it held enough for two of us. He give me charge of the rations a few days after he became our sergeant, and as I liked him I was bound to cook his rations. We didn't go to bed till tol'ably late that night. It rained hard. The boys they all wrapped up in their ponchos and lay down. But, let alone the rain, the snakes and lizards and land crabs wouldn't let them sleep.

**Fish's
Forebodings.**

The land crabs just nat'rally eat them up. I says to the sergeant, "It won't do to let the rations get spoiled." So we covered them up with our ponchos and stood under a tree. But a tree don't help any in that kind of rain, and we just got soaked right smart. When the rain was just washin' us like a waterfall, Sergeant Fish he turns around to me and he allowed, "Old boy, this is soldierin'"—kind of intimatin', you know, it was rough.

Then after the rain stopped we built up a big fire to dry by. Presently Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt and Cap'n Capron came along, and they was complimentin' us about the march and talkin' about the Spaniards. They was fine men, them two, Colonel Roosevelt and Cap'n Capron, and the boys all liked them.

"Then after they left, Sergeant Fish, he turned to me and he says, 'Old boy, is your father and mother living?' And I allowed they was, out in Indian Territory, and a sister and two brothers, leastwise if the brothers hadn't enlisted since I left. And he says, 'Old boy, I suppose the people at home are thinkin' about us now.'

"That night Fred Beal stood guard. We had first call at half past three, reveille at four, and mess call at a quarter after four. At twenty minutes to five we got our orders to march. At breakfast
Premonitions of Death. I says to Sergeant Fish, 'I believe I'll fry some of this hardtack.' You see, we got powerful tired of our rations, so I just fried the hardtack that morning and it was a change. Some of the boys in the squad asked for more tomatoes. So Sergeant he turned to me and he says, 'How many tomatoes have we?' And I allowed we had sev'ral cans. 'Well,' he says, 'we'll cut some more open. We're liable to all be killed to-day and we may as well have enough to eat.'

"Sergeant Fish said that morning sev'ral times he was goin' to get killed that day. He was carryin' an extra pair of shoes along. He allowed they cost him \$7. He threw them away just after breakfast.

"Sergeant,' I says, 'they may come in handy.'

"No, he says, 'I don't think I'll need them any more'—kind of sad like. He also give away his loose clothes that morning.

"Before the march Cap'n Capron ordered me in the advance guard. You see, six of us and Cap'n Capron went ahead of the Rough Riders 200 yards as scouts. Tom Isbell, another Cherokee Indian, of our regiment, was ahead. Cap'n Capron came next right in the middle of the road. I came next on the left flank in the bushes. Bud Purnell was on the right flank. Then came Wyly Skelton. Tom Meagher and Sergeant Burns (formerly a New York policeman), each about thirty feet apart. We was marching along a common country road. There was thick bush on each side, and we

was lookin' for Spaniards all the time and had our guns ready. When we had marched three miles we knew the Spaniards was near.

"Presently we came to a dead Spaniard on the road. He was just lyin' there covered with dust. Just then 'Tom Isbell he see a Spaniard and he picked him. Then they opened fire from all around us and from each side of us. Tom Isbell he was hit seven times before he fell. He was tough. Cap'n Capron he was shot and fell soon as the firin' opened.

**A Dead
Spaniard, Then——**

"Soon as the shindig began I dropped down on the road plumb across it and began firin'. Presently Sergeant Fish he rushed up. He says, 'Old boy, you've got a good place here.' I says, 'I have got a good place.'

"You see, my head was by the edge of the road and my body plumb across it. The bank was about four inches high, so I just naturally felt it wasn't such a good place. So Sergeant Fish he just drops down on the left beside me and began shootin'. He was about a foot from me. We was lyin' plumb across the middle of the road. The sun was just bilin' down on us. The Spaniards was pepperin' us from each side.

"The Sergeant he just fired two shots when he gasped and says to me, 'Old boy, I'm wounded; I'm badly wounded.'

"I says, 'I'm killed.'

"He says, 'The same bullet hit both of us.'

**Both Hit by the
Same Bullet.**

"Then he lifted himself kind of hard like on his left elbow and says, 'Give me your canteen, old boy.'

"I give it to him. Then I guess I fainted. When I come to he says, 'You're all right, old boy.' He was smilin'. "Then he kind of drew up his shoulders.

"I says to him, 'Sergeant, are you hit hard?' But he didn't say nothin.' He kind of smiled. Then I took his hat off and see he was dead.

"Meagher came along then, and he says to me, 'Is he dead?' and I says, 'Yes.' Then Kline came up to us, and Meagher says to him, 'We'll stay with him till he's dead'—meanin' me. Kline give me a drink of water.

"Lieutenant Thomas he passed, too, when Sergeant was wounded, and Sergeant he says to him, 'I'm wounded.' But Lieutenant Thomas he had to go to the front to take Cap'n Capron's place. Cap'n Capron he was lyin' wounded on the road just a few yards from us.

"I lay there as much as an hour beside Sergeant Fish after he was dead. The bullet had entered his left side, came out at the right and hit me in the left breast just above the heart. It was just as Sergeant said. The same bullet hit us both. You see we hear its ping, and when it went

through Sergeant, it just had to hit me. We was right together thar—right on the same line when we was hit.

"Then Meagher he lifted me in the shade, and presently Dr. Church dressed my wound.

"It's tough, aint it, that a pard like Sergeant Fish, a man you could tie to, one who would stand by his friends through hardships and dangers, a fellow every one loved, and who was my best mate, should be shot to death by my side! I saw him die. His splendid nerve never deserted him, for his last breath was that of a brave soldier. The world has been pretty lonesome to me since he said good bye and passed in his checks, and I guess I'll never get over the feeling of a lump in my throat every time I think of him. But its war.'

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINE PEOPLE.

BY CAPTAIN P. C. MARCH,

(Late Commander of the Astor Battery, at Manila.)

A GUINALDO is a little fellow even for Manila. He is hardly five feet tall, and his features are Japanese rather than Filipino. His forehead is retreating, his coarse black hair is brushed up from it, pompadour style. He has no magnetism, his manner is not impressive; he is in appearance anything but a leader of men.

He owes his influence to two facts: The more ignorant among his followers firmly believe that he is invulnerable, that a bullet fired at him would be deflected. Some of the educated leaders are faithful to him for another reason. He has sold out to the Spaniards a number of times, and has had the tact to divide his winnings with other leaders. They find it pays to side with him.

The uneducated natives are superstitious, but they would learn quickly. A good many have been educated by the church schools, and they prove bright and intelligent. There are a few Negritos even about Manila, but not many in proportion to the total number in the islands. They are little black men, not so fine a type as either the Tagali or Viscayans. And down

upon Minanao, which has never been conquered in all the three hundred years of Spain's nominal rule in the archipelago, are still another type—the unsubdued Moros, who blacken their teeth and wear false horns upon their heads.

There are many opportunities in the Philippines for capitalists and professional men. The Spaniards are naturally more numerous in the islands than other Europeans, but they amount to little commercially. Most of them are or have been officials. The English and Germans do most of the trade. There are also many wealthy Chinese and well-to-do half-breeds—mestizos. The hemp plantations are nearly all owned and administered by Englishmen. The natives have no taste for settled industry. They will work and earn ten cents, and live in idleness a week or so until the money is spent. The Tagali are a docile, agreeable race, quick, easily taught and easily managed. Of course, however, there is a great mixture of national types. For instance, my cook was a Viscayan from Iloilo. The features of these people differ from those of the Tagali. They are more nearly of the negro type, and fine, muscular fellows physically. All the natives are strong, wiry men, though small. They can carry bamboo poles around on their shoulders that would make one of our big fellows stagger. They are deft and skillful, too; they do all the fine work in Manila, making jewelry and compounding prescriptions, for instance, as well as the heavier tasks.

Chances for Business in Our New Islands.

The average American soldier in Manila is above five feet seven inches in height, and the little natives, who will hardly average five feet two inches, were amazed at the big fellows.

Manila is not like any town in the United States with which it might be compared. It is larger than Buffalo, Cincinnati or San Francisco by the last census, and more than twice as large as Rochester. Its 300,000 people straggle over some five or six miles along the water front. The European houses are not gathered in one quarter, as is usual in Asiatic cities, but are scattered about among the native huts. These huts on the outskirts of Manila itself are precisely like huts away in the interior of the islands. There isn't a nail in one of them. The walls are bamboo poles tied together, the roof a thatch of leaves; the furniture is of the simplest sort. The houses occupied by Europeans are larger and better furnished, but are almost never of masonry because of the danger from earthquake. They are lightly constructed of wood, without cellars. You drive your carriage in upon the ground floor, and mount by inner stairs to the living rooms on the first floor.

Manila Itself is a Big City of Huts.

When the American soldiers first arrived in Manila the city was absolutely without sanitation, and the habits of the people were frank and unsophisticated. Arrests had to be made for unconventionalities not common upon American streets; but the natives were generally docile and indisposed to trouble.

In one respect Manila is fortunate. It has an abundant supply of pure water, and the hydrants are surrounded all day long by people washing themselves. To see a stark-naked pickaninny shuddering under the cool flood while his mother plies the pump, gives one a good idea of tropical cleanliness. The native women are everywhere, their wooden sandals clattering on the pavement, bareheaded, a shawl thrown over one shoulder. The pump is a good beginning of cleanliness. We are supplying the rest. Major Bourns, who has studied the botany and geology of the islands, was placed in charge of the work. The city is districted, and a doctor and nurse assigned to each district, to hunt out contagious diseases. The garbage and street-litter are collected—they never were before—loaded on cascoes and dumped out at sea. These cascoes are square-built, shovel-nosed sailboats, somewhat like a lugger, decked over at stem and stern. The open waist is covered with sections of matting, shaped like the hood of a charcoal wagon,

which slide over each other. The family live in the stern, and usually a dozen or so children tumble about the deck.

**The Native Boats,
Canoes, "Cas-
coes."**

The other common type of native boat is a dug-out canoe, sometimes quite large, balanced by an outrigger on each side. These boats, little and big, are almost the sole conveyances used by the people, as there are no roads, and the interior of the larger islands is presumably sparsely peopled. I think the number of the population is generally much over-estimated. No census was ever taken by the Spaniards, and the natives naturally speak of their tribes in round numbers. A correct census will be one of our first duties in the islands.

When we reached Manila it was very hot and wet. When we came away in December it was delightful, and there was a band concert every afternoon on the prada, where less than a year ago the most exciting diversion was a public execution, witnessed by gayly dressed ladies in carriages taking snap-shots with kodaks of the poor wretches standing blindfolded against a blank wall.

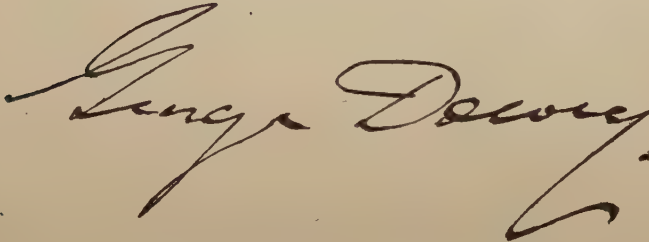
The natives are called cruel, but what they do, and what they know, they have learned from Spain. They have had no means of raising money for their alleged republic save by levying tithes on industry. If a mill-owner was assessed \$15, and said he had but \$7, they would string him up by the thumbs. We would sometimes hear some such poor devil screaming

in a barn, and go out and rescue him. But that is the way things are done in the East. These men are practicing what they have learned; they are willing to learn new lessons and are easy to teach.

I have never seen a drunken Filipino. They are a very quick and intelligent race, and capable of rapid improvement, and being tractable and amenable to good influences, they may soon be made a really desirable acquisition to the American brotherhood, which has already absorbed and assimilated many nationalities.

THE NOW FOREVER HISTORIC ENGAGEMENT IN MANILA BAY.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL

A large, elegant handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "George Dewey". The signature is written in a cursive style with long, sweeping strokes.

(*Commander-in-Chief of the Squadron*).

THE squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and, finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The "Boston" and the "Concord" were sent to reconnoitre Port Subig. A thorough search was made of the port by the "Boston" and the "Concord," but the Spanish fleet was not found. Entered the south channel at 11.30 p. m., steaming in columns at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The "Boston" and "McCulloch" returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5.15 a. m. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavite, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an

approximately east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flagship "Olympia," under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the "Baltimore," "Raleigh," "Petrel," "Concord" and "Boston" in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron

**Explosion of Two
Mines.**

opened fire at 5.41 a. m. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship, but too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire at ranges varying from 5,000 to 2,000 yards, counter-marching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally harmless. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the "Olympia" with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to discharge their torpedoes.

At 7 a. m. the Spanish flagship, "Reina Cristina," made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the "Olympia" being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which was not however returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Malate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the governor-general to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

At 7.35 a. m. I ordered the firing to cease and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11.16 I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flagship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames.

**Great Destruction
by Dewey's Guns.**

At 12.30 the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the Spanish ships sunk, burned and deserted.

At 12.40 the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the "Petrel" being left to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavite. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk, "Reina Cristina," "Castilla," "Don Antonio de Ulloa"; burned, "Don Juan of Austria," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marquis del Duero," "El Correo,"

"Velasco," and "Isla de Mindanao" (transport); captured, "Rapido" and "Hercules" (tugs), and several small launches.


The losses of the enemy were very heavy. The "Reina Cristina" alone had 150 killed, including the captain, and ninety wounded. I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable. There were none killed and only seven men in the squadron were slightly wounded. Several of the vessels were struck and even penetrated, but the damage was of the slightest and the squadron was in as good condition after as before the battle.

I doubt if any commander-in-chief was ever served by more loyal, efficient and gallant captains than those of the squadron now under my command. Captain Frank Wildes, commanding the "Boston," volunteered to remain in command of his vessel, although his relief arrived before leaving Hong Kong. Assistant Surgeon Kindelberger, of the "Olympia," and Gunner J. C. Evans, of the "Boston," also volunteered to remain after orders detaching them had arrived. The conduct of my personal staff was excellent. Commander B. P. Lamberton, chief of staff, was a volunteer for that position, and gave me most efficient aid. Lieutenant Brumby, flag lieutenant, and Ensign E. P. Scott, aide, performed their duties as signal officers in a highly creditable manner. Caldwell, flag secretary, volunteered for and was assigned to a sub-division of the 5-inch battery. Mr. J. L. Stickney, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, and now correspondent for the *New York Herald*, volunteered for duty as my aide, and rendered valuable service. I desire especially to mention the coolness of Lieutenant C. G. Calkins, the navigator of the "Olympia," who came under my personal observation, being on the bridge with me throughout the entire action, and giving the ranges to the guns with an accuracy that was proved by the excellence of the marksmanship.

On May 2, the day following the engagement, the squadron again went to Cavite, where it remained for several days. On the third the military forces evacuated the Cavite arsenal, which was taken possession of by a landing party. On the same day the "Raleigh" and "Baltimore" secured the surrender of the batteries on Corregidor Island, paroling the garrison and destroying the guns. On the morning of May 4 the transport "Manila," which has been aground in Bakor Bay, was towed off and made a prize.

THE STORY OF MANILA'S FALL.

By



Major General

UPON my arrival at Manila, July 29 (1898), I found General Greene's command encamped on a strip of sandy land, running parallel to the shore of the bay, and not far distant from the beach, owing to the great difficulties of landing supplies, the greater portion of the force had shelter-tents only and were suffering many discomforts, the camp being situated in a low, flat place, without shelter from the heat of the tropical sun or adequate protection during the terrific downpours of rain so frequent at this season.

The Filipinos, or insurgent forces at war with Spain had, prior to the arrival of the American land forces, been waging a desultory warfare with the Spaniards for several months, and were at the time of my arrival in considerable force, variously estimated and never accurately ascertained, but probably not far from 12,000 men. These troops, well supplied with small arms, with plenty of ammunition and several field guns, had obtained positions of investment opposite to the Spanish line of detached works throughout their entire extent.

**No Favors
from Aguinaldo's
Achievements.**

As General Aguinaldo did not visit me on my arrival nor offer his services as a subordinate military leader, and as my instructions from the President fully contemplated the occupation of the islands by the American land forces, and stated that the powers of the military occupant are absolute and supreme, and immediately operative upon the political condition of the inhabitants, I did not consider it wise to hold any direct communication with the insurgent leader until I should be in possession of the city of Manila, especially as I would not until then be in a position to issue a proclamation and enforce my authority, in the event that his pretensions should clash with my designs.

For these reasons the preparations for the attack on the city were pressed and military operations conducted without reference to the situation

of the insurgent forces. The wisdom of this course was subsequently fully established by the fact that when the troops of my command carried the Spanish entrenchments, extending from the sea to the Pasig Road on the extreme Spanish right, we were under no obligations, by prearranged plans of mutual attack, to turn to the right and clear the front still held against the insurgents, but were able to move forward at once and occupy the city and suburbs.

To return to the situation of General Greene's brigade as I found it on my arrival, it will be seen that the difficulty in gaining an avenue of approach to the Spanish line lay in the fact of my disinclination to ask General Aguinaldo to withdraw from the beach and the "Calle Real," so that Greene could move forward. This was overcome by instructions to General Greene to arrange, if possible, with the insurgent brigade commander in his immediate vicinity to move to the right and allow the American forces unobstructed control of the roads in the immediate front. No objection was made, and accordingly General Greene's brigade threw forward a heavy outpost line on the "Calle Real" and the beach, and constructed a trench, in which a portion of the guns of the "Utah" batteries was placed.

The Spanish, observing this activity on our part, made a very sharp attack with infantry and artillery on the night of July 31. The behavior of our troops during this night attack was all that could be desired, and I have in cablegrams to the War Department, taken occasion to commend by name those who deserve special mention for good conduct in the affair.

**Attack on the
Tenth Penn-
sylvania.**

Our position was extended and strengthened after this, and resisted successfully repeated night attacks, our forces suffering, however, considerable loss in wounded and killed, while the losses of the enemy, owing to the darkness, could not be ascertained.

The strain of the night fighting, and the heavy details for outpost duty, made it imperative to reinforce General Greene's troops, with General MacArthur's brigade, which had arrived in transports July 31. The difficulties of this operation can hardly be over-estimated. The transports were at anchor off Cavite; five miles from a point on the beach, where it was desired to disembark the men. Several squalls, accompanied by floods of rain, raged day after day, and the only way to get the troops and supplies ashore was to load from the ship's side into native lighters (called "cascoes") or small steamboats, move them to a point opposite the camp and then disembark them through the surf in small boats, or by running the lighters' heads on the beach. The landing was finally accomplished after days of hard work and hardship; and I desire

**Hard to Land
Troops.**

here to express again my admiration for the fortitude and cheerful willingness of the men of all commands engaged in this operation.

Upon the assembly of MacArthur's brigade in support of General Greene's, I had about 8,500 men in position to attack, and I deemed the time had come for final action. During the time of the night attacks I had communicated my desire to Admiral Dewey that he would allow his ships to open fire on the right of the Spanish line of entrenchments, believing that such action would stop the night firing and loss of life, but the admiral had declined to order it unless we were in danger of losing our position by the assaults of the Spanish, for the reason that, in his opinion, it would precipitate a general engagement, for which he was not ready.

**Ready to Take
the City.**

However, the brigade of General MacArthur was in position, and the "Monterey" had arrived, and under date of August 6, Admiral Dewey agreed to my suggestion that we should send a joint letter to the captain-general (Augustin) notifying him that he should remove from the city all non-combatants within forty-eight hours, and that operations against the defences at Manila might begin at any time after the expiration of that period.

This letter was sent August 7, and a reply was received the same date, to the effect that the Spanish were without places of refuge for the increased numbers of wounded, sick, women and children now lodged within the walls. On the ninth, a formal joint demand for the surrender of the city was sent in. This demand was based on the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of the Spaniards and that every consideration of humanity demanded that the city should not be subjected to bombardment under such circumstances.

**Ultimatum to
Augustin.**

The captain-general's reply, of same date, stated that the counsel of defense had declared that the demand could not be granted, but the captain-general offered to consult his government if we would allow him the time strictly necessary for the communications by way of Hong Kong. This was declined on our part for the reason that it could, in the opinion of the admiral and myself, lead only to a continuance of the situation, with no immediate result favorable to us, and the necessity was apparent and very urgent that decisive action should be taken at once to compel the enemy to give up the town, in order to relieve troops from the trenches and from the exposure of unhealthy conditions, which was unavoidable in a bivouac during the rainy season.

The seacoast batteries in defense of Manila are so situated that it is impossible for ships to engage them without firing into the town, and as the bombardment of a city filled with women and children, sick and wounded,

and containing a large amount of neutral property, could only be justified as a last resort, it was agreed between Admiral Dewey and myself, that an attempt should be made to carry the extreme right of the Spanish line of entrenchments in front of the positions at that time occupied by our troops, which, with its flank on the seashore, was entirely open to the fire of the navy.

It was not my intention to press the assault at this point, in case the enemy should hold it in strong force, until after the navy had made practicable breaches in the works and shaken the troops holding them, which could not be done by the army alone, owing to the absence of siege guns. It was believed, however, as most desirable, and in accordance with the principles of civilized warfare, that the attempt should be made to drive the enemy out of his entrenchments before resorting to the bombardment of the city.

Mercy to Non-Combatants.

By orders issued some time previously MacArthur's and Greene's brigades were organized as the Second Division of the Eighth Corps, Brigadier-General Thomas Anderson commanding, and in anticipation of the attack General Anderson moved his headquarters from Cavite to the brigade camps and assumed direct command in the field. Copies of the written and verbal instructions, referred to above, were given to the division and brigade commanders on the twelfth, and all the troops were in position on the thirteenth at an early hour in the morning.

About 9 a. m. on that day our fleet steamed forward from Cavite and before 10 a. m. opened a hot and accurate fire of heavy shells and rapid fire projectiles on the sea flank of the Spanish entrenchments at the powder magazine fort, and at the same time the Utah Batteries, in position in our trenches near the "Calle Real," began firing with great accuracy.

Assault by Land and Sea.

At 10.25 on a prearranged signal from our trenches that it was believed our troops could advance, the navy ceased firing and immediately a light line of skirmishers from the Colorado regiment of Greene's brigade passed over our trenches and deployed rapidly forward, another line from the same regiment from the left flank of our earthworks advancing swiftly up the beach in open order.

Both these lines found the powder magazine, fort and the trenches flanking it deserted, but as they passed over the Spanish works they were met by a sharp fire from a second line situated in the streets of Malate, by which a number of men were killed and wounded, among others the soldiers who pulled down the Spanish colors still flying on the fort and raised our own.

The works of the second line soon gave way to the determined advance of Greene's troops, and that officer pushed his brigade rapidly through Malate and over the bridges to occupy Binondo and San Miguel, as contemplated in his instructions.

In the meantime, the brigade of General MacArthur advancing simultaneously on the Passay Road, encountered a very sharp fire, coming from the blockhouses, trenches and woods in his front, positions which it was very difficult to carry, owing to the swampy condition of the ground on both sides of the roads and the heavy undergrowth which concealed the enemy. With much gallantry and excellent judgment on the part of the brigade commander and the troops engaged these difficulties were overcome with a minimum loss, and MacArthur advanced and held the bridges and the town of Malate.

The city of Manila was now in our possession, excepting the walled town, but shortly after the entry of our troops into Malate a white flag was displayed on the walls, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, and Lieutenant Brumby, United States Navy, representing Admiral Dewey, were sent ashore to communicate with the captain-general.

**Manila
Capitulates.**

I soon personally followed these officers into the town, going at once to the palace of the governor-general, and there, after a conversation with the Spanish authorities, a preliminary agreement of the terms of capitulation was signed by the captain-general and myself. This agreement was subsequently incorporated into the formal terms of capitulation, as arranged by the officers representing the two forces.

Immediately after the surrender the Spanish colors on the sea front were hauled down and the American flag displayed, and saluted by the guns of the navy. The Second Oregon Regiment, which had proceeded by sea from Cavite, was disembarked and entered the walled town as a provost guard, and the colonel was directed to receive the Spanish arms and deposit them in places of security. The town was filled with the troops of the enemy driven in from the intrenchments, regiments formed and standing in line in the streets, but the work of disarming proceeded quietly and nothing unpleasant occurred in the proceedings of surrender to our forces of the Spanish army of defence, and our complete occupation of Manila.

OUR BATTLES WITH THE FILIPINOS.

Aguinaldo Leads a Host of His Followers Against the American Army Occupying Manila.

By J. W. BUEL.

THE intervention of a superior power to aid a struggling people to free themselves from the oppressions and abuses practiced by their subjugators is invariably attended by ingratitude, which usually manifests itself in hostile demonstrations against their liberators. This sudden change to enmity of a freed people has its origin in the soulless ambition of thankless leaders, who, conceiving a purpose to become absolute as rulers, promote the military spirit of their followers, which they then employ for their own selfish ends, and often to the ruin of their purblind followers as well as themselves. This is especially true of the semi-civilized, among whom insurgent leaders who once taste the fruit of victory, however small and transitory, may never thereafter be depended upon to yield loyal allegiance to any power above them. The United States Government is in an attitude to feel the effects of this base ingratitude, and that our humane intervention in Cuba and in the Philippines will bring upon us the hostility of those liberated peoples there can be no doubt, and may involve us in a long and costly war, wherein we shall occupy the position from which our armies have recently driven Spain. Indeed, the first blow has already been struck by the Filipinos, who, mindless of the service which the United States rendered in freeing them from the exactions and cruelty of their Spanish taskmasters, are now anxious to expel their civilized liberators, to disclaim all obligations, and to assert their independence.

The signing of the Peace Treaty at Paris, December 10, which terminated our war with Spain, was almost immediately followed by acts of arrogance and supercilious conduct on the part of Aguinaldo, who assuming the powers of a sovereign—though without recognition—proceeded to levy taxes, issue proclamations, impose restrictions upon American troops, and conducted himself in a manner that was calculated to irritate our officers and to incense our soldiers to the limit of patience. Refusal by the President and Secretary of State to recognize Aguinaldo's representative, Agoncillo, who visited Washington and memorialized Congress in a vain effort to secure acknowledgment of Philippine independence, so angered Aguinaldo that he

**Aguinaldo's
Assumptions of
Authority.**

made preparations to resume the war against American troops in the Philippines as invaders. He was able to secure from traders, who were more mercenary than patriotic, 10,000 Mauser and Remington rifles, 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, two 20-pounder Krupp guns and several pieces of field artillery. He thereupon began active operations by intrenching his 20,000 troops in the vicinity of Manila, and in making preparations for conducting hostilities. The administration entertained the hope that forbearance and kind treatment might influence Aguinaldo to accept the kind offices and sincere good will of America, which, however, instead of being appreciated, served no other purpose than to provide opportunity desired by the insurgents to strengthen their position and to complete their preparations for war.

It unfortunately happened that the administration's pacific utterances and great forbearance was regarded by the Filipinos as an evidence of hesitation and weakness. In practicing toleration to avoid actual conflict with the natives, and to save bloodshed, a certain official recognition was given the Filipinos. A striking illustration of this fact occurred on December 21, when the two forces were very near an engagement. Up to that date the sentries of the American and insurgent forces had guarded opposite ends of the Paco bridge, a stone structure across a ten-foot creek on the outskirts of the city, but in accordance with instructions the American officer of the day essayed to post his sentry in the centre of the bridge. The Filipino guard objected, however, and when a protest was made informed the Americans that at nine o'clock the next morning they would fire upon the American line unless the sentry was withdrawn. At the appointed hour Major-General Anderson and some 4,000 men were on hand, but after a conference the Filipinos were recognized to the extent that the sentry was withdrawn to his former position, and the American troops marched back to their quarters.

The issuance of General Otis' proclamation regarding the intentions of the Americans in the Philippines gave Aguinaldo the opportunity desired, and in less than twelve hours after the former was published the Filipino's response was posted on the walls of the city. Its effect was instantaneous upon the natives generally and their attitude was such that it was deemed advisable to keep the entire army of occupation in quarters and under arms, in order that they might be ready should an emergency arise.

Two trivial incidents which occurred simultaneously in different parts of the city occasioned a false alarm at 2.30 o'clock, January 6, 1899, and the entire troops were called "to arms." Within fifteen minutes after the echoes of the bugles had died away the whole force was under way, every company of every regiment being in its allotted position ready for action. While this

created somewhat of a sensation temporarily, the promptitude with which the troops responded to the call had the effect of restoring confidence.

In response to the conciliatory proclamation of Major-General Otis, issued January 4, Aguinaldo issued an official manifesto in which he says :

"General Otis calls himself in the proclamation referred to, 'Military Governor of the Philippine Islands,' and I protest once and a thousand times and with all the energy of my soul, against such authority. I solemnly proclaim that I have never had, neither in Singapore nor in Hong Kong, nor here, in the Philippines, any undertaking or agreement either by word or by writing, to recognize the sovereignty of America in this, our loved country. On the contrary, I say that I returned to these islands on board an American warship on the sixth of May of last year, with the decided and manifest proposition to carry on the war with the Spaniards, to reconquer our liberty and our independence.

**Aguinaldo's
Manifesto.**

"In the proclamation of General Otis, he alludes to instructions written for him by His Excellency, the President of the United States, referring to the administration of affairs in the Philippines Islands. I solemnly protest in the name of God, the root and foundation of all justice and of all right, and who has given to me power to direct my dear brothers in the difficult work of our generation, against this intrusion of the Government of the United States in the sovereignty of these islands. Equally, I protest in the name of all the Philippine people against this intrusion, because when they gave me their vote of confidence, electing me, though unworthy, as president of the nation, when they did this they imposed on me the duty to sustain to the death their liberty and independence."

It was against such sentiment that the American authorities had to contend, which appeal for the right of self-government had a powerful influence in the United States Congress, and among a large proportion of the American people, which manifested itself in an opposition to a ratification of the Paris treaty strong enough to postpone the vote until February 6. Aguinaldo persuaded himself to believe that a hostile demonstration by his troops immediately before the time set for senatorial action would cause a rejection of the treaty on the final vote. This vain belief he put into effect on the night of Saturday, February 4, by making an attack on the American lines guarding Manila, entertaining no doubt that he would be able to surprise Major-General Otis and under the cover of darkness achieve an easy victory.

**A Plan to Defeat
Ratification of
the Treaty.**

The situation was precarious for a long while, though the Filipinos sought to quiet suspicion of their designs by profuse assurances whenever

they were discovered in a hostile act. They maintained a strictly belligerent attitude, however, and their sentries were posted within a few yards of our outposts, while day and night a large force was industriously engaged increasing their intrenchments and otherwise preparing for an attack upon Manila. Such strained relations could not endure indefinitely, and the rupture was finally precipitated by an invasion of the neutral zone by a small party of insurgents who passed the American guards and refused to halt or turn back when challenged. At this time the fighting force of the insurgents was estimated to be 30,000 men, of which number 20,000 were before Manila, fairly well armed and occupying strong positions. Our total force in the Philippines was about twenty-one thousand, two thousand of which number was incapacitated, by sickness, or on leave, and less than ten thousand were in Manila, the others being distributed at various points in the islands.

When hostilities began by an attack made by the Filipinos on the night of Saturday, February 4, 1899, the American army encircled Manila in two divisions. The first division was commanded by General Anderson, the First brigade of the First division being under command of Brigadier-General King, and the Second being commanded by Brigadier-General Oven-shine. The lines extended from the sea along the line of Spanish block-houses to the Pasig River, in Samapaloc. The Second division, under General MacArthur, with the First brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Harrison G. Otis, and the Second brigade, by Brigadier-General Hale, occupied a position to the north of the city from Pasig River to the sea.

The most extreme point inland occupied by American troops was the camp of the Nebraska regiment, at Santa Mesa, where the first fight began on Saturday at 8.45 p. m. The Nebraska outposts challenged and fired on an insurgent company, which was advancing into the neutral zone, but the Filipinos disregarded the command and a few moments later another company swept across the neutral zone as if by preconcerted signal which drew the fire of our sentries and the battle opened. A heavy force of insurgents on the north of the city began a sharp fusillade on the Nebraska camp, to which the regiment responded with spirit. Springfields flamed in the half moon all about the camp, while the enemy's Mausers gave no flash.

At four o'clock on Sunday morning, with the shout of "Viva la Republica!" the Filipinos tried to rush across the bridge, over a road leading to the waterworks, opposite the American camp. One company of Nebraska men met the advancing insurgents at the bridge and drove them back. Twice the Filipinos, with

**Irritating Conduct
of the Filipinos.**

**Tried to Rush
Across the Bridge.**

indomitable pluck, charged upon the bridge again, but they were driven back each time.

Lieutenant Webb, of Battery A, stationed on Santa Mesa Hill, prayed for daylight, and when dawn came two guns of the Utah battery opened fire so near to the firing line that two men were killed at once.

The plan of the second division was to sweep forward and carry a high position held by the enemy north of the Pasig River. The Colorado volunteers, under command of Colonel McCoy, rushed blockhouses No. 2 and No. 6, and the villages beyond San Juan Bridge were cleared with shrapnel. The Nebraska men made their way over the bridge, crouching in pairs, amid the hissing and pattering of bullets. On the other side they were met with a hail of lead from the steep hill of San Juan; but they were followed closely by two Nordenfeldts, under charge of Lieutenant Gibbs. As these rumbled over the bridge a battalion of Tennessee troops approached and quickly followed across, in columns of four, under fire. Colonel Smith fell from his horse and died of apoplexy at the moment of the charge.

Up the hill the artillery and infantry scrambled, digging with their hands and feet. Nothing could stand before them. It was a grand sight. At twelve o'clock noon (Sunday, February 5) our men took the reservoirs at the top of the hill. Further to the left, on the heights, was Binando church. In order to take this the Americans did not have to advance up a steep incline, but could make a gradual ascent over two miles of rough country, though barbed wire impeded their advance.

**Charge of Artillery
and Infantry
up the Hill.**

The Utah guns followed the troops step by step, to clear the way, while the Third Artillery moved along dikes through a cul-de-sac, with swamps on either side, and got into the open, losing twenty-five men. Two batteries then swung to the right, under Captain O'Hara, going into the open like veterans, and drove from the Chinese church the insurgents, who were pouring a cutting fire on the Montana and Pennsylvania troops while they were coming up the hill through a cemetery toward Binando church.

Colonel Frost, commanding the South Dakota regiment, swung that body around from the left and carried two insurgent redoubts, where thirty Filipinos were killed. The South Dakota and a part of the Pennsylvania troops then stormed and took the Binando church.

The "Concord" from the bay shelled the woods near the shore, and the Kansas men, followed by the Montana troops and supported by one gun, moved on Saturday night along the Caloocan road. The enemy charged them six times, coming within one hundred yards, but they were steadily pushed

**Successfully
Repulsed Six
Onslaughts.**

back until, by Sunday night, the American line had advanced three miles.

Thus, all along, the Second division had little difficulty in driving the enemy, who fought well behind trenches, but, once dislodged, fled in panic. Against the First division, south of the city the fighting was hardest, the insurgents showing wonderful pluck, under the command of General Noviel.

During Saturday night everything was quiet; but at half-past seven o'clock on Sunday morning, from Artillery Knoll—General Anderson's headquarters—the Sixth Artillery opened fire, and from the bay to blockhouse No. 14—where the American troops entered Manila—the ground was held by the North Dakota regiment and the Fourteenth Infantry. The "Monadnock," from her place in the bay, pounded the insurgents with her big guns.

Captain Murphy, in command of the Fourteenth battalion, began fighting at eight o'clock in the morning. So stubborn was the resistance at this point that he succeeded in taking blockhouse No. 14, four hundred yards, distance, only at two o'clock in the afternoon. This place is called "Bloody Lane" by the Spaniards.

Lieutenant
Michael's Heroic
Death.

Lieutenant Michael fell, crying, "Never mind me. Go on!" Lieutenant Miles then took the lead. One hundred yards from the blockhouse the fire was so hot he called for volunteers, and, with eight men, he took it, the insurgents going out as his men went in.

General Owenshine was ordered to dislodge the enemy in Murphy's front. He formed a brigade of the Fourteenth Infantry on the right of Murphy's position, with volunteers on the right of the Fourteenth Infantry and Troops E, C and L, of the Fourth Cavalry, dismounted, on the left of Murphy's men. All the men to the right of Murphy's position wheeled to the left across an open field till a thicket was reached. Then they opened fire and the enemy finally was dislodged. The engagement was hot, but the fire of our men was irresistible. General Owenshine, with his brigade, then proceeded to Pasay, which he entered without resistance.

The line of the First division on Sunday extended from the bay at Pasay to the Pasig River, at San Pedro and Macati. Further inland our line ran along the stream to Triega. Three miles in front was an open country. One and a half miles diagonally across the line Colonel Smith, with three companies of California troops, one Washington and four Wyoming companies, was ordered to advance toward San Pedro Macati. General King was to move forward as soon as Colonel Smith came opposite. The troops

waded the stream and marched into the open as if they were on drill. From the stone houses, nipa huts and earthworks the enemy poured bullets upon the Americans, while Battery D, of the Sixth Artillery, under Captain Dyers, and Hawthorne's separate Montana battery continued to shell the enemy magnificently over the heads of the advancing troops. **Crossed the Stream Under Hot Fire.**

At San Pedro Macati the position of the insurgents seemed impregnable, but Lieutenant Haven, of Company A Engineer Corps, forced a way back of the town, and, by plucky work, made the position untenable for the enemy. Washington troops swam the estuary under fire, and later the Idaho troops, with one company of Washington men, swept the insurgents toward the left. One hundred of the Filipinos jumped into the Pasig River, but only twenty succeeded in getting across the stream. The village was burned on every side to dislodge the guerillas. The smoke of fire and battle encircled the city.

An improvised river gunboat, with Captain Randolph, of the Third Artillery, commanding, riddled Santa Ana with its guns. The Idaho troops charged the bastion fort, and Major McConville was killed. Two Krupp guns were captured. Sixty-five dead insurgents were found in one heap and the rice fields were dotted with dead and wounded Filipinos. The hospital corps did splendid work for both friend and enemy. The insurgents, once dislodged, ran miles back into the country, all along the line swept by the First Division.

On Monday afternoon the Nebraska battalions, the Twenty-third Infantry and the Tennessee troops, General Hale commanding, with four guns, under Major Young, of Utah, swept the country for four miles, to the pumping station. They shelled the insurgents from hill to hill. At the foot of the second hill was found the stripped body of Dr. Young, of Utah, who rode through the lines by mistake. His horse had been shot and twelve empty revolver cartridges were found by his side, indisputable evidence of the heroic fight he had made against the multitude that overwhelmed and shot him to death. **Gallant Work of Volunteers on Monday.**

The insurgents retired, firing as they went, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of Monday the pumping station had been taken. The cylinder heads had been removed by the insurgents, but they were found later, in the coal works, and being in good condition, were promptly replaced. On Tuesday General Anderson moved his left up to the Lagana Pasig, which surrendered.

For several days thereafter trainloads of insurgents were seen landing at Caloocan, north of Manila, and on Friday the "Concord" shelled the

town. General MacArthur sent the Kansas and Montana troops and the Third Artillery to take the place. In a splendid charge the Kansas men went through a jungle near shore, driving the enemy before them, and killing great numbers.

For several days after being routed from before Manila the insurgents were to be seen gathering at Caloocan, twelve miles to the north, evidently with the intention of rallying their forces for another attack. To anticipate the plans of the enemy and render them ineffectual, Major-General Elwell S. Otis, commander of the American forces, determined to attack the city at once. Accordingly, on Friday, the tenth, he sent instructions to his officers, and also requested assistance of the naval forces under Admiral Dewey. A few hours later Major-General MacArthur reported that all was ready, and at three o'clock he received the following message:

The commanding general orders you to go ahead with the program.

BARRY.

The monitor "Monadnock" and the cruiser "Charleston" immediately manœuvred for position, and as Caloocan is within easy range from the bay, a vigorous bombardment from their eight-inch guns was begun.

At the same time that the warships began shelling, the Sixth Artillery and the Utah Battery opened fire on the rebel intrenchments on the landward sides of the town. The country between the American portion and Caloocan was covered with banana groves, bamboo hedges and paddy fields, with here and there straggling collections of nipa huts, all of which afforded excellent shelter for the native soldiers near the town proper who were not in the trenches or otherwise disposed of. Some of these men had the reputation of being sharpshooters, but their work did not justify the title, as the damage done by them was trifling.

The artillery and the warships pounded away until four o'clock, when orders were given for General Harrison G. Otis' brigade, except the Pennsylvania regiment, which was held as a reserve, to move on the enemy's works. The men had been impatiently waiting for the order, and as the word was passed down the line they responded with cheers. The movement was made in the following order from left to right: Twentieth Kansas Infantry, First Montana Infantry and Third Artillery, the Twentieth Kansas and the First Montana being supported by the First Idaho Infantry, and the Third Artillery by the Fourth Cavalry.

The Filipinos were awaiting the advance of the troops, and as the Americans began to move forward the rebels started a rattling fire, which

made considerable noise but did no great damage. The Americans declined to answer, but pressed steadily forward. Not a stop was made until they reached the intrenchments, from which most of the natives hastily scrambled as the Americans drew near. The rebels tried to make their way to the shelter afforded by the town, but scores of them failed to reach their goal, being stopped by American bullets.

Just at this time the Filipinos were thrown into worse confusion by the discovery that they had been flanked. A company of the First Montana Infantry, under command of Major J. Franklin Bell, Chief of the Bureau of Military Information, whose services had been invaluable, had volunteered to execute the flank movement, and moving off to the east, without being detected arrived on the enemy's flank back of the town. The natives saw they were trapped, and scattering, fled like sheep, many of them dropping their weapons in their anxiety to escape. The Americans had jumped the trenches, and, yelling and cheering, were in full pursuit. It was simply a rout, and proved that, even with the aid of artificial defences, the Filipinos are

**A Brilliant Flank
Movement.**

no match for the Americans who are fighting them. Barricades had been erected at the place where the Malabon road crosses the line of the Dagupan Railway, in the centre of the town. These had been torn to pieces in many places by the fire from the warships and land batteries.

As the Twentieth Kansas and First Montana regiments entered the town from the south, some of the fleeing natives set fire to the huts, whose roofs are made of nipa grass, thinking to start a blaze which would destroy the place. In this they were disappointed, however, as the Americans extinguished the fires.

The losses of the Americans were slight, but the enemy suffered heavily both in killed and wounded. Most of the casualties to the Filipinos were caused by shrapnel, the screaming and effectiveness of which caused terror among the natives. Among the Americans wounded was Colonel Bruce Wallace, of the First Montana Infantry.

After the Americans were in possession of the town it was found that there was only one house in the place that had a flagstaff. This belonged to Mr. Higgins, an Englishman, who is president of the Dagupan Railway. He lent the staff to General Otis, and at half-past five o'clock the American flag was floating over the town. Its appearance was greeted with enthusiastic cheering by the troops.

Insurgent troops were massing to the support of Aguinaldo's forces at Caloocan and Malabon when the fighting began. It was reported that there were 6,000 rebels at the two places, among them being the famous Seventy-

third Filipino Regiment, which in the last rebellion killed its Spanish officers and then deserted to Aguinaldo.

Except for the advance on Caloocan the American line was much the same as it was on Wednesday. On the right General Ovenshine's brigade extended to the beach two miles north of Camp Dewey and to the Pasig River. Lieutenant-Colonel Treumann, with the North Dakota volunteers, had established his headquarters on the beach, whence he was in signal communication with the American fleet. The Second battalion of the Dakota regiment extended along the front, and all of the Fourteenth Infantry except Companies M and E was stationed at the Pasig River and extended thence to San Pedro and Malate. General King's headquarters was in Pasig Village, which surrendered the day before the attack on Caloocan, and the California regiment occupied the villages of Pasig, Malate and Santa Ana. On the left General Otis' brigade, consisting of the Twentieth Kansas regiment, eight companies of the Pennsylvania regiment, the Montana regiment and four batteries of the Third Artillery, stretched back from Caloocan to the Chinese cemetery, where there was an excellent signal station on a hill, and from a church tower the signalmen communicated with the fleet.

The Third Artillery regulars, acting as infantry, pushed forward in the face of Filipino bullets as cheerfully as though the deadly missiles had been snow-balls, before which resolute advance and the combined action of the swiftly closing lines of the Americans the enemy retreated in an utter rout and fled helter-skelter to the mountains.

**A Charge in the
Face of a Leaden
Storm.**

At six o'clock "cease firing" and the "recall" were sounded. The troops were then well through Caloocan and north of it with the enemy flying in utter rout in every direction.

By the capture of Caloocan control of the Manila-Dagupan Railroad was obtained, which enabled the Americans to move and concentrate troops promptly along the line, and to invest Malabon, Aguinaldo's seat of government, which was, however, evacuated on the following day, most of the town being burned by the Filipinos. The American casualties in the two engagements were fifty-nine killed and 199 wounded, while the loss of the Filipinos is supposed to have exceeded 2,500 killed and wounded, and 4,000 prisoners.

About three hundred miles south of Manila is the island of Panay, which comprises 4,633 square miles, and contains a population of 775,000.

**The Capture of
Iloilo.**

The island, though a small one, is extremely rich, and the people are more advanced than in any other part of the group. The chief town is Iloilo, of some 35,000 inhabitants, and is the seat of the Catholic see of Jaro. The natives of this island

maintained a stubborn resistance against the Spanish for more than a year, and having a fairly well organized army of 10,000 men, were unwilling to disband after the treaty between Spain and the United States was concluded. Several efforts at pacification were made by our commissioners, but all peaceful overtures failed of their purpose, the natives always demanding recognition of their independence, and refused to treat upon any other basis. The cruiser "Boston," accompanied by the "Petrel," was finally dispatched to the island, convoying three transport ships, carrying 3,000 troops, but these were not permitted to land, and for nearly two weeks they lay off Iliolo awaiting orders; in the meantime General M. P. Miller, who was in command, was vainly trying to persuade the insurgents to peacefully permit American occupation. So far from accepting the overtures made by General Miller, the insurgents remained defiant and prepared for vigorous resistance by strengthening their defences.

This irritating condition was at length relieved by the action of Major-General Otis, who on February 8, dispatched Colonel Potter with instructions for General Miller, upon receipt of which, on February 10, an ultimatum was delivered to the insurgents, warning them that an attack would be made upon Iloilo in twenty-four hours, if the work of strengthening the defences of the city were not at once discontinued.

The "Boston" and the "Petrel" made a reconnoissance on the morning of February 11. The insurgents apparently were quiet, but at half-past 8 o'clock, officers on the "Petrel" observed the enemy constructing new earthworks and bringing additional guns to bear. Captain Wilde was informed, and the "Boston" fired two small projectiles as a warning to the insurgents, who immediately entered their intrenchments and opened fire on the "Petrel." Both vessels replied, and soon the insurgents abandoned their works.

Several fires were observed in the town soon afterward, and at 11 o'clock our ships landed parties under Lieutenant Niblack, of the "Boston," one battalion occupying the fort and substituting the American for the Filipino flag, the sailors assisting. Our troops, taking possession of the trenches, pushed through the town, extinguishing the fires where possible, and driving the insurgents outside. General Miller later landed additional troops. Pushing forward to the bridges leading to Jolo and Molo, the insurgents fired the native Chinese houses, which they had previously saturated with kerosene, and also the offices of the Smith Bell Company, and the British and American consuls, the German consulate, a Swiss business house, and an empty warehouse belonging to an American firm.

This destructive vandalism was all the injury the insurgents were able to inflict, as not a single American soldier was killed or wounded in the attack, and complete possession of Iloilo was obtained, with a prospect that no further resistance to our arms would be offered by the Filipinos of Panay.

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

Questions that Influenced the Treaty Commissioners in Their
Negotiations with Spain's Representatives.

BY

John L. Reid.

(Member of the American Commission.)

BYOND the Alleghenies the American voice rings clear and true. It does not appear anywhere in our country that there is a considerable sentiment favoring the pursuit of partisan aims in questions of foreign policy or division among our people in the face of insurgent guns turned on our soldiers. Neither has any reproach come because when intrusted with our interests in a great negotiation your commissioners made a settlement on terms too favorable to their own country. If we have brought back too much, that is only a question for Congress and our own people. If we had brought back too little, it might have been a question for the army and the navy.

Put yourself for a moment in our place. Would you have had your representatives in Paris declare that while the Spanish rule in the West Indies was so wicked that it was our duty to destroy it, we were now so eager for peace that we were willing in the East to re-establish that same wicked rule? Would you have had them throw away a magnificent foothold for the trade of the farther East, which the fortune of war had placed in your hands?

Your representatives in Paris were dealing with a nation with whom it has never been easy to make peace, but they secured a peace treaty without a word that endangers the interests of the country. They scrupulously

reserved for your own decision the question of political status for the inhabitants of your new possessions. They maintained, in the face of vehement opposition of well nigh all Europe, a principle vital to oppressed people struggling for freedom. That principle is that debts do not necessarily follow the territory if incurred by the mother country distinctly in efforts to enslave it. But your representatives at the same time placed your country in no attitude of endeavoring to evade just obligations.

They protected what was gained in the war from adroit efforts to put it all at risk again, through an untimely appeal to the noble principle of arbitration. They were enabled to pledge the most protectionist country in the world to the policy of the open door in the East.

At the same time they neither neglected nor feared the duty of caring for the material interests of their own country, the duty of grasping the enormous possibilities for sharing in the development of the East. In that way lies now the best hope of American commerce. The Atlantic Ocean carries mainly trade with people as advanced as ourselves, who could produce or procure elsewhere much of what they buy from us. The ocean carriage for the Atlantic is in the hands of our rivals. The Pacific Ocean, on the contrary, is in our hands now. Practically we own more than half the coast on this side, and have midway stations in the Sandwich and Aleutian Islands. To extend our authority over the Philippine archipelago is to fence in the China Sea. Rightly used it enables the United States to convert the Pacific Ocean almost into an American lake.

**The Expansion
of American
Commerce.**

Are we to lose all this through a mushy sentimentality, alike un-American and un-Christian, since it would humiliate us by showing lack of nerve to hold what we are entitled to, and incriminate us by entailing endless bloodshed on a people whom we have stripped of the only government they have known for three hundred years, and whom we should thus abandon to civil war and foreign spoliation?

Let us free our minds of some bugbears. One is the notion that with the retention of the Philippines our manufacturers will be crushed by the products of cheap Eastern labor. Another is, that our American workmen will be swamped under the immigration of cheap Eastern labor. It is a bugbear that the Filipinos would be citizens of the United States. It is a bugbear that anybody living on territory or other property belonging to the United States must be a citizen. It is equally a bugbear that the tariff must necessarily be the same over any of the territory of the United States as it is in the nation itself.

Brushing aside these bugbears, what are the duties of the hour?

First—hold what you are entitled to. If you are ever to part with it, wait, at least, till you have found out that you have no use for it. Next, resist admission of any of our new possessions as States, or their organization on a plan designed to prepare them for admission. Make this fight easiest by making it at the beginning. Resist the first effort to change the character of the Union. We want no Porto Ricans or Cubans to be sending Senators and Representatives to Washington. We will do them good, if we may, all the days of our life, but, please God, we will not divide this republic among them.

**Neither Citizens
Nor Represent-
ation.**

Resist the crazy extension of the doctrine that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed to an extreme never imagined by the men who framed it, and never for one moment acted upon in their own practice. Resist alike either schemes for purely military government or schemes for territorial civil governments, with offices filled by carpet-baggers from the United States, on an allotment of increased patronage.

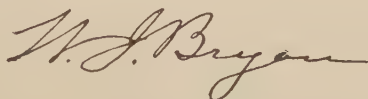
I wish to refer with respect to the sincere opposition to these conclusions, manifest chiefly in the East and in the Senate, and with especial respect of the eminent statesman who has headed that opposition. No man will question his ability or the courage with which he follows his convictions. But I may remind my readers that the noble State he represents is not now counted for the first time against the development of the country. In 1848, Daniel Webster, speaking for the same great State, conjured up the same visions of the destruction of the constitution. With all due respect, a great spokesman of Massachusetts is as liable to mistake in this generation as in the last.

It is fair to say that this hesitation over the treaty of peace and acquisition of the Philippines is absolutely due to lack of faith in our own people, distrust of the methods of administration they may employ in the government of distant possessions, and distrust of their ability to resist the schemes of demagogues. If there is reason to fear that the American people cannot restrain themselves from throwing open the doors of our Senate and House of Representatives to Luzon or the Visayas or the Sandwich Islands, then the sooner we get some civilized nation with more common sense to take them off our hands the better. But, having thus shirked the position demanded by our success, let us never again presume to take a place among the self-respecting nations of the earth.

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

An Argument Against the Treaty and Retention of the Islands.

By



IMPERIALISTS seek to create the impression that the ratification of the treaty has terminated the controversy in regard to the future of the Philippines, but there is no ground whatever for such a conclusion.

The President has not as yet outlined a policy, and Congress has so far failed to make any declaration upon the subject. Several administration Senators have expressly denied that ratification commits the United States to the permanent annexation of the Philippine Islands.

The treaty extinguishes Spanish sovereignty, but it does not determine our nation's course in dealing with the Filipinos. In the opinion of many (and I am among the number) the ratification of the treaty, instead of closing the door to independence, really makes easier the establishment of such a government in the Philippine Islands.

The matter is now entirely within the control of Congress, and there is no legal obstacle to prevent the immediate passage of a resolution promising self-government to the Filipinos and pledging the United States to protect their government from outside interference. If we have a right to acquire land, we have a right to part with it; if we have a right to secure by purchase or conquest a disputed title from Spain, we certainly have a right to give a quit claim deed to the party in possession.

If the power to part with the islands is admitted, the only question remaining for discussion is whether the United States should permanently hold the Asiatic territory acquired from Spain. For two months the sentiment against imperialism has been constantly growing, and there is nothing in the ratification of the treaty to make such a policy more desirable.

Until Dewey's victory no one thought us under obligation to extend our sovereignty over the Filipinos. If subsequent events have imposed such an obligation upon the United States it is worth while to inquire as to its nature and extent. Is it political in its character? Must we make subjects of the Filipinos now because we made allies of them in the war with Spain? France did not recognize any such obligation when she helped us to throw

off British supremacy. Are we compelled to civilize the Filipinos by force because we interfere with Spain's efforts to accomplish the same end by the same means? Are we in duty bound to conquer and to govern, when we can find a pretext for doing so, every nation which is weaker than ours and whose civilization is below our standard? Does history justify us in believing that we can improve the condition of the Filipinos and advance them in civilization by governing them without their consent and taxing them without representation? England has tried that plan in India for a hundred and fifty years, and yet Japan has made more progress in the last thirty years than India has made in the one hundred and fifty. And it may be added, the idea of self-government has developed more rapidly among the Japanese during the same period than it has among the people of India.

Government is an evolution and its administration is always susceptible of improvement. The capacity for self-government is developed by responsibility. As exercise strengthens the muscles of the athlete and education improves the mental faculties of the student, even so participation in government instructs the citizen in the science of government and perfects him in the art of administering it.

We must not expect the Filipinos to establish and maintain as good a government as ours, and it is vain for us to expect that we would maintain there, at long range, as good a government as we have here. The government is, as it were, a composite photograph of the people, a reflection of their average virtue and intelligence.

Some defend annexation upon the ground that the business interests of the islands demand it. The business interests will probably be able to take care of themselves under an independent form of government, unless they are very different from the business interests of the United States. The so-called business interest probably constitutes a very small fraction of the total population of the islands. Who will say that their pecuniary interests are superior in importance to the right of all the rest of the people to enjoy a government of their own choosing?

Some say that our duty to the foreign residents in the Philippines requires us to annex the islands. If we admit this argument, we not only exalt the interests of foreigners above the interests of natives, but place higher estimate upon the wishes of foreigners residing in Manila, than upon the welfare of our own people.

The fact that the subject of imperialism is being discussed through the newspapers and magazines, as well as in Congress, is evidence that the work

of education is still going on. The advocates of a colonial policy must convince the conservative element of the country by clear and satisfactory proof; they cannot rely upon catch words. The "Who will haul down the flag?" argument has already been discarded. "Destiny" is not as "Manifest" as it was a few weeks ago, and the argument of "Duty" is being analyzed.

The people are face to face with a grave public problem. They have not acted upon it yet, and they will not be frightened away from the calm consideration of it by the repetition of unsupported prophecies. The battle of Manila, which brought loss to us and disaster to the Filipinos, has not rendered "forcible annexation" less repugnant to our nation's "code of morality." If it has any effect at all it ought to emphasize the dangers attendant upon (if I may be permitted to quote from the President again) "criminal aggression."

The Filipinos were guilty of inexcusable ignorance. They thought that they could prevent the ratification of the treaty by an attack upon the American lines, but no act of theirs can determine the permanent policy of the United States. Whether imperialism is desirable is too large a question to be stilled by a battle. Battles are to be expected under such a policy. England had been the dominant power in India for a century when the Sepoy mutiny took place, and rules even now by fear rather than by love.

Force and reason rest upon different foundations and employ different forms of logic. Reason, recognizing that only that is enduring which is just, asks whether the thing proposed ought to be done; force says I desire, I can, I will! When the desire proves to be greater than the ability to accomplish, the force argument reads (in the past tense) I desired, I tried, I failed! But even force, if accompanied by intelligence, calculates the cost. No one doubts that the United States Army and Navy are able to whip into subjection all the Filipinos who are not exterminated in the process; but is it worth the cost?

**The Logic of
Force Against
That of Reason.**

Militarism is only one item of the cost, but it alone will far outweigh all the advantages which are expected to flow from a colonial policy. John Morley, the English statesman, in a recent speech to his constituents, uttered a warning which may well be considered by our people. He said: "Imperialism brings with it militarism, and must bring with it militarism. Militarism means a gigantic expenditure, daily growing; it means an increase in government of the power of aristocratic and privileged classes. Militarism means the profusion of the taxpayers' money everywhere except in the taxpayer's own home, and militarism must mean war. And you

must be much less well read in history than I take the Liberals of Scotland to be if you do not know that it is not war, that hateful demon of war, but white-winged peace that has been the nurse and guardian of freedom and justice and well-being over that great army of toilers upon whose labor, upon whose privations, upon whose hardships, after all the greatness and the strength of empires and of states, are founded and are built up."

Militarism is so necessary a companion of imperialism that the President asks for a two hundred per cent increase in the standing army, even before the people at large have passed upon the question of annexation. Morley says that imperialism gives to the aristocracy and to the privileged classes an increased influence in government. Do we need to increase their influence in our government? Surely they are potent enough already. He calls attention to the fact that the toiler finds his hope in peaceful progress

rather than in war's uncertainties. Is it strange that the laboring classes are protesting against both imperialism and militarism? Is it possible that their protest will be in vain? Imperialism has been described as "the white man's burden," but since it crushes the wealth producer beneath an increasing weight of taxes it might with more propriety be called "the poor man's load."

If the Peace Commissioners had demanded a harbor and coaling station in the Philippines and had required Spain to surrender the rest of the islands to the Filipinos, as she surrendered Cuba to the Cubans, we would not now be considering how to let go of the islands. If the sum of twenty millions had been necessary to secure Spain's release, the payment of the amount by the Filipinos might have been guaranteed by the United States. But the failure of the Peace Commissioners to secure for the Filipinos the same rights that were obtained for the Cubans could have been easily remedied by a resolution declaring the nation's purpose to establish a stable and independent government.

It is still possible for the Senate alone, or for the Senate and House together, to adopt such a resolution. The purpose of the annexationists, so far as that purpose can be discovered, is to apply to the government of the Filipino methods familiar to the people of Europe and Asia, but new to the United States. This departure from traditions was authorized by the people; whether it will be ratified by them remains to be seen. The responsibility rests first upon Congress, and afterward upon that power which makes Congresses.

Whatever may be the wish of individuals or the interests of parties, we may rest assured that the final disposition of the Philippine question will conform to the deliberate judgment of the voters. They constitute the court of last resort, from whose decision there is no appeal.

AN AUDIENCE WITH AGUINALDO.

BY J. R. D. HALLOWELL,

(Of the Minnesota Volunteers.)

I HAVE had the distinction and the satisfaction of presenting a communication to Aguinaldo, the renowned Filipino leader and president, and of inspecting his palatial—if not palace—headquarters at Malalos, which I visited in an official capacity early in January, 1899. The special duty which took me to Malalos I am not at liberty to divulge, but I violate none of the proprieties by describing what I saw and heard while there. My purpose being of a peaceful character, so far as I may judge by the information disclosed to me, I was unaccompanied by guard or attendant, my uniform being regarded as a sufficient passport among a people whose gratitude we at least deserved for our effective intercession in their behalf.

As I approached the president's (Aguinaldo's) headquarters I observed at either side of the door and up the broad stone stairway men holding huge spears, the heads of which shone like silver. At the top of the stairs a great surprise awaited me. I was conducted down a large hall furnished with oriental magnificence, and the men here were dressed in superb uniforms. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming—it was all so beautiful. Seated about a door were some fifteen or twenty people awaiting an audience with Aguinaldo. I simply sent in word: "An American with a communication." Instantly a man came out, his dress beyond description, and, addressing me in good English, said, "Walk in, sir." Again I rubbed my eyes, for I was in a room of enormous size; crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling; at one end was a piano, and all about were signs of great wealth and even royalty. My escort was most gracious; he was sorry to detain me, but the president had just returned from a three days' trip back in the mountains; he was sleeping, and I must wait until he should awake. He continued: "We are showing you great honor, as you represent the American nation. All others we keep waiting outside in the hallway." I thanked him in the name of Uncle Sam, and settled down for one of the most interesting talks of my life. The man was Aguinaldo's secretary. He said among other things: "We are

A Hall of Dazzling Splendor.

grateful to your country for freeing us from Spanish rule. We do not want to fight you. We love and respect you. All we want are freedom and protection. The man sleeping in there is our Washington. **Called the Washing-** Yours made a great nation of you. Ours will do the same **ton of His People.** for us ; but should you hand the islands back to Spain, we will fight to the death." The time passed all too quickly. Another door opened and another gorgeous creature said : " President Aguinaldo will give audience to the American," and I entered what to these poor people is the Holy of Holies. Seated on a sort of throne behind a desk most beautifully carved was Aguinaldo. He arose as I approached, and when within a few feet of him I saluted as to an American officer. He returned the salute and I handed him the communication, withdrawing again a few feet, while he, evidently much excited and still standing, had his secretary read and translate into his own language the contents. All this gave me time to use my eyes, which I did to good effect. First, the man himself. He is very short in stature, with a heavy face, and wearing his jet black hair pompadour. He is only twenty-eight years old and has, like all the natives, copper-colored skin, with smooth face and tiny hands and feet ; unlike his attendants, he was simply dressed in a white linen suit. The magnificent desk was covered with a mass of silver articles, all of superb workmanship. The inkstand particularly was massive. The room was hung in dark silks, over which on the walls were superb shields, daggers and spears, all highly polished. A huge globe stood by the desk and many books were about the room.

After he had perused the message, I withdrew to the former apartment while he dictated his reply. This consumed another half hour, every minute of which I enjoyed, this time being entertained by his nephew, a boy of fourteen years, who was precocious and diverting, though my ignorance of his language prevented other communication than we were able to conduct by signs and facial expressions. With the answer finally in my pocket, I was escorted out of the old convent which was used as Aguinaldo's official residence, and my departure was made the occasion of many perfunctory assurances of regard, etc., which, however, we have since learned is the Filipinos' diplomatic disguise for evil designs.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM AN AWFUL FATE.

THEY talk about these things in whispers as yet. Still, members of the hospital corps of the Seventy-first regiment tell some strange, gruesome stories of hospital life between El Caney and Siboney.

Members of the command, in close touch with the hospital, tell of one instance where an unconscious yellow fever patient was being buried alive by careless attendants, when the unfortunate man was opportunely rescued. It was on July 14, 1898, in the yellow fever hospital, under the care of Dr. Hamilton Jones. One patient died in a tent in which there were six soldiers laid low by the saffron scourge. The two worst cases rested upon litters, covered with the regulation blankets.

One of the assistant stewards, while walking through this particular tent, noticed that one of the stricken soldiers was in the throes of death. He saw that in a few moments the brave boy, who had escaped the deadly Mauser missiles, would breath his last with the yellow death. These facts were reported to the doctor, who promptly had the matter referred to the steward, Sergeant Meyer, with instructions to get the Cuban "burial detail" and bury the man in the trench as soon as he breathed his last. It was only a few minutes later that the assistant steward saw the Cubans march off with a litter, bearing a silent form, covered by a blanket. "Well, his folks will go in mourning at home," muttered the hospital official as he walked carelessly into the tent in which the soldier had tamely given up his life for his country. As he threw back the flap of canvas he started back in amazement. There in front of him lay the dead man on his litter-bier.

"Whom the devil are they burying?" he yelled; and, rushing from the tent, he ran like a deer to the trench where the Cubans were just throwing the first spadefuls of Cuban soil upon the quiet form beneath the blanket. Brushing the swarthy military sextons aside, he jumped into the trench, pulled the blanket from the quiet figure, and there lay another scourge-stricken soldier, unconscious, but still breathing.

Casting the blanket over the unconscious man, the assistant ended the obsequies before they terminated in a horror, one of the terrible errors of the war. The plague-stricken soldier was lifted from his premature grave and borne back to the hospital tent and his dead comrade placed upon the litter and carried to the shallow grave which had so nearly encompassed a live man in a living tomb.

THE BATTLE OF LAS QUASIMAS.

BY ARTHUR T. COSBY,

(Of the New York Volunteers.)

I WAS in the fight, June 24, at Las Quasimas, where we were ambushed by the enemy. After a few days' rest in camp we were pushed ahead by a forced march late in the afternoon of Thursday, June 30, and encamped late that night with a cavalry brigade at the top of a hill to support the Fourth battalion of artillery. I was on guard that night from one to three, so that I had little sleep when the reveille sounded at four, Friday morning. About daybreak the artillery opened fire at the village of Caney on the right. In the meantime our troops on the hill were waiting for orders to advance. Our battery opened fire at six o'clock at a distance of a mile and a half from Santiago. The fortifications of the city could be distinctly seen across the valley at the foot of the hill.

Everybody was on the *qui vive*, and it was only about fifteen minutes before the Spanish replied with shells. They had the range accurately and the very first shell burst over the battery and fell among our men immediately around it. From that moment we had a most uncomfortable time. The shells would come hissing overhead and then burst among our men with an appalling frequency. The cries from the wounded on all sides showed that the Spanish fire was very effective.

The feeling of lying on your rolls without seeing the enemy and without being able to shoot in return—simply waiting for the deadly shells to burst and then see what damage they did,—was most uncomfortable and appalling. Officers and men alike felt its demoralizing effects, and the command was finally given to move further up the hill under the protection of a ravine.

This fire of shells is infinitely more awful than either fire from the enemy's ambush or a heavy direct volley. As the shells would hiss through the air, preparatory to bursting, everybody would instinctively duck to the ground. It was a great relief to get the command to throw rolls and haversacks aside, and being stripped to cartridge belts, guns and canteens, we advanced down the road direct toward the enemy's lines at Santiago. As we reached the valley near the enemy, the magazines of our guns were loaded, and we slowly advanced at skirmish intervals of two yards in double

Trying to Dodge
Bursting
Shells.

file. We passed a little creek called the San Juan River, and suddenly the popping of the Mauser rifles and rattle of rapid-fire guns was heard immediately ahead. We crouched down low and deployed skirmishers on the right along the river bottom. The woods were pretty thick, so that it was impossible to see the enemy, and the open ground was covered with grass shoulder high. The fire began to increase in rapidity, and men were falling on all sides. We then saw that the enemy occupied a beautiful position a mile away in a blockhouse at the head of a gently sloping hill. They had evidently calculated the range beforehand, as their shooting, contrary to our expectations, was accurate.

The command was soon given for our troops to retire to the shelter of the banks of the creek, and there we stood waist deep in water, waiting for the artillery and reinforcements to come up. All of this consumed a couple of hours. About noon we took our place in the general charge that advanced all along the line up the hill toward the blockhouse. Here we got right into

**Targets for
Sharpshooters.**

the thick of it, and while the boys had said at Las Quasimas that we should never have such a hot fire again, the present fire was simply annihilating as compared to the other. Shells screamed overhead, bullets whistled all around, and rapid-fire guns belched out in murderous volleys. To stand at a man's full height meant certain death. The officers, unfortunately, were compelled to stand in order to see the position of the battlefield and to direct their men. As this exposed them to the direct fire of the enemy, as well as made them targets for the sharpshooters who were hid in trees all around, they suffered relatively greater than the men in the ranks. All of the general officers on horseback had their horses shot under them or abandoned them early in the game.

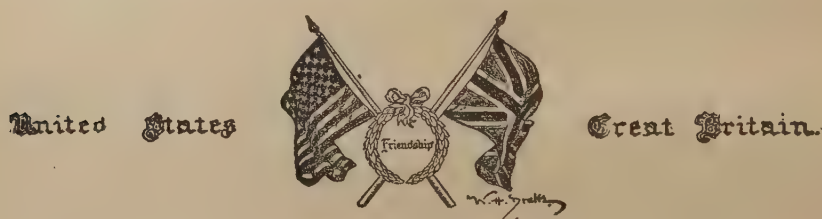
We went up the hill by short dashes, crouching low to the ground, and then would lie down for a few minutes before advancing again. The forced march of the night before, together with being on guard duty and the early marching of that morning had exhausted me so completely that at every stop I tried to take a short nap.

It was while 200 yards from the crest of the hill, lying down on the ground, that I suddenly felt as if a rock had hit me on the hand and shoulder. I got up with a start and saw that my right hand was bloody and shot through in three places. As it was impossible to fire my carbine in that state, I yelled out to my squad leader, Sergeant Walter Scosh, the old Princeton tackle of '89, that I was wounded and going to the rear.

I went back to the creek and there found several wounded men crouching behind the bank from the unceasing and pitiless fire overhead. Here the

value of the "First Help to the Wounded" bandages was practically proven. The men carried these, and when our wounds were roughly bound, we all realized that these ready bandages had saved many a poor wounded fellow's life. After dressing my wounded hand, I suggested that I felt something in my chest, and a colored soldier opened my shirt, through which there was a bullet hole, and found that my breast was covered with blood.

Several of the wounded men who could walk got together and we started for the rear where the air would be calmer. No one knew exactly where the rear was, and one man, a regular, who kept ducking every time a bullet would whistle by, was afraid to go either ahead or behind, to the right or to the left, but insisted on marching down into the creek as the only safe place. We went ahead, however, in one direction, trusting to luck, and finally struck the main road through which our troops were advancing, and after a tedious journey, reached the improvised hospital at Siboney, where our wounds received surgical attention.



THE ANSWER.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE old lion stands in his lonely lair ;
 The noise of the hunting has broken his rest ;
 He scowls to the Eastward ; tiger and bear
 Are harrying his jungle ; he turns to the West

And sends through the murk and mist of the night
 A thunder that rumbles and rolls down the trail ;
 And tiger and bear, the quarry in sight,
 Couch low in the covert, and cower and quail ;

For deep through the night-gloom, like surf on a shore,
 Peals thunder in answer, resounding with ire ;
 The hunters turn stricken : they know the dread roar :
 The whelp of the lion is joining his sire.

SANGUINARY SAN JUAN HILL.

BY LIEUTENANT HERBERT HYDE TRUE.

LIEUTENANT TRUE, of Company L, Seventy-first Regiment, has the distinction of being the first man to gain the crest of San Juan Hill, in the fierce assault of July 1. Before Santiago could be taken it was necessary that the Spanish works on San Juan should be captured. On the summit was a strong blockhouse about which several pieces of artillery were mounted and so posted as to threaten the hill slope with a plunging fire. In addition to these defences trenches were dug at frequent intervals on the hill and barbed-wire fences were strung to impede the approach. There was little open country, the slopes being covered with a dense underbrush, in which Spanish sharpshooters concealed themselves and, using smokeless powder, fired upon our advancing troops without discovering their own position. To prepare the way up this hill for the advance of troops not only required daring, but physical strength and endurance. General Hawkins selected Lieutenant True to command the pioneer corps of the First Brigade of the First Division, composed of picked men from the Seventy-first Regiment, the Sixth and the Sixteenth Infantry. This advance up the mountain side was the fiercest engagement of the war.

I remember that when we started I called out to the boys: "Come on, pioneers! We've got to take this hill. Let's do our duty, no matter what happens." The hill was very steep; so steep that we had to cling to the long grass to keep ourselves from falling backward. The Sixteenth and Sixth Infantry and the Seventy-first Regiment fellows circled to our left and right flanks. The higher up we went the more dangerous became our path.

When we left Sevilla we started in column of fours, but we had to go in Indian file up the mountain road, over brooks and through ravines. We got along at a fair pace until we struck thick underbrush that was almost impenetrable, behind which were concealed Spanish sharpshooters with Mauser rifles and smokeless powder. We knew our position was dangerous and the quicker we got out of it the better. The quickest way was to go ahead and get at the Spaniards by cutting the barbed wire of the trocha. It was like trying to find a needle in a haystack, this locating the Spanish sharpshooters, for while their bullets kept singing in our ears we couldn't see them, hidden as they were by the trees and bushes.

By Column of Four,
Forward.

I saw an opening and we rushed through it. I called out: "We've got so far and we'll go the rest of the way." The boys cheered, and on we went with a rush. The Spanish artillery was at work in earnest, but every time we saw shrapnel coming the men would shout "low bridge," and we'd throw ourselves flat. It was pretty warm work. Three men were shot beside me, but I was lucky enough to get off without being hit. The Spanish put up a good fight. I'll give them credit for that. The big balloon that followed

the Seventy-first along the charge helped them to locate our men, and their fire, although generally wild, was sometimes effective. The Americans had really underestimated their fighting ability. They knew how to shoot, and they had the advantage of knowing every inch of the ground. Still, they gave way when our men charged and retreated in a hurry. Our pioneer

corps cut the wires with clippers and axes, and not a man
Hurrah, the Victory was killed.
is Ours!

I was the first man to reach the summit of San Juan Hill, and I think it was our quick action that saved our lives. The Spaniards were not expecting such an impetuous charge, and we took them by surprise.

The greatest strain came upon us the night after the first day's battle. I didn't sleep a wink, but spent the night looking after my men. The smell from rotting vegetation accumulated for years was almost overpowering as we lay in the trenches, but there was not a murmur. The second day's fighting was really more exciting than the first, but we had got used to being under fire and didn't mind it. Bullets flew about us like hailstones, and men fell all around us. We had to cross a couple of creeks in which we waded waist deep against strong currents, and it was at the creek near the field hospital that the Spaniards did the most damage. Even our wounded and the Red Cross nurses carry disabled men were shot down.

I want particularly to praise the Twenty-fourth Infantry, colored. They did everything in their power to help the Seventy-first boys, and some of them even gave up their places and rations to our men.

HIGH OLD JINKS AT SANTIAGO.

BY SERGEANT OUSLER.

THAT story about Assistant Surgeon Church, the young Washington medico of the Rough Riders, who dressed a fallen man's wound away out ahead of the line amid a hail of Mauser bullets, has been published, but the coolness of that young fellow wasn't even half described. While he was making an examination of his wounded comrade, paying no attention to the whistle of the bullets, a young private of the Rough Riders, who had been a college mate of Church at Princeton, yelled over to him from a distance of about twenty feet—he was with half a dozen fellows doing sharpshooters' work from behind a cluster of bushes—to ask

how badly the patient was hurt. The young surgeon looked over his shoulder in the direction whence the private's voice proceeded, and saw his former chum grinning in the bushes.

"Why, you whelp," said Church, with a comical grin on his face, "how dare you be around here and not be killed!"

Then he went on fixing the wounded man, and he remained right there with him until the arrival of the litter that he had sent to the rear for.

In my cavalry outfit there was a fellow with whom I soldiered out West four or five years ago. He was a crack base ball pitcher, and he would rather play ball than eat, any time. He got a Mauser ball plumb through the biceps of his right arm early in the engagement. I never saw a man so darned mad over a thing in my life. The wound pained him a good deal, but it wasn't the pain that hurt so much. I met him at the rear after the scrap was over. He had tried to go on shooting with his carbine but he couldn't make it go with his left hand and arm alone, and so he had to drop back. He was alternately rubbing his arm and scratching his head when I came across him.

"Hurt much?" I asked him.

"Hurt nothing!" said he, scowling like a savage; "but did you ever hear of such luck as this, to get plugged right in my pitching arm? Why the devil didn't they get me in the neck, or somewhere else, anyhow? I'll never be able to pitch another game, I'll bet \$2, for these muscles are going to contract when the hole heals up," and he went on swearing to beat the band, because the Spaniards hadn't let him have it in the neck, or somewhere else.

**What Made Him
So Tarnal Mad?**

One of the fellows in the Rough Riders, an Oklahoma boy, got a ball clean through his campaign hat, which was whirled off his head and fell about five feet away from him. He picked up the hat, examined it carefully, and said:

"I'll have to patch that up with a sticking plaster, or I'll get my hair sunburnt." The fun of it was that his hair was about the reddest I ever saw.

Roosevelt was some distance ahead of the line during the whole scrap, moving up and down with a word here and there to the company and troop commanders. One of the Rough Riders from New York rubber-necked after Roosevelt a good deal and watched him narrowly, and then he turned to one of the men alongside him and said:

"And yet, by jing, a couple o' years ago we people in New York didn't think Teddy knew enough to review a parade o' cops!"

There wasn't a single case of the yellows during the entire fracas. There wasn't a man that tried to edge behind a fellow in front of him, and

it's a good thing the skirmish was executed in extended order by direct command, for column formation wouldn't have done at all. The men would have made it extended order, anyhow. They all wanted to be in front, the further in front the better. We had to do a good deal of firing for general results, on account of the screen from the shelter of which the Spaniards fought, but there was some very brave and chesty ducks on the other side who stood right out in the open and blazed away at men in our line that they picked out deliberately. These nervy Spaniards got plenty of credit from our men for their gameness, too. One of them, a young, small-looking fellow, stood on a little level plateau, within dead easy range, letting us have it as fast as he could, for fully five minutes before he went down. If he wasn't simply crazy with the excitement of the game, then he surely was about as game a kid as they make 'em. He was noticed by about a dozen men near me, and one of them said:

"That little monkey's too good, and I guess I'll just let him have one or two."

**Sympathy for a
Spaniard who
Fought Well.**

"Ah, let him alone," said another fellow; "there are so few like him in that bunch on the other side that he ought to have a show for his taw alley."

The nervy little Spaniard's work became altogether too accurate and vicious, however, and we got a volley from about a dozen of our men, and he went down in a heap and rolled down the hill from his little rock-table like a log.

While there wasn't a single case of the yellows on our side, it would be plain tommyrot to say that none of us was nervous. I was a heap nervous for one, and I've been in the outfit a long while, and I heard a lot of the roughies say, after the scrap was over, that they saw the gates ajar in a whole lot of different colors by the time the action was fully under way. One of the roughies, an Illinois fellow, that had to be simply pushed back two or three times, he was so eager to break out of the line all by his lonesome and go at 'em single-handed, was talking with one of his friends after the firing had ceased:

"I never felt so wabbly in my life," he said, "and it was nothing but pure hysterics that kept me going. I had to keep saying to myself all the time, 'Steady, there, old fellow, and see to it that you don't welch,' and every time I tussled with a think like this I made a jump forward and got out of line."

One of the Rough Riders from New York, an educated fellow, who'd probably had his little whirl at playing the horses when he had nothing else to do, said after the fight was over:

"Holy gee, but that game is decidedly more nerve-sapping than dallying with 100 to 1 shots."

I had often read about men in action dodging bullets out of nervousness, but I never took any stock in those stories until this fight. Then I found out that it was true. Men do dodge bullets. I caught myself doing it half a dozen times, and nearly all the other fellows did it. They didn't dodge all the time, but only when the Spaniards were engaging in volley firing. When the sound of the volley reached them, although the volley's bullets had long passed them, they involuntarily gave little ducks of the head, like a man does in a boxing match. They didn't know that they were doing it. I called the attention of one of my bunkies, who fought alongside of me, to his imbecile game of ducking his head, and he turned to me and said:

"Why, you jay, I've been watching you do the same thing for the last fifteen minutes," and he was right.

There's a mean kind of a squat cactus growing around the woods down there, and the digs of the cactus point fooled a lot of the men into believing that they had been pinked in the legs. I saw one of the regulars, a corporal, sit down suddenly and rub his left leg down near his foot.

"Been nipped?" asked one of his swaddies.

"Yep, in the ankle," was the reply.

Then he pulled up his trouser leg, lowered his sock, and saw nothing but a little abrasion of the skin, from which the blood was trickling. He had struck his ankle against a cactus point. He got up suddenly, looked at the cactus for a second, and then trampled it into the ground.

**Shot in the Ankle
by a Cactus Thorn.**

"I won't get fooled that way again," he said. He got a ball in his left shoulder later on.

A lot of the fellows were gagging and whistling and humming during the whole thing—not loud, but just loud enough to hear themselves. When the firing was the hardest along the left of the line, a half dozen of the fellows, I heard afterwards, struck up the coon song, "Get Your Money's Worth," and kept it going until another bunch in the same outfit drowned 'em out with another coon song, "I Don't Like No Cheap Man," which they twisted into "I Don't Like No Cheap Span."

There were very few of the fellows who were killed who didn't have some kind or other of a girl trinket on them when they were laid out in the rear. The officers went around and gathered these things together, making notes of them on pads which they carried around with them. A good many of these lockets and miniatures and little strands of sweethearts' hair were

sent to the people back home of the boys killed, on the dispatch boat "Dolphin," that brought me over from Cuba.

The Spanish soldiers had the bulge on us during the engagement in this respect, that they fought without any gear whatever except their rifles and ammunition belts. All of their individual belongings, such as knapsacks, haversacks, ponchos, and so on, they left behind them with storekeepers, and they didn't have any packing to do during the scrap. A good many of the troops on our side fought in practically heavy marching order—that is, they went into the fight that way. They didn't all come out that way, though. The temperature was something fierce, and the way they chucked gear right and left was a caution. Most of them hung on to their

**Difference Between
a High and a Low
Ball.**

canteens, though, for water certainly tasted sweet in that heat. The thrown-away gear was nearly all gathered together after the rumpus was over, and the men got their belongings back, and without having anything said to them for throwing it away, either. It was funny to hear the talk of some of the Rough Riders at mess that night.

"What I want, and want right now," said one of them to his companions, "is twenty-seven Scotch high-balls and a caviare sandwich."

"Stop your kidding," one of them replied, "you're in luck that you didn't get one Spanish low ball."

One of the boys of Hamilton Fish's outfit sang in a very sweet tenor voice "The Vacant Chair," at mess that night. It was enough to choke a man up.

Edward Marshall, that newspaper correspondent who was hit in the spine early in the fight, was a game man all right. He was conscious when they picked him up.

"Where did you get it, Marshall?" he was asked before he was examined.

"I pass," said he, for he didn't know where he was hit himself, the bullet made him so numb. "Any old place from hat to moccasins, I guess."



Spanish
Gloch-House
Destroyed by
U.S. Artillery

PRAISE FROM THE FOE.

A Tribute From 11,000 Spanish Soldiers.

IT is very doubtful if the annals of warfare have ever recorded such a document as the farewell address which was presented on August 21, 1898, to the American army at Santiago by 11,000 Spanish soldiers on the eve of leaving Cuba for their native country.

This tribute to our gallant boys reads as follows :

"Soldiers of the American army :

"We would not be fulfilling our duty as well-born men in whose breasts there live gratitude and courtesy should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell. We fought you with ardor, with all our strength, endeavoring to gain the victory, but without the slightest rancor or hate toward the American nation. We have been vanquished by you (so our generals and chiefs judged in signing the capitulation), but our surrender and the bloody battle preceding it have left in our souls no place for resentment against the men who fought us nobly and valiantly.

"You fought and acted in compliance with the same call of duty as we, for we all represent the power of our respective States. You fought us as men face to face and with great courage, as before stated, a quality which we had not met with during the three years we have carried on this war against a people without religion, without morals, without conscience and of doubtful origin, who could not confront the enemy, but, hidden, shot their noble victims from ambush and then immediately fled. This was the kind of warfare we had to sustain in this unfortunate land.

"You have complied exactly with all the laws and usages of war as recognized by the armies of the most civilized nations of the world ; have given honorable burial to the dead of the vanquished ; have cured their wounded with great humanity ; have respected and cared for your prisoners and their comfort ; and, lastly, to us, whose condition was terrible, you have given freely of food, of your stock of medicines, and you have honored us with distinction and courtesy, for after the fighting the two armies mingled with the utmost harmony.

"With the high sentiment of appreciation from us all, there remains but to express our farewell, and with the greatest sincerity we wish you all happiness and health in this land, which will no longer belong to our dear

Spain, but will be yours, who have conquered it by force and watered it with your blood as your conscience called for, under the demand of civilization and humanity.

"From 11,000 Spanish soldiers.

"Pedro Lopez de Castillo, Soldier of Infantry.

"SANTIAGO DE CUBA, *August 21, 1898.*"

THE MOST HEROIC ACT OF THE WAR.

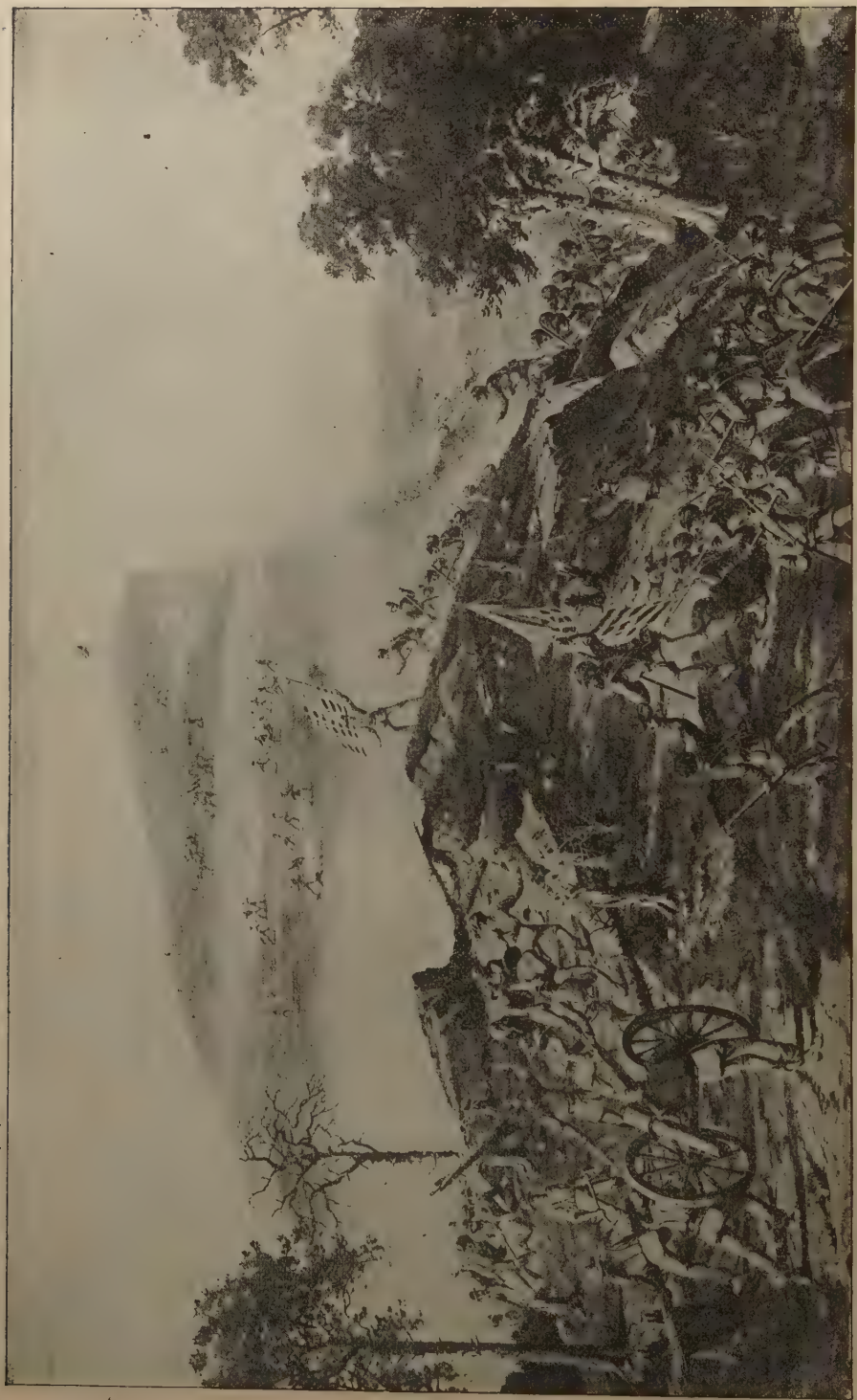
True Story of How Hobson Sank the "Merrimac."

THE wars of the nation, from Revolutionary days of '76 to the present, are punctuated by deeds of extraordinary courage, but history has never recorded a more heroic act than that performed by Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, on the night of June 3, at the entrance to Santiago Harbor. Lieutenant Cushing's feat in blowing up the Confederate ram "Albemarle," in Albemarle Sound (October 27, 1864) and Lieutenant Somer's fatal exploit in destroying a Moorish ship in Tripoli Harbor (May 25, 1804), were regarded as being the most noteworthy examples of sailor daring in the annals of American seamanship, but desperate as were these undertakings, they were not more so than was Hobson's dashing attempt of June 3, to block Santiago's harbor, thereby to prevent the escape of Cervera's fleet which was shut within.

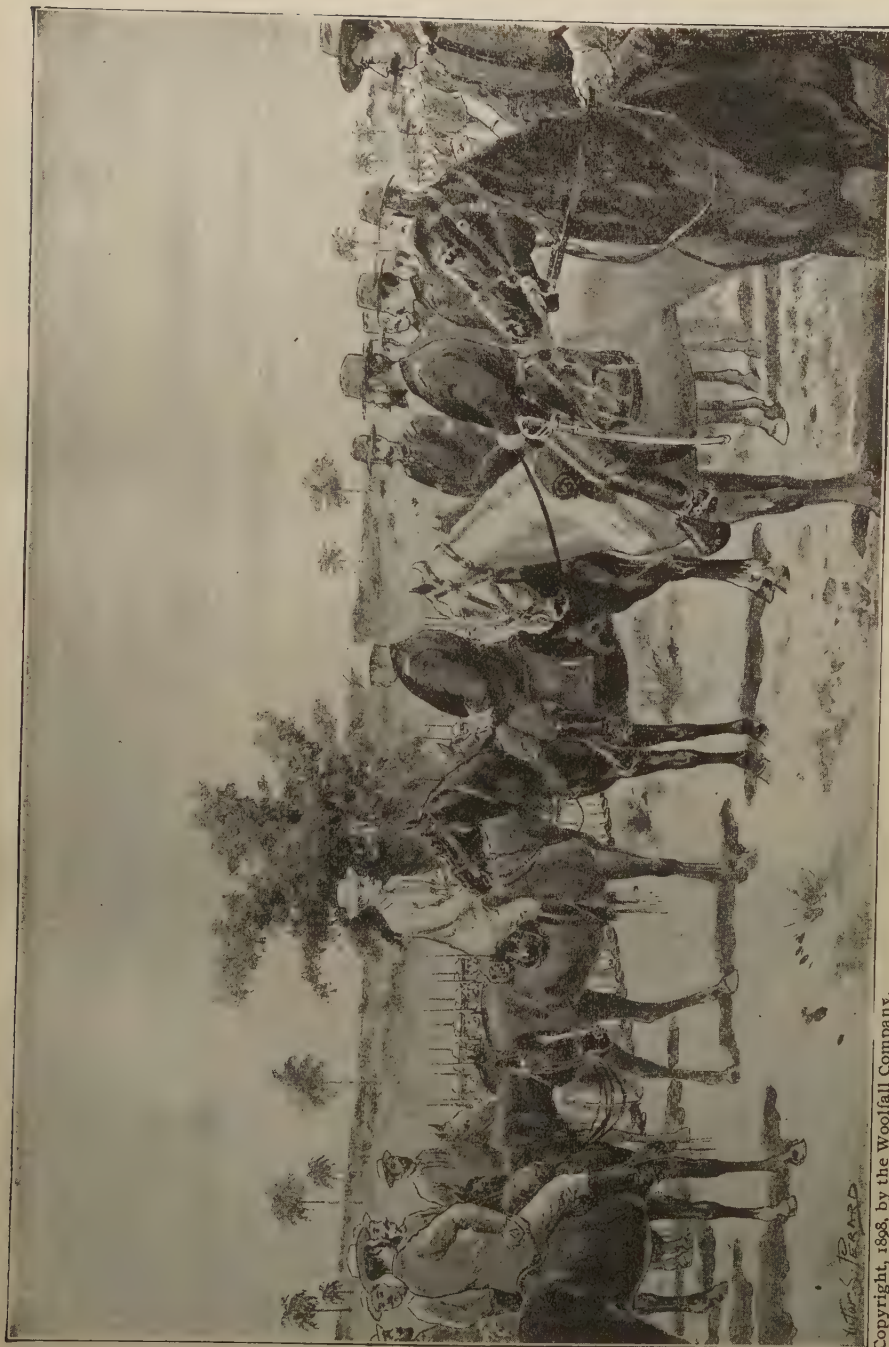
When Rear-Admiral Sampson joined Commodore Schley, the latter had already ascertained that it would be impossible for the fleet to crawl into the rat hole in which the Spanish fleet had taken refuge. The mines across the entrance and the batteries which commanded it made the mere contemplation of it an act of folly. Commodore Schley was inclined to think the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" might be able to countermine, but the ships would have to go in single file and if one were sunk in the channel the progress of the others would be blocked. It was then that Lieutenant Hobson conceived the scheme of sinking a big collier across the harbor entrance and asked to be allowed to execute it himself. It seemed certain death and almost certain failure, as the odds were overwhelmingly against reaching the entrance before discovery; but Hobson was so enthusiastic that his confidence was infectious, and the Admiral finally but yet reluctantly gave his consent.



THE AMERICAN ARMY INVESTING SANTIAGO MAKING AN ASSAULT ON EL CANEY



HOOKE'S ASSAULT ON THE CONFEDERATE POSITION ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 24, 1863.



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From the original drawing by Victor S. Perard.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL TORAL TO GENERAL SHAFTER, JUNE, 18



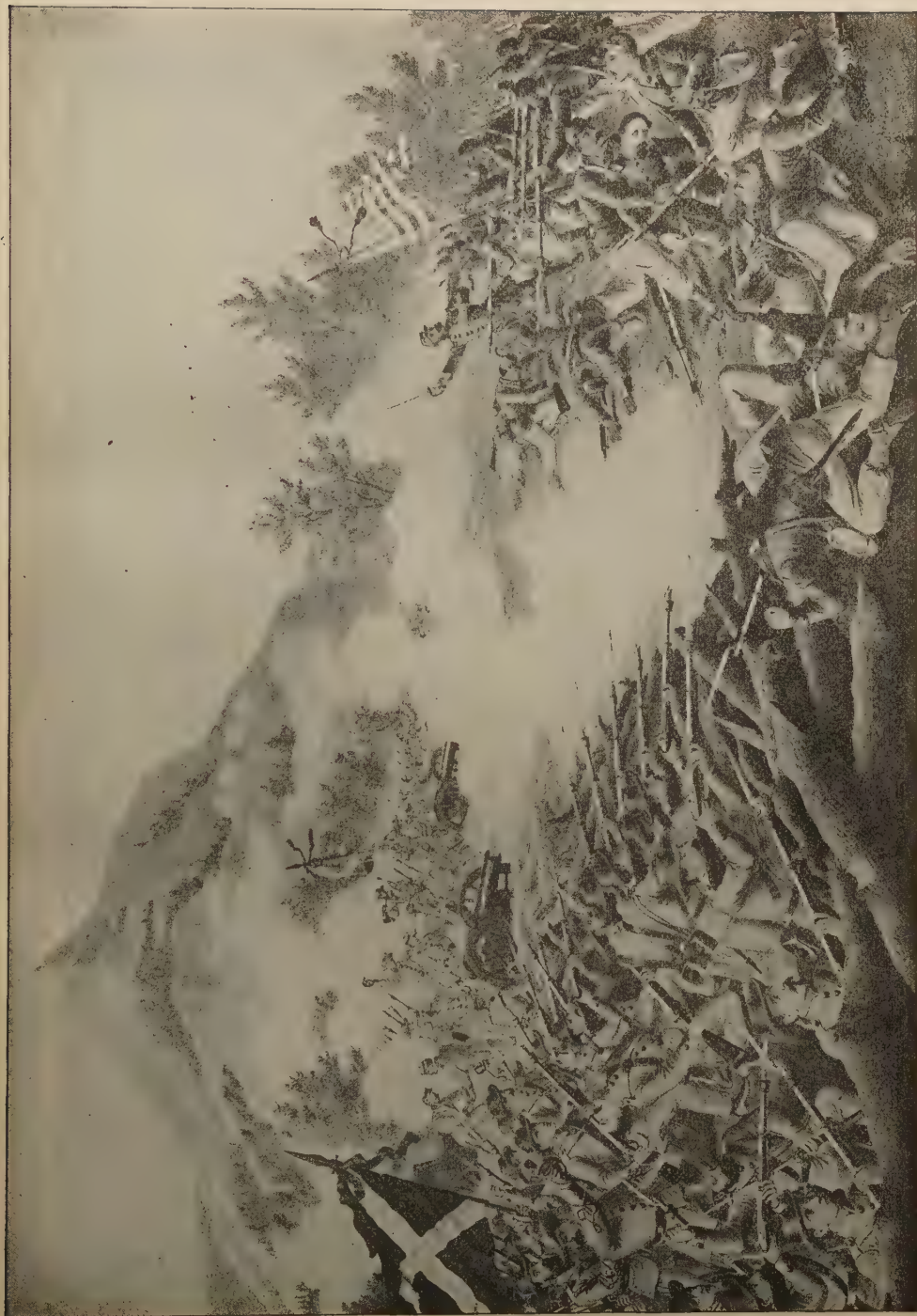
THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN" CAPTURING A SPANISH SAILING VESSEL.



WELCOMING THE RETURN OF OUR VICTORIOUS FLEET AT NEW YORK,
AUGUST 20, 1898.

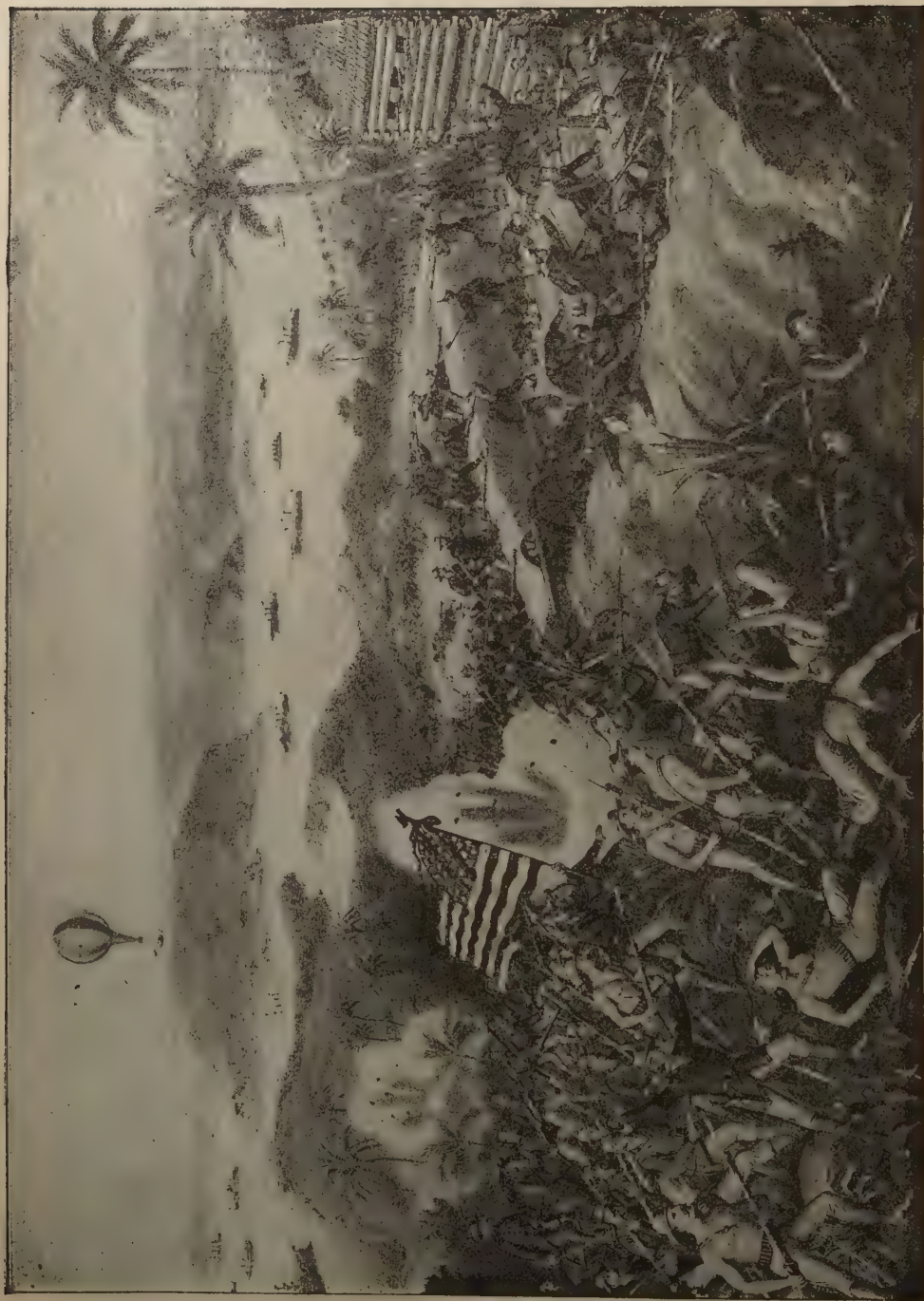


PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND GENERAL MILES REVIEWING THE SECOND ARMY CORPS AT CAMP ALGER,
FALL CHURCH, VA., MAY 28, 1898.

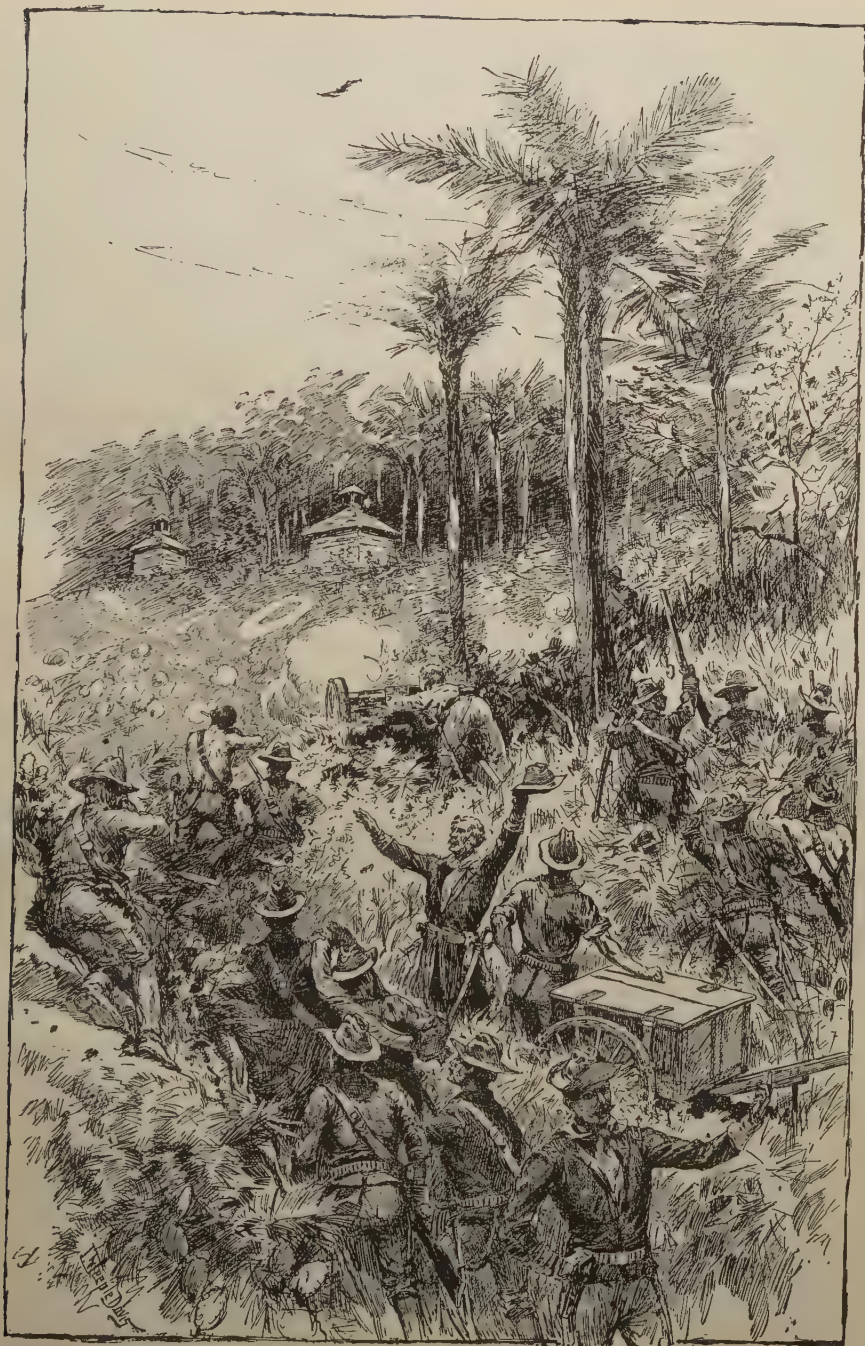


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BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 22, 1864.



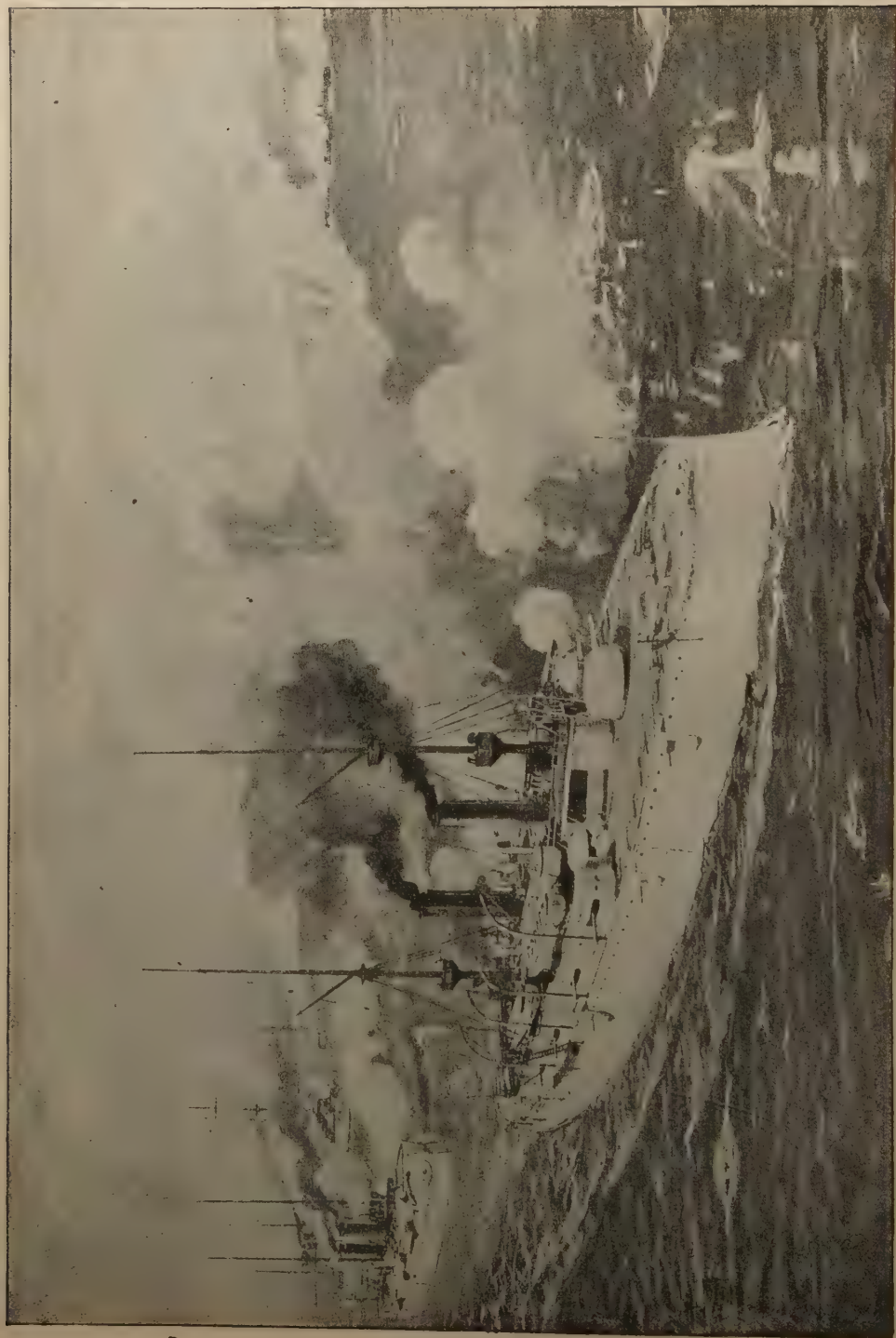
AMERICAN TROOPS CARRYING THE SPANISH EARTHWORKS AT EL CANEY BY ASSAULT, JULY 2, 1898



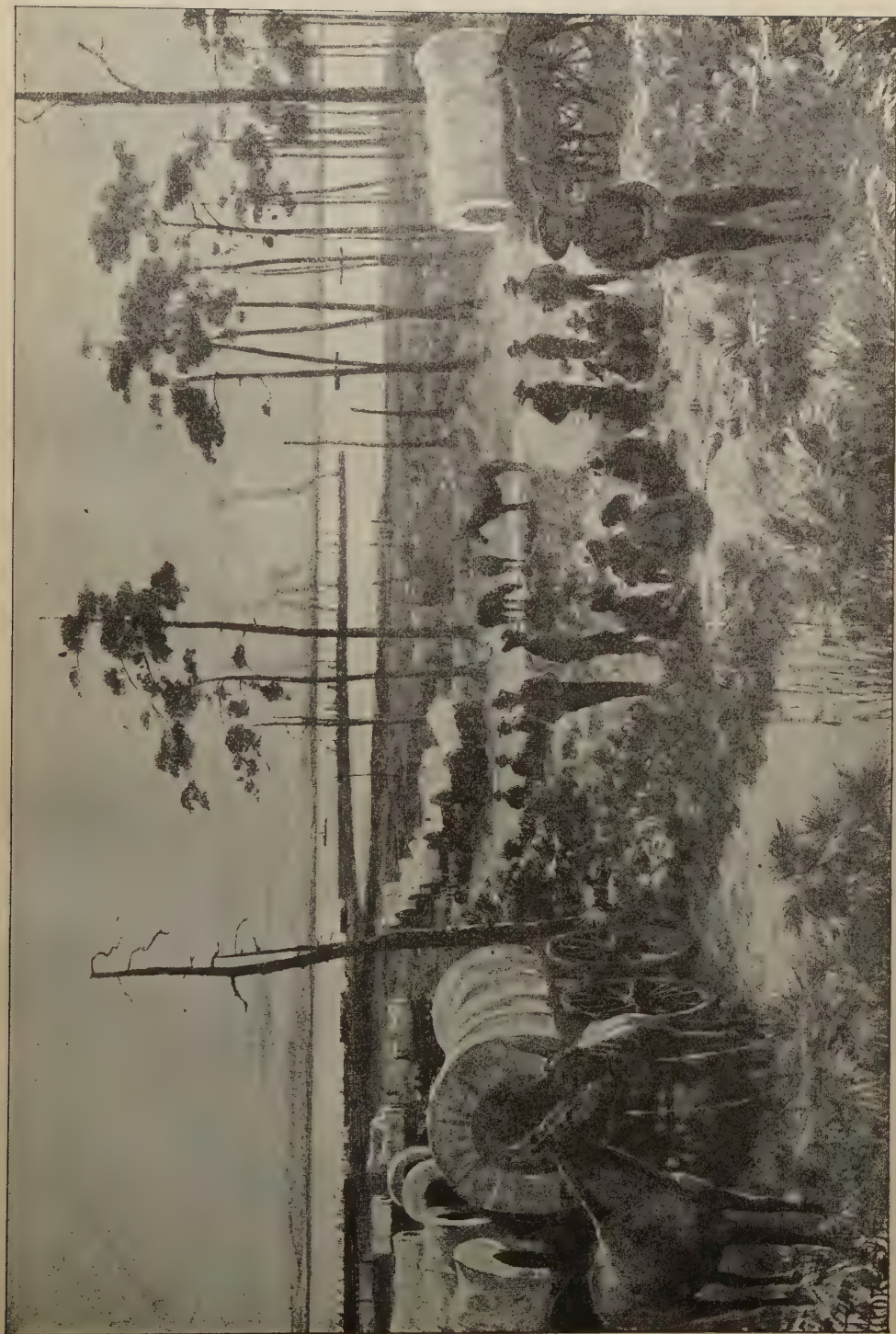
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From the original drawing by J. Steeple Davis

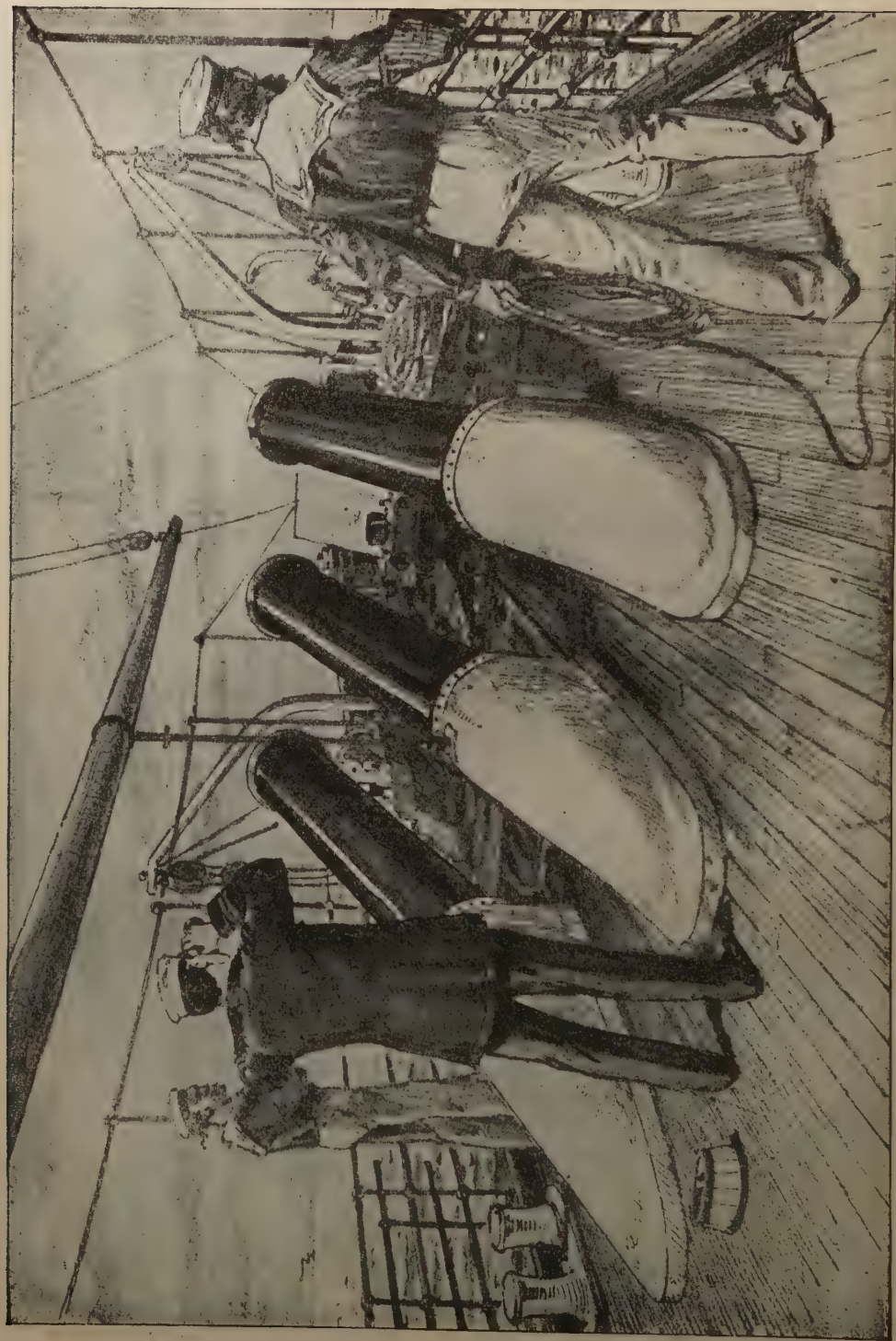
OPENING OF THE BATTLE AT LAS GUASIMAS.



THE "OLYMPIA" LEADING THE FIGHTING LINE AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, MAY 1, 1898.

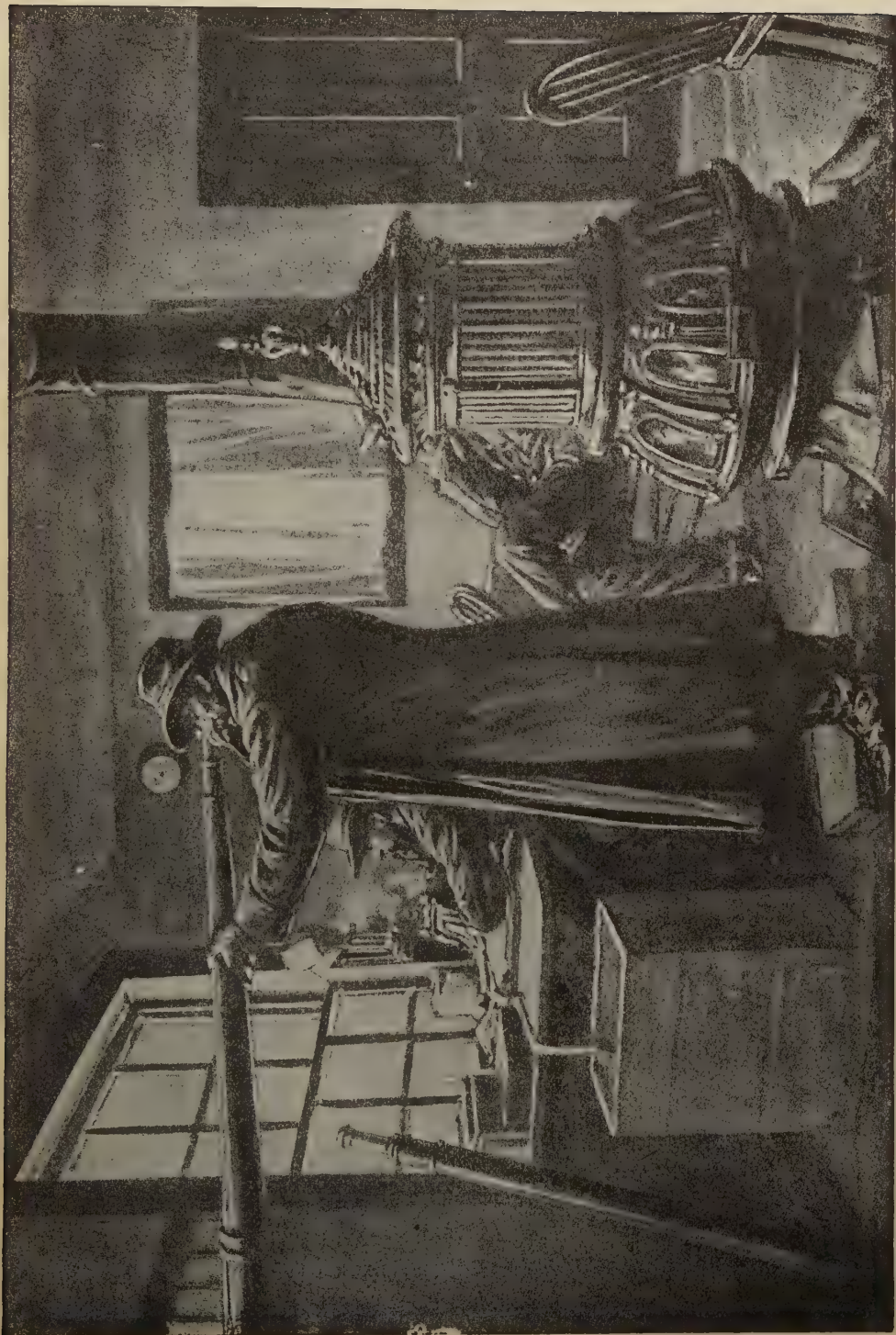


THE ARMY PREPARING TO MOVE FROM TAMPA.



PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE GUNS OF THE "VESUVIUS."

These 15-in. guns throw a 50-lb. dynamite shell a distance of two miles, and neither smoke nor noise accompanies the discharge.



THE SIGNAL STATION AT SANDY HOOK—KEEPING A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR SPANISH CRUISERS.



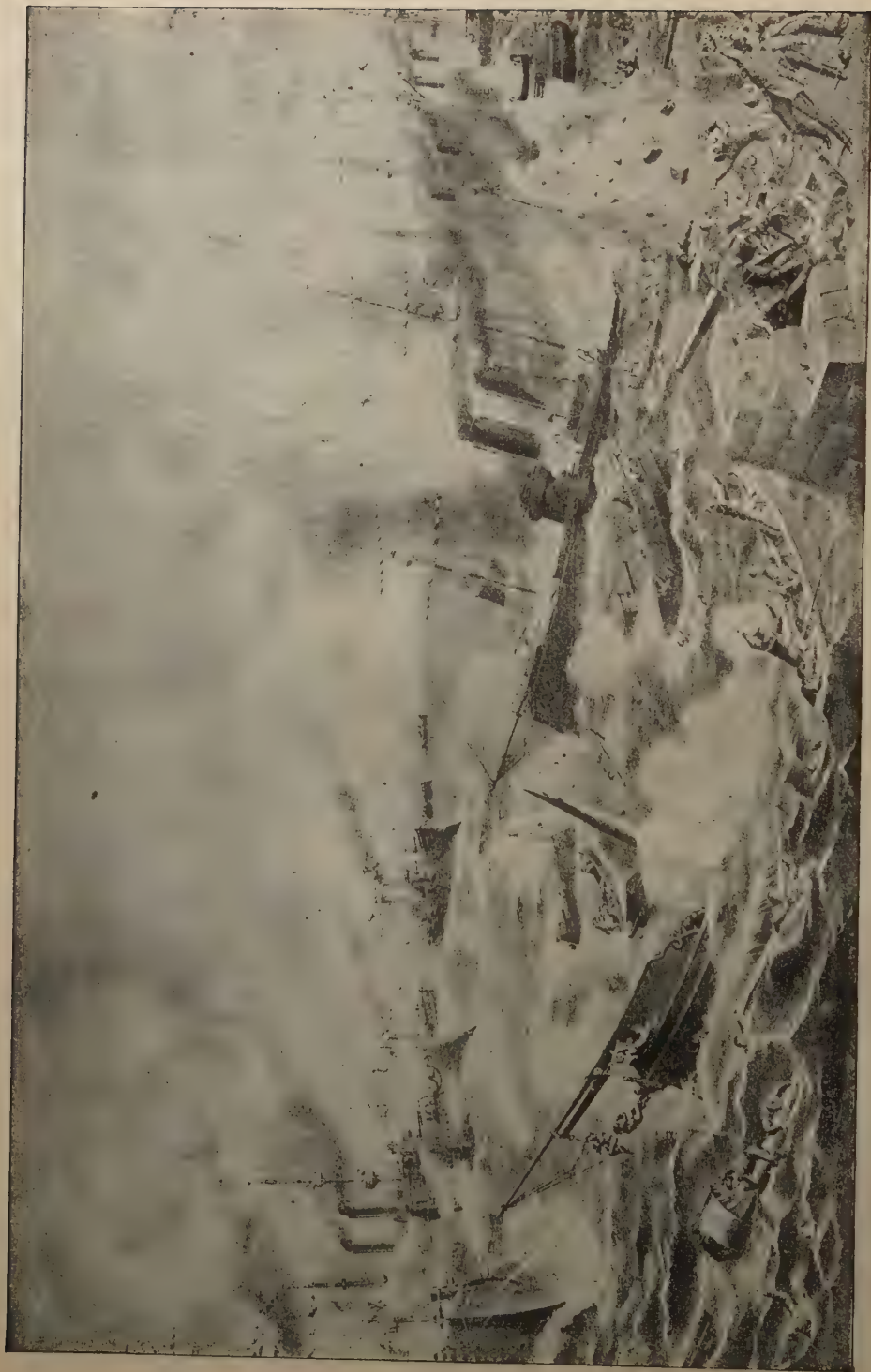
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BATTERY "H," OF OHIO, IN ACTION.

From the painting by Gilbert Gaul



THE FIRST SHOTS FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, FIRED AT LEXINGTON, MASS.,



DEWEY'S SQUADRON DESTROYING MONTJOJO'S SHIPS AND CAVITE FORTS AT MANILA, MAY 1, 1898.

Lieutenant Hobson's chief anxiety was that in the dark he might miss the narrow gut and run on to the shoals at the west of the entrance. To prevent possibility of this, the plan of allowing the "Merrimac" to run in under the Spanish flag with the fleet in feigned pursuit, firing blank cartridges and blazing the path to the harbor entrance with searchlights, was considered, but abandoned, because among other reasons, Lieutenant Hobson and his volunteer crew refused to become sacrifices under false colors. They wanted to go down and die, if must be, with the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from the "Merrimac."

**A Patriotic
Sacrifice Under
Loyal Colors.**

When the Admiral's consent was obtained, Lieutenant Hobson became impatient of all delay and that very night, Wednesday, after the moon went down, he set the time for the attempt. Volunteers were called for on all the ships of the fleet, and to the credit of the American navy be it said that few flinched. Whole cheering crews stepped forward at the summons for the extra hazardous duty. About 300 on board the "New York," some 180 on board the "Iowa" and a like proportion from the other ships volunteered, but Lieutenant Hobson, decided to risk as few lives as possible. He accordingly picked three men from the "New York" and three from the "Merrimac." The latter were green in the service, but they knew the ship and pleaded so hard to go, that they were accepted.

Other men, selected from various ships, with Ensign Powell in command, manned the launch of the "New York," which was to lie at the harbor mouth and take off those who might escape when the "Merrimac" should be blown up and sunk.

The seven men who were to risk their lives in the "Merrimac" were as cheerful as schoolboys on a frolic, despite twenty-four hours' sleeplessness and hard work. Coxswain Deignan, with professional pride, explained the several stations of the forlorn hope crew: J. E. Murphy was to cut loose the forward anchor and Daniel Montague the after one, and they were then to jump overboard and swim to the lifeboat which was towing astern. Phillips, Kelly and Crank were to stop the engines and knock away the Kingston valves to flood the hold, and Lieutenant Hobson and Charette were to fire the torpedos from the bridge.

**Preparations
for the
Awful Work.**

Words cannot paint the cool, matter-of-fact heroism of these enlisted men, so calmly confident of success in their audacious undertaking, so implicitly trustful in their young lieutenant who was to lead them, so oblivious of everything except the desperate undertaking in which they were enthusiastically anxious to engage. They did not speak of coming

out, with the exception of Deignan, who said nonchalantly, "Oh, I guess we stand a fair show of getting out, but they can't stop us going in," this last in a most matter-of-fact style, as though going in was the only point worth considering. So it was to them. This was everyday heroism, heroism in overalls, black with oil and coal dust from ankle to eyebrow.

Lieutenant Hobson, despite his uniform, was almost as dirty and dishevelled as his men, with forty-eight hours' growth of beard, eyes sunken for lack of food and sleep, and hands as black as a coal heaver's, but the hands were cool and firm in their grasp, as though he were going on parade and nothing could dull the fire of those sunken hazel eyes. Reserved, but courteous even to gentleness, he talked briefly of his plans. He spoke as his men had spoken—of going in, nothing of coming back, except this, just at parting: "Now, pardon me, but in case you gentlemen write about this expedition, please don't say anything individually about its members until you know." He accented the last word and the inference was known—until you know we are dead, would have filled out the sentence.

A few hours before the departure a young officer from the "Marblehead" came on board the "Merrimac" and asked:

"Shall we send you fellows over some breakfast? We would be delighted and can do it just as well as not."

"Never mind about the breakfast, old man," responded Lieutenant Hobson, "but if you can send some coffee we would be very glad. You see we are swept pretty clean here, and none of us have had a drop of coffee since day before yesterday."

It was a trivial incident, but coming from a man doomed almost to certain death, it seemed to add the last touch of the pathetic to a situation heartbreaking enough in itself.

Before Hobson set the old collier ship towards the harbor entrance, he made every necessary preparation for sinking the vessel quickly when she should be brought within the proper position for effectively obstructing the channel. The "Merrimac" was an old, almost unseaworthy craft, fit for little service, without being constantly repaired, but she was bulky, and composed of material that would render her wreck a dangerous menace to ships trying to pass the narrow entrance. To destroy her quickly, however, was a problem, which Hobson prepared to solve by lashing ten powerful torpedoes by means of hog chains along the port side of the ship, below the water line, all of which were connected by electric wire to be fired simultaneously by a battery located on the bridge. By such provision it was calculated that the entire port side might be torn out instantly, and by opening the sea cocks the vessel would sink in about one minute. Chances of

escape, small as they would be, were taken by mooring a dingy at the stern of the ship into which the men were to lower themselves, in case any of them should be so fortunate as to survive the enemy's fire and the vessel's explosion, a contingency which seemed extremely remote.

On board the ships of the fleet picketed about the entrance, every officer and man, with many warm heart-beats for their brave comrades, awaited the issue with eyes anxiously fixed on the jutting headlands that marked the entrance of the harbor, but as the "Merrimac" steamed forward Admiral Sampson, pacing the deck of the flagship, looked at his watch and at the streaks in the east and decided that the "Merrimac" could not reach the entrance before broad daylight. Consequently, the torpedo boat

**Breathless With
Anxiety Comrades
Watch the Depart-
ure.**

"Porter," which was alongside, was dispatched to recall the daring officer. Lieutenant Hobson sent back a protest, with a request for permission to proceed. But the admiral declined to allow him to take the risk, and slowly the "Merrimac" swung about and returned to her anchorage. When the vessel was boarded by officers from the "New York," discovery was made that there were two men on the "Merrimac" who were not properly detailed from the volunteers for the daring enterprise.

They were Assistant Engineer Crank, of the "Merrimac," and Boatswain Mullin, of the "New York," who had been working on the collier all day. These two men refused to leave the ship, and, as their disobedience was of a nature which produced Cushings and Farraguts for the American navy, it was not officially recognized. The spirit shown by the men and officers of the fleet in connection with the "Merrimac" expedition was really grand and beyond being expressed in words.

During the day Lieutenant Hobson went aboard the flagship. His once white duck trousers were as black as a coal heaver's, his old fatigue coat was unbuttoned and his begrimed face was deep furrowed by tense drawn lines, but steady resolution still shone in his eyes. So absorbed was he in the task ahead of him, that unmindful of his appearance, and of all ceremony and naval etiquette, he told the Admiral in a tone of command that he must not again be interfered with.

"I can carry this thing through," said he, "but there must be no more recalls. My men have been keyed up for twenty four hours and under a tremendous strain. Iron will break at last." Such was the indomitable will and courage with which he faced death and glory.

When Hobson left the ship, and the extended hands of his shipmates, more than one of the latter turned hastily to hide the unbidden tear. But, the lieutenant waved them adieu with a smile on his handsome face.

The "Merrimac" made her second start shortly after three o'clock a. m. The full moon had disappeared behind a black cloud bank in the west, leaving only a gray mark of heaving waters and the dim outline of the Cuban hills showing against the unstarred sky to the watchers on board the ships of the fleet. It was that calm hour before dawn, when life is at its lowest ebb and the tide runs out, carrying the lives of mortals with it.

Slowly the seconds of fate ticked on, as for an hour three thousand strained eyes strove to pierce the deep veil of night.

Suddenly several blood red tongues of flame shot down from the rocky eminence on which Morro Castle is situated. They were followed by jets

**Hail of the
Battle Guns.**

and streams of fire from the batteries opposite. The "Merrimac" had reached the entrance of the harbor.

She must have passed so close that a stone loosened from the frowning parapet of the castle would have fallen on her deck.

Into the murderous hail showered down on her, the "Merrimac" passed and moved on, a full quarter of a mile, enfiladed from both sides, and from the rear and front with a plunging fire from the batteries that surrounded her. It seems a miracle that her apparently riddled hull could have reached the goal. After five minutes the firing ceased and all became dark again.

Then among the watchers of the fleet arose the question as to whether these five minutes of murder had left grief-stricken mothers or widows or orphans. Mother, wife, sister or sweetheart might even then be dreaming of her loved one, all unconscious of the fact that the object of her dream was earning fame, perhaps with his life.

During the next half hour, while the fleet silently waited in suspense for the coming of the day, many fingers itched at the lanyards of the guns and many a gunner's mate besought permission to fire. But nothing could be done. An ill-directed shot might kill our men, possibly struggling in the water toward the open sea.

Meantime the tension aboard the flagship was intense. Ensign Powell had reported that he had clearly seen the "Merrimac's" masts sticking up just where Hobson hoped to sink her, but of the heroes who had penned the Spaniards in there was not a sound or a sign. Rear-Admiral Sampson said he believed Hobson would have a fair chance to escape after his hazardous and extremely plucky adventure, which he felt sure had been successful. He expressed the hope that all those brave fellows had not lost their lives.

**Safe Out of the
Jaws of Death.**

Under such circumstances, no one can imagine the immense feeling of satisfaction experienced when it became known that Hobson and the crew of the "Merrimac" were safe. Later in the day a boat with a white flag put out from the

harbor and Captain Oviedo, the chief of staff of Admiral Cervera, boarded the "New York" and informed the admiral that the whole party had been captured and that only two of the heroes were injured. Lieutenant Hobson was not hurt. The Spanish admiral was so struck with the courage of the "Merrimac's" crew that he decided to inform Admiral Sampson that they had not lost their lives, but were prisoners of war and could be exchanged. They were captured and sent to Santiago under guard, previous to being transferred to Morro Castle, where they were confined until exchanged for Spanish officers one month later (July 5).

Particulars of the escape from the most imminent peril were not fully learned until Hobson and his men returned to the American lines, after their exchange, although many stories were told, chiefly based on Spanish reports, all alike highly creditable to the almost unparalleled courage of the heroic seven.

When the torpedoes were exploded by Hobson the ship was so rent that she dove quickly to the depths. None of the seven men were injured, but when they sought the dingy they found it had been shot to pieces by the terrific fire from the shore batteries. The only means at hand for escape now lay in a catamaran carried on the deck, which was hastily cast overboard, and the men jumped after it as the ship sank beneath them. The Spaniards continued their fire for a few minutes after the seven heroes had mounted the raft, and balls of many calibres fell about them like hail, but Providence guarded their precious lives. The Spanish officers were so amazed by such astonishing daring that with chivalrous spirit they ordered the firing to cease and even sent boats to help the men ashore, where they were received by the enemy with a magnanimous welcome, and as prisoners were accorded the most generous treatment.

The names and antecedents of the gallant sailors who composed the crew that with Hobson defied the very jaws of death, deserve to be imperishably remembered by a grateful country. . They were :

George Charette, first-class gunner's mate on the "New York"; born in Lowell, Mass., twenty-nine years of age; last enlistment May 20, 1898; has been in the service since 1884; his next of kin is Alexander Charette, father, Lowell, Mass.

Osborne Deignan, coxswain on the "Merrimac"; born in Stuart, Ia., twenty-one years old; last enlistment April 22, 1898; next of kin, Julia Deignan, mother, Stuart, Ia.

George F. Phillips, machinist on the "Merrimac"; born in Boston, thirty-four years old; last enlistment March 30, 1898; next of kin, Andrew Phillips, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Francis Kelly, water-tender on the "Merrimac"; born in Boston, twenty-eight years of age; enlisted at Norfolk, April 21, last; next of kin, Francis Kelly, Boston.

Randolph Clausen, coxswain on the "New York"; born in Boston and twenty-eight years of age; last enlistment February 25, 1897; next of kin, Terresa Clausen, wife, 127 Cherry street, New York.

Daniel Montague, seaman, of the armored cruiser "Brooklyn."

John C. Murphy, coxswain, of the battleship "Iowa."

HOW HOBSON AND HIS MEN WERE SAVED BY CERVERA.

Thrilling Narrative of the Hero of Events Immediately Following the Sinking of the "Merrimac."

BY

R. H. Hobson

IT was dark when we started in toward the strait, and it was darker when we got the ship into position. We all knew that we were taking desperate chances, and in order to be unencumbered when we got into the water, we stripped down to our underclothing.

The ship gave a heave when the charges exploded, and as she sank with a lurch at the bow we got over her sides. That we got into the water is nearly all we know of what happened in that rather brief period. Some sprang over the ship's side, but more than one of us was thrown over the rail by the shock and the lurching of the ship.

It was our plan to escape on a catamaran float which lay on the roof of the midship house. One of the greatest dangers of the thing was that of being caught in the suction made by the ship as she went down, so we tied the float to the taffrail, giving it slack line enough, as we thought, to let it float loose after the ship had settled into her resting place.

The Plan of Escape.

I swam away from the ship as soon as I struck the water, but I could feel the eddies drawing me backward in spite of all I could do. That did not last very long, however, and as soon as I felt the tugging ease I turned

and struck out for the float, which I could see dimly bobbing up and down over the sunken hull.

The "Merrimac's" masts were plainly visible, and I could see the heads of my seven men as they followed my example and made for the float also. We had expected, of course, that the Spaniards would investigate the wreck, but we had no idea they would be at it so quickly as they were.

Before we could get to the float several rowboats and launches came around the bluff from inside the harbor. They had officers on board and armed marines as well, and they searched that passage, rowing backward and forward until the next morning. It was only by good luck that we got to the float at all, for they were upon us so quickly that we had barely concealed ourselves when a boat with quite a large party on board was right beside us.

Unfortunately we thought then, but it turned out afterward that nothing more fortunate than that could have happened for us, the rope with which we had secured the float to the ship was too short to allow it to swing free, and when we reached it we found that one of the pontoons was entirely out of the water and the other one was submerged.

**All Night in
Hiding.**

Had the raft lain flat on the water we could not have got under it and would have had to climb up on it, to be an excellent target for the first party of marines that arrived. As it was, we could get under the raft, and by putting our hands through the crevices between the slats which formed its deck we could hold our heads out of water, and still be unseen. That is what we did, and all night long we stayed there with our noses and mouths barely out of water.

None of us expected to get out of the affair alive, but luckily the Spaniards did not think of the apparently damaged, half-sunken raft floating about beside the wreck. They came within a cable's length of us at intervals of only a few minutes all night. We could hear their words distinctly, and even in the darkness could distinguish an occasional slint of light on the rifle barrels of the marines and on the lace of the officers' uniforms.

We were afraid to speak above a whisper, and for a good while, in fact whenever they were near us, we breathed as easily as we could. I ordered my men not to speak unless to address me, and with one exception they obeyed.

After we had been there an hour or two the water, which we found rather warm at first, began to get cold, and my fingers ached where the wood was pressing into them. The clouds, which were running before a pretty stiff breeze when we went in, blew over, and then by the starlight we

could see the boats when they came out of the shadows of the cliffs on either side, and even when we could not see them we knew that they were still near, because we could hear very plainly the splash of the oars and the grinding of the oarlocks.

Our teeth began to chatter before very long, and I was in constant fear that the Spaniards would hear us when they came close. It was so still then that the chattering sound seemed to us as loud as a hammer, but the Spaniards' ears were not sharp enough to hear it.

Noisy Teeth
Chattering.

We could hear sounds from the shore almost as distinctly as if we had been there, we were so close to the surface of the water, which is an excellent conductor, and the voices of the men in the boats sounded as clear as a bell. My men tried to keep their teeth still, but it was hard work, and not attended with any great success at the best.

We all knew that we would be shot if discovered by an ordinary seaman or a marine, and I ordered my men not to stir, as the boats having officers on board kept well in the distance. One of my men disobeyed orders and started to swim ashore, and I had to call him back. He obeyed at once, but my voice seemed to create some commotion among the boats, and several of them appeared close beside us before the disturbance in the water made by the man swimming had subsided. We thought it was all up with us then, but the boats went away into the shadows again.

There was much speculation among the Spaniards as to what the ship was and what we intended to do next. I could understand many of the words, and gathered from what I heard that the officers had taken in the situation at once, but were astounded at the audacity of the thing. The boats, I also learned, were from the fleet, and I felt better, because I had more faith in a Spanish sailor than I had in a Spanish soldier.

When daylight came a steam launch full of officers and marines came out from behind the cliff that hid the fleet and harbor and advanced toward us. All the men on board were looking curiously in our direction. They did not see us. Knowing that some one of rank must be on board, I waited until the launch was quite close and hailed her.

My voice produced the utmost consternation on board. Every one sprang up, the marines crowded to the bow and the launch's engines were reversed. She not only stopped, but she backed off until nearly a quarter of a mile away, where she stayed. The marines stood ready to fire at the word of command, when we clambered out from under the float. There were ten of the marines, and they would have fired in a minute had they not been restrained.

I swam toward the launch, and then she started toward me. I called out in Spanish: "Is there an officer on board?" An officer answered in the affirmative, and then I shouted in Spanish again: "I have seven men to surrender." I continued swimming, and when I reached the side of the launch I was seized and pulled out of the water.

**Rescued by
Admiral Cervera.**

As I looked up when they were dragging me into the launch, I saw that it was Admiral Cervera himself who had hold of me. He looked at me rather dubiously at first, because I had been down in the engine-room of the "Merrimac," where I got covered with oil, and that, with the soot and coal dust, made my appearance most disreputable. I had put on my officer's belt before sinking the "Merrimac," as a means of identification, no matter what happened to me, and when I pointed to it in the launch the admiral understood and seemed satisfied.

The first words he said to me when he learned who I was were "Bienvenido sea usted," which means, "You are welcome." My treatment by the naval officers and that of my men also was courteous all the time that I was a prisoner. They heard my story, as much of it as I could tell, but sought to learn nothing more.

My men were rescued from the float and taken to the shore and we were all placed in a cell in Morro Castle. I asked permission to send a note to Admiral Sampson and wrote it, but when Admiral Cervera learned of it he came to me and said that General Linares would not permit me to send it.

The admiral seemed greatly worried, but it was not until a day or two later that I learned what was on his mind. That same day he said he would send a boat to the fleet to get clothes for us, and that the men who went in the boat could tell Admiral Sampson that we were safe.

I learned later that General Linares was inclined to be ugly, and that Admiral Cervera wished to get word to our fleet as soon as possible that we were safe, knowing then that General Linares would learn that the fleet knew it, and he would not dare to harm us.

When we were first placed in Morro the solid doors to our cells were kept closed for an hour or two, but when we objected to that the admiral ordered that they be thrown open. Then we had a view of Santiago harbor, the city and the Spanish fleet. All the officers of the army and fleet called on us that day, and their treatment of us was most considerate and courteous. General Linares did not call, but sent word that as all the others had called, he thought that a visit from him was not included in his duties. I do not know what he meant by that, but am sure that we do not owe our safety to him.

**No Courtesy
from Linares.**

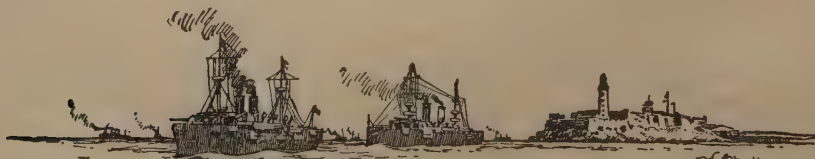
We were still in Morro Castle when Admiral Sampson's fleet bombarded Santiago. The windows in the side of our cell opened west across the harbor entrance, and we could hear and see the shells as they struck. We knew that we would not be fired upon, as word had gone out as to where we were, so we sat at the window and watched the shells. Each one sung a different tune as it went by. The smaller shells moaned or screeched as they passed, but the thirteen-inch shells left a sound behind them like that of a sudden and continued smashing of a huge pane of glass.

The crackling was sharp and metallic, something like sharp thunder without the roar, and the sound continued, but decreased after the shell had gone. In many cases the shells struck projecting points of rock, and ricocheting, spun end over end across the hills. The sound they made as they struck again and again was like the short, sharp puff of a locomotive starting with a heavy train.

Owe All
to Cervera.

We were in Morro Castle four days, and only once did I feel alarmed. The day before we were taken into the city of Santiago I saw a small boat start from the harbor with a flag of truce up. When I asked one of the sentries what it meant I was told that the boat had gone out to tell our fleet that my men and I had already been taken into the city. Then I feared that Morro would be bombarded at once, and believed it a scheme got up by General Linares to end us. We were taken to the city the next day, and were safe, anyway, then.

In the city we were treated with the same consideration by the naval officers and the army officers, with the exception of General Linares, which we got on the day of our capture. I believe that we owe to Admiral Cervera our exchange, and a great deal more in the way of good treatment that we would not otherwise have received. General Linares had no good blood for us, nor did the soldiers and marines, who would have shot us on sight the night that we went into the harbor.



Morro Castle, Havana, Cuba.

WAITING TO RESCUE HOBSON.

Ensign Powell's Efforts to Succor the Heroes.

HOBSON'S desperate plan to block the entrance to Santiago harbor, by sinking the "Merrimac" in the channel, became known to the crews of the blockading fleet almost as soon as the perilous enterprise was decided upon. Only Hobson and his seven compatriots were permitted to proceed upon this extra hazardous undertaking, but there was at least one other who resolved to share the dangers, and to offer such assistance as the exigencies and results of the exploit might permit. At his urgent entreaty, George W. Powell, an ensign on the flagship "New York," was given permission to take the ship's steam launch, and with five equally courageous men they followed the "Merrimac" as far as practicable and then at sunset took position beyond the line of blockade, and waited the approach of darkness.

Suddenly a dazzling flash, like a heliograph leaped from the battlements followed by a slow spreading cloud of white smoke. There was no report, but far up the coast a white jet of spray leaped from the sea.

The spraying shells rose everywhere, beyond the "Brooklyn" and inside the "Texas," but the fire was seemingly concentrated westward, close to the shore. There a tiny thread of smoke disclosed their target, the "New York's" launch, which Ensign Powell had gallantly held close under Morro's walls until after daylight, when, driven out by the fire of the big guns, he had run far up the shore, under the partial cover of the bluffs, and had turned and eventually boarded the "Texas" out of range. Then he passed to the "New York." The brave fellow was broken-hearted at not finding Hobson and his men.

Lying closer in than the warships, Powell had seen the firing before daylight, when the "Merrimac" and her dare-devil crew, then well inside Morro Castle, were probably first discovered by the Spaniards. He also heard an explosion, which may have been caused by Hobson's torpedoes. The ensign was not sure. He waited, vainly hoping to rescue the heroes of the "Merrimac," until he was shelled out by the forts.

The fleet, seeing the launch return, crowded close in shore to learn the news, and, learning it, went in closer still, hoping to draw the Spanish fire, but the forts remained silent. Inside the hills, enclosing the harbor, could

be seen a dense column of moving smoke, as at least one Spanish vessel moved down the tortuous channel to the harbor's mouth. She did not show beyond Cayo Smith while the "Dauntless" remained in sight. Beyond that her way was blocked by the "Merrimac's" hulk, sunk just where Hobson promised, crosswise of the narrow channel.

Ensign Powell tells the following thrilling story of his dangerous vigil for Hobson's heroes :

"After leaving the 'Texas' I saw the 'Merrimac' steaming slowly in. It was only fairly dark then and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three-quarters of a mile astern. The "Merrimac" stood about a mile

**Under the
Grim Batteries
of the Morro.**

to the westward of the harbor and seemed a bit mixed, turning completely around; finally heading to the east, she ran down and then turned in. We were then chasing him because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings.

When Hobson was about two hundred yards from the harbor the first gun was fired from the eastern bluff. We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the 'Merrimac' in the smoke which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily. Before Hobson could have blown up the 'Merrimac' the western battery picked us up and commenced firing. They shot wild and we ran in still closer to the shore and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedoes on the 'Merrimac.'

"Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of Morro, keeping a bright outlook for the boat or for swimmers, but we saw nothing. Hobson had arranged to meet us at that point, but, thinking that some one might have drifted out, we crossed in front of Morro and the mouth of the harbor to the eastward. About five o'clock we crossed the harbor again within a quarter of a mile and stood to the westward. In passing we saw one spar of the 'Merrimac' sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside of the breakers for a mile and then turned toward the 'Texas,' when the batteries saw us and opened fire.

"It was then broad daylight. The first shot fired dropped thirty yards astern, but the other shots went wild. I drove the launch for all she was worth, finally making the 'New York' without our boat or crew having received a scratch."

SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC" UNDER A FUSILADE OF SPANISH GUNS.

By

R. M. Hobson

(Assistant Naval Constructor.)

THE story of how the collier "Merrimac" was sunk at the entrance to Santiago harbor on the night of June 3, 1898, has been told by me in another article, but so many interesting incidents characterize the act that many accounts may be written without tedious iteration, or the dullness of repetition.

When our preparations were completed for entering upon our perilous undertaking I started the "Merrimac" upon a due east course until I got my bearings and then headed straight for the harbor. As we approached the mouth, moving at a ten knot speed, the Spanish batteries opened a terrific fire. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns on the hills, the "Vizcaya," lying inside the harbor, joining in.

Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the "Merrimac's" coming was telegraphed, and soon lined the foot of the cliffs, shooting wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The "Merrimac's" steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point.

Only three of the ten torpedos on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the "Merrimac's" side. Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the "Vizcaya" came tearing into the "Merrimac," crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

**Submarine Mine
Sunk Her.**

"No man must move," I said, and it was owing only to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again,

one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way would say : 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir ?' but I said : "Wait till daylight."

It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but to the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old

**Wait for Daylight
Under Fire.**

"Merrimac" kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid the way these men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the "Vizcaya" was awful. When the water came up on the "Merrimac's" decks, the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edge and clung on, our heads only being above water. One man thought we were safer right there. It was quite light. The firing had ceased except that on the "New York" launch, and I feared Ensign Powell and his men had been killed.

A Spanish launch came toward the "Merrimac." We agreed to capture her and run. Just as it came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads. "Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hand. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles and we were helped into the launch. Then we were taken ashore and put in cells in Morro Castle.

**Witnessed Two
Great Attacks.**

It was a grand sight a few days later to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court-martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in the hospital. From my window I could see the army moving, and it was terrible to watch those poor lads charging across the open, and being shot down by the Spaniards in the rifle pits in front of me.

On July 5, I knew something was coming, which to our joy proved to be preparations for our exchange, which was made on the following day.

THE GREAT SEA BATTLES OUR NAVY HAS WON.

And the Honors the Nation Bestowed on the Victors.

BY J. W. BUEL.

SCHLEY, Hobson, Sampson, Wainwright, Evans, Philips, Sigsbee, and others of the returned naval heroes, have been made the recipients of unconfined demonstrations and magnificent ovations from their grateful and admiring countrymen, and when Dewey reaches American shores he will have such a welcome as was probably never accorded any officer who has carried Old Glory to victory on the sea. But it has ever been characteristic of Americans to appreciate the gallantry and sacrifices of their soldiers and sailors, by according them enthusiastic reception and unbounded praise. Some notable examples of popular outpouring and generous feting in honor of the heroes who commanded our ships are of particular interest at this time, as historical precedents for our enthusiastic admiration for the heroes of the Spanish-American war.

One of the greatest sea captains our country has produced was Commodore Isaac Hull, who commanded the frigate "Constitution," in the war of 1812. Hull's great achievement was the capture of the "Guerriere," on the 19th of August, 1812, off Nova Scotia. He sighted the "Guerriere" on the afternoon of that day, and began firing at long range. At six o'clock, Hull, observing a willingness on the part of his antagonists to have a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight pressed all sail on the "Constitution" to get alongside of the "Guerriere." He walked the quarter deck, watching the movements of the enemy with keen interest. He was fat and wore very tight breeches.

When the "Guerriere" began to pour shot into the "Constitution," Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command, asked, "Shall I open fire?" The commander replied quietly, "Not yet." As the shots began to tell seriously on the "Constitution" the question was repeated. "Not yet," Hull quietly answered. When the two vessels were in pistol shot of each other Hull bent himself double and shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" The battle was fought at close range, and so desperately that the deadly fire of our gunners soon riddled the sides and decks of the "Guerriere," killing hundreds of her men and compelling an unconditional surrender.

The "Constitution" bore the news of her own victory into Boston. Hull was received in that city with enthusiasm that was unbounded and that rendered to the victor extraordinary honors. The people of Boston gave Hull and his officers a banquet, at which six hundred citizens sat down. The authorities of New York city voted him the freedom of that city in a gold box, and every place he visited the people turned out *en masse* to welcome him. The citizens of Philadelphia presented him an elegant piece of plate, and Congress awarded him a gold medal and appropriated \$50,000 to be distributed as prize money among the officers and crew of the "Constitution."

**How Hull was
Received.**

Captain William Bainbridge, who succeeded Hull in command of the "Constitution," was likewise honored by the city of New York for the brilliant victory he achieved December 29, 1812, over the British frigate "Java," Captain Lambert commanding, one of the finest vessels of her class in the Royal Navy. About two o'clock in the afternoon the two ships joined in battle, which continued between two and three hours. The "Java" tried to run down on the "Constitution's" quarter to engage in close action, but failed to successfully carry out the manœuvre. As she turned the "Constitution" poured a raking broadside into the stern of her enemy, and very soon the two vessels laid broadside to broadside engaged in deadly conflict. The mizzenmast of the "Java" was shot away, and nothing was left standing but her mainmast, with its yard carried away. Her firing ceased and her captain ordered her colors to be hauled down.

After the surrender it was found that the "Java" had lost one hundred killed, including her commander, and two hundred wounded, and the ship was so badly injured that finding it impossible to take her into port, Captain Bainbridge ordered her to be blown up. The loss of the "Constitution" was only thirty-four. Captain Bainbridge's victory was the fourth brilliant success over the British won by the American Navy in the space of five months.

Bainbridge was the hero of the hour. Praises were lavished upon him from all quarters. New York and Albany led the van by each presenting him with the freedom of the city in a gold box. Banquets and receptions were prepared for him, and he had all he could do to keep pace with the large generosity of his myriad friends. The citizens of Philadelphia presented him with a handsome service of plate, and Congress voted him a gold medal and also \$50,000 as prize money for himself and his companions.

Going back a little, to the year of 1799, we find that the world at that time rang with the praises of Commodore Truxton, who, while in command

**Captain Bainbridge's
Reception.**

of the frigate "Constellation," fell in with and captured the famous French frigate "L'Insurgente," of forty-four guns and 409 men, off the island of Nevis, in the West Indies.

For this victory Truxton not only received the praises of his own countrymen, but the English press teemed with eulogies of him. Many congratulatory addresses were sent to him, and the merchants of London gave him a service of silver plate worth more than \$3,000, on which was engraved a picture of the battle. In the beginning of February, 1800, Truxton and the "Constellation" gained a victory over the French frigate "La Vengeance," of fifty-four guns and 500 men. In consequence of the falling of the mainmast of the "Constellation" the "Vengeance" escaped, but this did not detract from the glory of Truxton's victory, and Congress awarded him a gold medal for his exploits. Again the city of New York came to the front and presented the gallant commander the freedom of the city in a gold box.

No American naval commander ever received more splendid honors from the hands of his fellow citizens or more richly deserved them than John Paul Jones, who sailed as first lieutenant with Esek Hopkins, first commander-in-chief of the Continental Navy. Jones was always successful, and became a terror to the English mind, so much so that historians of that day speak of him as "pirate" and "corsair." In the middle of August, 1779, the French monarch and the American commissioners joined in sending Paul Jones with five vessels to the coast of Scotland. His flagship was the "Bon-Homme Richard." Late in September, while the squadron lay a few leagues north of the mouth of the Humber, he discovered the Baltic fleet, convoyed by three battleships, stretching seaward from behind Flamborough Head. At seven o'clock Jones was within musket shot of the "Serapis," the flagship of the British fleet, when one of the most desperate naval fights ever recorded began. There was little wind, and the vessels drifted together so that their spars and rigging became entangled. Jones at the head of his men attempted to board the "Serapis," but after a short fight with pike, pistol and cutlass he was obliged to retreat. Captain Pearson, of the "Serapis," who could not see the American ensign through the smoke, called out, "Has your flag been struck?" Jones shouted back, "I have not begun to fight yet!"

Homage for John
Paul Jones.

Then the vessels separated and the wind brought them broadside to broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones lashed them together, and in that close embrace they poured volleys into each other with dreadful effect, while from deck to deck fighting hosts rushed madly over

each other. Presently the "Richard" began to sink. Her ten greater guns were silenced and only three 9-pounders kept up the firing. The marines in the round-top of the "Richard," however, kept up a steady fire upon the Englishman below, while ignited combustibles were scattered over the British ship. Presently both ships caught fire and the scene was both appalling and magnificent, for it was a beautiful sight, with a full moon an hour high. In the midst of smoke and flame men fought like demons in a hand-to-hand conflict for the mastery. Some one on board the "Richard" cried, "The ship is sinking!" A frightened gunner who ran to pull down the flag was silenced by a blow from a discharged pistol which Jones hurled at his head. After raging for three hours, the battle ceased, because fire was consuming both ships. The "Richard" sank and her crew were transferred to the "Serapis."

By this achievement Jones' fame spread throughout the civilized world. The French monarch gave him an elegant gold-mounted sword, bearing on its blade the words, "Louis XVI., Rewarder of the Valiant Asserter of the Freedom of the Sea," and also the Grand Cross of the order of Military Merit, never before given to a foreigner. From Denmark he received marks of distinction and attention. His own country was slowest in coming to the front, and it was not until eight years afterward that Congress voted him a gold medal.

**Honored by Other
Nations First.**

Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was the recipient of extraordinary honors at the hands of his fellow citizens, in recognition of his brilliant victory over the British fleet in Lake Erie on 1813. Perry had nine vessels in his squadron, and the British commander, Barclay, had six. At the masthead of his flagship, the "Lawrence," Perry displayed a blue banner, upon which was emblazoned in white letters the last words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship."

For two hours the "Lawrence" bore the brunt of the battle that followed, until she was almost a total wreck. Her rigging was shot away, her sails were cut into shreds and her spars were battered into splinters. One mast remained, and from it floated the Stars and Stripes. Finally Perry left the flagship, boarded the "Niagara," and renewed the fight.

In his trip from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara" he was a mark for the fire of the whole British fleet, but he reached the ship in safety, and after that victory was no longer in doubt. It was then that Commodore Perry sat down, and, resting his naval cap on his knee, wrote with a lead pencil on the back of a letter this famous dispatch to General Harrison:

We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop.

Yours, with great respect,

O. H. PERRY.

All the States and cities in the Union joined in doing Perry honor. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him thanks and a gold medal. Congress did the same. New York, not to be behindhand, voted the conqueror the freedom of the city, and tendered him a public banquet, at which the principal men of the city delivered eulogistic addresses, while the fashion and beauty of the town joined in doing honor to the greatest hero of American naval history.

**How Perry!
Was Honored.**

"Old Ironsides" Stewart, who commanded the frigate "Constitution" during the last years of the war of 1812, performed a brilliant feat on the evening of February 20, 1815, by the capture, after a severe fight, of the British ships "Cyane" and "Levant." In this engagement the "Constitution" was so little damaged that three hours after the battle she was ready for another. Stewart crossed the Atlantic, landed many of his prisoners on the coast of Brazil, and at Porto Rico he first heard that peace had been proclaimed. He arrived in New York in the middle of May, 1815, and gave the first intelligence of the capture of the "Cyane" and "Levant." Honors were showered upon him. Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal. The common council of the city of New York presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box and honored him with a public banquet, which was participated in by the first men of the land. The legislature of Pennsylvania presented him, in the name of the State, with a gold-hilted sword. The "Constitution" was ever known afterward as "Old Ironsides," and Stewart bore the same title until his death in November, 1869, when he was ninety-two years old.

Extraordinary honors were accorded by the city of New York to Captain Stephen Decatur, whose frigate, the "United States," captured the British frigate "Macedonian," thirty-eight guns, Captain Carden, after a severe fight of about two hours westward of the Canary Islands, in the winter of 1812. The "United States" displayed splendid gunnery and shot the "Macedonian" to pieces. In all the "Macedonian" received one hundred rounds of shot in her hull. Realizing the hopelessly crippled condition of his ship, Captain Carden surrendered her.

**Extraordinary
Honors for Decatur.**

Rigging her as a bark, and putting a prize crew on board, Decatur sailed with his own ship and her captive for American waters, and on the first day of January, 1813, the "Macedonian" was anchored in the harbor of New York, where she was greeted with joy as a "New Year's gift." "She comes with the compliments of the season from Old Neptune," said one of the prints of that day. Only three days previous to the arrival of the

"Macedonian" a public banquet had been given to Hull, Jones and Decatur by the corporation and citizens of New York.

Decatur received, if anything, greater honors than those bestowed upon his brother victors, and during the whole of his stay in New York he was the object of an unending ovation. There were banquets, receptions and entertainments in his honor; military spectacles, civic parades, presentations of addresses and gifts innumerable. Captain Decatur was not allowed to rest upon his laurels by the good citizens of New York, who made New Year's week one continuous holiday by enthusiastic manifestation of their appreciation of his valiant conduct. Congress also ordered him a vote of thanks and presented him with a gold medal.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BEFORE SANTIAGO.

A Picturesque, Circumstantial Description of the Destruction of Cervera's Fleet.

BY JOHN R. SPEAR,

(The historian, who, from the deck of Sampson's flagship, viewed the fight.)

THE story of the desperate flight of the Spanish squadron from the harbor of Santiago is unique in the history of naval warfare. Never before did such a powerful aggregation of ships seek safety by flight alone. Never was such a fleet wholly annihilated in a single battle. Never was so great a victory won in so short a time. Never did a triumphant force conquer such an enemy with losses so small. Never was there such a dramatic scene at sea as that mighty race for life for fifty miles down the Cuban coast.

On Sunday morning, July 3, the battleships "Texas," "Iowa" and "Oregon" and the big armored cruiser "Brooklyn" were drifting with the tide off the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Near by were the converted yachts "Gloucester" and "Hist," while off to the east lay the battleship "Indiana," and away on the coast, but still just visible, was the flagship "New York," where she had gone to give Admiral Sampson a chance for a conference with General Shafter.

An armistice had been declared between the fighting forces on shore pending the removal of non-combatants from the beleaguered city. The

white-starred nicked-out blue flag of Commodore Schley floating from the masthead of the "Brooklyn" proclaimed him senior officer for the time.

So far as any one afloat could see, there was no life about the oft-battered Morro, the Socapa or the other fortifications save as the blood and gold ensign of Spain waved in the gentle breeze. It was to be a day of ease for the sailors and soldiers so far as any one could foresee. On the ships, at any rate, after Jack had his breakfast and had dressed for and endured the regular Sunday morning inspection, very little was to be done, and a majority of each crew was free to stretch out for a snooze or rig a mess table and get out paper and ink for a letter home.

As a matter of fact, not a few were doing just those things on all the ships after the bo's'n's mates had piped down from inspection, when, at 9.30 o'clock precisely, Lieutenant Mark L. **The Ships Appear.** Bristol, watch officer of the "Texas," and the lookout on the "Iowa" saw a black curl of coal smoke rising from behind the cape on the westerly side of the harbor entrance, Socapa. There was no mistaking the meaning of that smoke, and while the lookout on the "Iowa" bawled to Lieutenant Louis S. Van Duser announcing the smoke, Lieutenant Bristol, of the "Texas," sprang to the signal board on the bridge of his ship and set the clattering electric gongs calling all hands to clear ship for action. With equal promptness the crew of the "Iowa" heard the same call, while her signal officers hurriedly sent a fluttering string of colored flags to the yard-arm, announcing to all the squadron that a Spanish ship was coming out of the harbor.

But while the gongs were yet ringing the Spanish ship herself came plowing around Socapa Point, turning the sluggish water into a splashing roll on either bow, and then headed along shore toward the west, so that every officer on the decks of the Yankee ships recognized her as the powerful "Almirante Oquendó," while those with good glasses saw the tiny signal at the masthead which told that Admiral Cervera was on board. Another big cruiser was following her close, the "Cristobal Colon," while no more than a cable's length apart astern appeared in swift succession the "Vizcaya" and the "Infanta Maria Teresa."

The signal flags had by this time reached the yard-arm of the "Iowa's" mast, but they were no longer needed, for the decks of the whole Yankee squadron were vibrating to the tread of men running to quarters, man shouting to man that "the Spaniards are coming at last." The click of opening breech-locks, and the whir of electric elevators hoisting armor-piercing projectiles to the big guns, followed hard on the shouts of the hurrying crews.

**All Hands to
Quarters.**

Never in their lives had these sailors known such a moment as that, for though they had been under fire, though some had shelled the enemy in the Morro there, and some had seen another squadron drift under the Morro of San Juan, to wake the sleepers there with the tornado roar of mighty shells, here, for the first time, they were to face an armed and armored enemy afloat, and the hope that for weeks had nerved them was to be gratified at last.

The enemy was first seen at 9.30 a.m., and at 9.32 the men at the American batteries were standing erect and silent beside their loaded guns, waiting for the order to commence firing, and watching out of the corners of their eyes the boys who were still sprinkling the decks with sand that no one's foot might slip when blood began to flow across the planks.

But though silence prevailed among the guns, down in the sealed stoke-hole the click and ring of the shovels that sprayed the coal over the glowing grate-bars, the song of the fans that raised the air pressure, and the throb of pump and engine made music for the whole crew, for the steam gauges were climbing, and the engineers were standing by wide-open throttles as the ships were driven straight at the enemy.

**Steaming Under
Forced Draught.**

For, as it happened, the "Texas" had been lying directly off the harbor, and a little more than two miles away, the "Iowa" was but a few lengths further out, and to the westward, while Captain Jack Philip, of the one, and "Fighting Bob" Evans, of the other, were both on deck when the cry was raised announcing the enemy. Hastening to their bridges, they headed away at once for the Spaniards, while the "Oregon" and the "Brooklyn" went flying to westward to intercept the leader. The mightiest race known to the history of the world, and the most thrilling, was now begun.

They were all away in less time than it has taken the reader to get thus far in the story, and in much less time still—indeed, before the gongs in the engine-rooms of the Yankee ships had ceased to vibrate—under the imperative order of "Ahead—full speed!" the "Almirante Oquendo," fugitive as she was, had opened the battle. With impetuous haste, and while yet more than two miles away, the Spaniard pointed one of his 11-inch Hontoria rifles in the direction of the "Texas" and pulled the lanyard. The shell came shrieking out to sea, but to sea only. Instantly the great guns of the Morro, 180 feet above the water, and those of the Socapa battery, lying higher still, with all the batteries beneath those two, began to belch and roar as their crews strove with frantic energy to aid the flying squadron. It was a fearsome task to take ships of any kind under a fire like that, for one plunging shot might sink

The Race is on.

the best, but the Yankee seamen did not know what fear was, and held their course with growing speed. Still it was not in human nature to go on in silence, and within two minutes after the Spaniards began firing, the guns in the forward turret of the "Texas," and **The best Yankee Gun.** in the "Iowa" as well, opened in reply.

Just how far apart the opposing ships were at the first fire of the Americans has not been told as yet, but one may easily calculate it. For as the "Almirante Oquendo" rounded Socapa Point, bound out, the "Texas" was but two and a quarter miles away. The "Oquendo," as she appeared, was heading for the southeast because of shoal water off the point, and when she had rounded it and turned westward, she was still heading, because of the trend of the land, more to the south than to the west—she was probably steering southwest by south. And all this is to say that she was heading, for the time being, directly toward the coming Yankee squadron, with the three behind her following at full speed, while the Yankees were bending every energy to meet them.

Now, it was about three minutes from the appearance of the first Spaniard to the firing of the first American gun, and during that time the Spaniards were traveling at a rate not less than sixteen knots per hour, for they came with boilers at the highest pressure, while the Americans were surely covering twelve knots, if not fifteen, after allowing for the low pressure at the start. In these three minutes the distance between the squadrons was lessened by at least a mile—the range was not more than 2,000 yards, if it was so much. But while 2,000 yards is the range (about one and one-sixth miles) selected for great-gun target practice, it will never do for an eager fight, and as the trend of the land still headed the Spaniards off to southward the battleships were **Eager for Close Quarters.** able to reduce the range to 1,500 yards before they were obliged to head a course parallel with the Spaniards.

Meantime the "Oregon" and the "Brooklyn," as they were stretching away toward the coast, had opened fire also, and then the last of the big Spaniards, the "Infanta Maria Teresa," having rounded the point, the magnificent spectacle of a squadron battle on the open sea—of a battle between four of the best of modern armed cruisers on the Spanish side against three battleships and an armed cruiser on our side—was spread out to view.

On our side the "Brooklyn" led, with the "Oregon," the "Iowa" and the "Texas" following in the order named, while the "Indiana" came towering along away to the east, though too far for an immediate part in the fight. But as the Spaniards got headed fairly down the coast the "Cristobal Colon" shot ahead, leaving the "Almirante Oquendo," the

"Vizcaya" and "Infanta Maria Teresa" to struggle after as best they might. And their best was the worst struggle the world ever saw, for it was a struggle to get out of range while firing with hysterical vehemence their unaimed guns.

The first shot from the American ships was fired at 9.33 o'clock. Because the range-finder was wrong or because the gentle swing of the sea lowered the ship's bow at the moment of firing, the shot fell short, and a second in like fashion dropped into the sea. At that the gunner said things to himself under his breath (it was in the forward turret of the "Iowa") and tried once more. For a moment after it the cloud of gun-smoke shrouded the turret, but as that thinned away the eager crew saw the 12-inch shell strike into the hull of the "Infanta Maria Teresa." Instantly it exploded with tremendous effect. Flame and smoke belched from the hole the shell had made, and puffed from port and hatch. And then in the wake of the driven blast rolled up a volume of flame-streaked smoke that showed the woodwork had taken fire and was burning fiercely all over the after part of the stricken ship. The yell that rose from the Yankee throats at that sight swelled to a roar of triumph a moment later, for as he saw that smoke the captain of the "Teresa" threw her helm over to port and headed her for the rocky beach. The one shell had given a mortal wound.

And then came Wainwright, of the "Maine"—Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, who for weeks conducted the weary search for the dead bodies of shipmates on the wreck in the harbor of Havana. He was captain of the "Gloucester," that was once known as the yacht "Corsair." A swift and beautiful craft she, but only armed with lean six-pounders.

**When Wainwright
Avenged the
"Maine."**

As a shoal-draught lookout she had drifted to and fro off the harbor watching for gunboats. But what does the reader suppose she was to do when the huge armored cruisers appeared?

"Get out of range," says prudence, but—"Ahead, full speed!" said Wainwright.

And fortune once more favored the brave, for in the wake of the mighty "Maria Teresa" came Spain's two big torpedo-boats, called destroyers, because of their size—the "Pluton" and the "Furor." Either was more than a match for the "Gloucester," for one carried two 12-pounders and the other two 14-pounders, besides the 6-pounders that both carried. Moreover, both overmatched the speed of the "Gloucester" by at least ten knots per hour. But both had thin plated sides. The shells of the "Gloucester" could pierce them, and at them went Wainwright, with the memory of that night in Havana uppermost in his mind.

The two boats—even the whole Spanish fleet—was still within easy range of the Spanish forts, and to reach his choice of enemies the “Gloucester” was obliged to risk, not only the land fire, but that of the “Vizcaya” and the “Teresa.” Nevertheless, as the torpedo-boats steered toward the “Brooklyn,” evidently bound to torpedo her, Wainwright headed them off, and they never got beyond the range of the forts. The shots they threw at him outweighed his three to one, but theirs flew wild and his struck home.

The “Texas” and the “Iowa” both turned their smaller guns on the little Spaniards. It is asserted, but has not been verified, that a 12-inch shot from the “Iowa” knocked the bow from one of the boats. Then, too, came the “Hist” to join in, while seven miles away to the east the “New York” could be seen whooping on, and the “Indiana” was already within range. The destroyers were fairly mobbed, and yet, because all these attacking ships were shrouded in smoke, torpedo-throwers never had, and never can have, a better chance for aggression in open day.

As it was, the chance, however small or large, was thrown away by these two captains. As they approached the fleet they spurted flames from exactly half a dozen guns each, but one by one these were silenced, while the holes in their sides increased more rapidly, and with more deadly significance, than the pits on the faces of smallpox patients. Spanish flesh and blood could not stand that. The day of the destroyers was done. As the big “Maria Teresa” turned toward the shore, these two destroyers, like stricken wild fowl, fled fluttering and splashing in the same direction. The race for freedom which all had made became a terror-stricken race for life. It was a race which the big ships so far won, but death shrouded in the two destroyers, and they foundered as they fled.

**Vaunting Fear
Quelled.**

The dread that for six weeks had nightly haunted the American seamen—the dread of a stealthy enemy that might sneak unawares within torpedo range, and with one shot sink the most powerful battleships—was gone.

But while the “Infanta Maria Teresa” was on fire and running for the beach her crew were still working their guns, and the big “Vizcaya” was handy by, to double the storm of projectiles she was hurling at the “Iowa” and the “Texas.”

**Deadly Aim
of the Yankees.**

It was not that the “Vizcaya’s” crew were manfully striving to protect the “Teresa;” they were making the snarling, clawing fight of a lifetime to escape the relentless Yankees that were closing upon them. For both the “Texas” and the “Iowa” had the range, and it was only when the smoke of their own guns blinded them that their fire was withheld or a shot went astray. Each ship, in spite of speed, was as a

towering cloud of white smoke—a cloud from which a gray bow constantly protruded, and through which the outline of superstructures appeared dimly at times, only to be instantly obscured again by the booming of the guns from greater and lesser turrets. It was when this cloud thinned away that the shot struck home. There was a blast that no ship and no Spaniard could face and live.

The "Iowa" and the "Texas" had headed off both the "Vizcaya" and "Infanta Maria Teresa," while the "Indiana" was coming with tremendous speed to join. And then came the finishing stroke. A 12-inch shell from the "Texas" went crashing into the stoke hole, and the "Vizcaya"—the ship whose beauty and power once thrilled the hearts of New Yorkers with mingled pleasure and fear—was mortally wounded. Hope was gone, and with help apart she headed away for the beach as her consort had done.

End of the
"Vizcaya."

For a brief interval—an interval that is almost incredibly brief—there had been a show of fighting, but now it was a stern chase that could last for little more than seconds. With a tremendous shock each flying ship struck on the rocks. For a moment the "Texas" tarried there to let the smoke clear and so see accurately the condition of the enemy, but while her gunners were taking aim for a final broadside a half-naked quartermaster on the "Vizcaya," with clawing hands on the halyards, hauled down the fever-hued ensign from her peak and hoisted the white flag instead.

'Cease firing!' commanded Captain Jack Philip, of the "Texas," and then rang to go ahead full speed again.

So far as the "Vizcaya" and the "Infanta Maria Teresa" were concerned, the battle—for that matter the war—was ended.

Why the
Ship Burned.

Huge columns of black smoke, edged with red flame, rolled from every port and shot hole on the "Vizcaya" as from the "Teresa." They were both furnaces of glowing fire. Though they had come from the harbor for certain battle, not a wooden bulkhead nor a partition in the quarters either of officers or men had been taken out, nor had trunks and chests been sent ashore. Neither had the wooden decks nor any other wooden fixtures been prepared to resist fire. Apparently the crew had not even wet down the decks. So the bursting shells from the Yankee ships not only swept the Spanish crews from their guns, but the flames licked over the splintered bulkheads and added the torture of fire to the bleeding wounds of the stricken men. In a minute the survivors of both Spanish crews were taking to such boats as remained or were leaping wildly into the water in the hope (that was often vain) of swimming ashore. The sharks of the Cuban coast were sated for once with human flesh.

But the "Texas" tarried at this gruesome scene only for a moment. They wished only to make sure the two Spaniards were really out of the fight, and when they saw the "Iowa" was going to stand by both, away they went to join the race between the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" on our side and the "Cristobal Colon" and the "Almirante Oquendo" on the other. In spite of the original superior speed on the part of the Spaniards and in spite of the delay on the part of the "Texas," the Spaniards were not yet wholly out of range, though the "Cristobal Colon" was reaching away at a speed that gave the Spanish shore forces hope.

Under battened hatches the Yankee firemen, stripped to their trousers, plied their shovels and raised the steam gauges higher. The Yankee ships were grass-grown and barnacled, but now they were driven as never before since their trial trips. The Spaniards had called us pigs, but Nemesis had turned us into spear-armed hunters in chase of game that neither tusks nor legs could save. For while the "Colon" was showing a speed that was the equal at least of our own "Brooklyn," long-headed Commodore Schley saw that she was hugging the coast, although a point of land loomed in the distance to cut her off or drive her out to sea.

**Speedy When
the Call Came.**

Instead of striving to close in on the Spaniards, Schley headed straight for that point—took the shortest cut for it, so to speak, and in that way drew steadily ahead of the "Colon," leaving to the "Oregon" and the "Texas" the task of holding the Spaniards from turning out across the "Brooklyn's" stern. It was a splendid piece of strategy, well worthy of the gallant officer, and it won.

The task of the battleships was well within their powers. It is not without reason that both the "Oregon" and the "Texas" are the pride of the nation as well as of their crews. The "Oregon" and the "Brooklyn" had hurled a relentless fire at the flying Spaniards, and it had told on the "Almirante Oquendo" with increasing effect. For the "Oregon" was fair on the "Oquendo's" beam and there was not enough armor on any Spanish ship to stop the massive 13-inch projectiles the ship from the Pacific was driving into her with unerring aim.

**"Oquendo"
Driven Ashore.**

At 10 o'clock sharp the "Oquendo" was apparently still fore, and fit, but within five minutes she wavered and lagged, and a little later, flagship though she was, she put her helm to port, as her consorts had done, and fled for life to the beach.

The "Texas" was coming with unflagging speed astern, and off to the east could be seen the flagship of Admiral Sampson racing as never before

to get a shot in at the finish. An auxiliary had been sent by Commodore Schley to call her, and it had met her coming at the call of the guns of the Spanish fleet. She had overhauled and passed the "Indiana" long since and was well nigh abreast of the "Texas." So the "Oregon," in order to vie with the "New York" in the last of the mighty race, abandoned the "Oquendo" to her fate and stretched away after the "Cristobal Colon."

Some of her crew who looked back saw the "Texas" bring to near the "Oquendo" and then the sea trembled under the impulse of a tremendous explosion on board the doomed Spaniard, while a vast volume of smoke filled with splintered wreck rose in the air. Had they been near enough they would have heard the crew of the "Texas" start in to cheer, and have heard as well the voice of Captain Philip say, as he raised his hand to check them in it:

"Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying."

Only a man fit to command could have had that thought.

The battle was well nigh over. But one ship of the Spanish squadron remained, and she was now in the last desperate struggle—the flurry of a monster of the deep. Her officers peered with frowning brows through gilded glasses at the "Brooklyn" forging ahead far off their port bow; at the "Oregon" within range off the port quarter; at the "New York" just getting the range with her beautiful 8-inch rifle astern. They shivered in unison with the quivering hulk as shot after shot struck home. They screamed at their crews and stamped and fumed.

At the guns their crews worked with drunken desperation, but down in the stoke hole the firemen plied their shovels with a will and a skill that formed the most surprising feature of the Spanish side of the battle. Because of them this was a race worthy of the American mettle, for it put to the full test the powers of the men of the three ships in chase.

In the open sea they might have led the Yankees for an hour or more beyond, but the strategy of Schley had cut them off, and yet it was not until 1.15 o'clock—three hours and three-quarters after the first gun of the "Oquendo"—that the "Colon's" gallant captain lost all hope and from a race to save the ship turned to the work of destroying her, so that we should not be able to float the Stars and Stripes above her.

The "Oregon" had drawn up abeam of her and was about a mile away, the shots from the "New York" astern were beginning to tell and those from the "Brooklyn" had all along been smiting her in the face.

Baffled and beaten she turned to the shore, ran hard aground near Tarquino Point, fifty miles from Santiago, and then hauled down her flag.

The most powerful sea force that ever fought under the American flag had triumphed; the most remarkable race in the history of the world was ended.

Because the "Brooklyn" had forged so far ahead in the race to cut off the escape of the "Colon" the "Oregon" was the first to arrive within hailing distance, and Captain Clark lowered a boat hastily and sent Lieutenant-Commander James K. Cogswell in it to take charge of the stranded ship with a prize crew.

"Oregon" Takes Possession.

As these climbed to the deck of the "Colon" a most shocking sight met their eyes. It was not that the slaughter had been so great, nor was the destruction of material by the shells even what had been expected. But here was a magnificent ship, most beautifully fitted and appointed, and fully manned by the flower of the Spanish Navy, and yet nine-tenths of her crew were in a state of beastly intoxication and still drinking. They had won the admiration of the chase by their bravery, but now every one of the prize crew turned sick with disgust at the sight of their lack of manhood. As the work of this crew had been the most striking feature of the Spanish flight, so now their weakness served as the lower side of one of the most memorable contests known to naval annals. For when the battle was over and the exultant American crews were cheering themselves hoarse for joy, Captain John W. Philip, of the "Texas," called his men together on deck and with bared head said to them:-

"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

Look on the picture of the drunken Spaniards of the "Cristobal Colon" and then on that of the typical American naval seaman and his crew. His crew to a man removed their hats, for a moment turned grateful thoughts to the mystery of the God of battles, and then impulsively broke into the heartiest cheers for the one who, like another typical American seaman, "feared his foes not at all, but his God a great deal."

During the time, however, that the "Brooklyn," the "Oregon" and the "New York" had been in chase of the last of the Spaniards the crews of the "Gloucester," the "Iowa" and the "Texas" had turned from destroying life to saving it, and in this they were followed by the leaders when the "Cristobal Colon" had been brought to beach.

Saving Beaten Spaniards.

The "Iowa" had tarried by the "Vizcaya" when the others continued in the chase. Her officers now make boast that "in fifty-six minutes from the time the first dashing Spaniard was sighted all hands were piped down, the guns were secured and our boats were in the water to save what was left

of the 'Vizcaya's' crew." On entering upon this work the crews of the Yankee ships found the task little if any less dangerous than that of fighting the Spaniards, for every beached ship except the "Colon" was on fire when she struck. Huge clouds of black smoke were rising a thousand feet in the air and drifting in a long curve toward the lofty hills along shore, while at frequent intervals explosions, some of which were small as if of a cartridge or two, and some were tremendous as if of a magazine, made the air and sea tremble and vibrate as if with earthquake shocks. With each large explosion the debris of broken deck and gear—doubtless also of broken human bodies—was thrown into the air.

To go alongside of a blazing warship is no small task, but the Spanish crews were crowding to the bows and climbing the military masts and leaping into the water to escape the creeping flames, and the American boats hastened to the rescue. There was need of haste in the name of humanity, too, for many that leaped overboard were drowning, and what was worse,

**Bloody Work of
Cuban Guerrillas.**

those who reached shore were meeting here and there bands of pitiless Cuban guerrillas who liked nothing better than shooting down the helpless sailors who were clinging to the drifting wreckage or struggling toward the rocks of the beach.

When the Cubans appeared and opened fire there was a mad rush of Spaniards back to sea, but Captain Evans, of the "Iowa," sent a file of marines on shore to protect the helpless Spanish sailors, and told the cowardly Cubans that unless they ceased their infamous work he would fire on them from the ship.

Then the rescuing of the Spaniards went on in peace. Among the first to reach the "Iowa" was the bland Eulate, who commanded the "Vizcaya." He was wounded and had to be lifted to the low-lying quarter-deck of the "Iowa" after he was brought alongside, but once there he stood up sailor fashion and offered his sword to Captain Evans. Captain Bob had said in other days that if he were turned loose with the "Massachusetts" in Havana harbor, "they won't speak anything in hell but Spanish for the next five years." That's the kind of a man Fighting Bob is in battle. But now that the enemy had been beaten he was as gentle as only a warrior can be. He refused the proffered sword and gave the beaten Eulate the heartiest welcome known to the sea.

In like manner Wainwright of the "Gloucester" had gone to the rescue of the "Oquendo's" crew. There, too, the Cubans had begun the work of slaughtering the helpless seamen—they were even devilish enough to fire shot after shot into the body of a dead Spanish officer that was lashed to a spar and adrift beyond the surf. Indignant beyond description, Wainwright

ordered them away, declaring that he would fire on them with 6-pounders if they did not immediately leave the beach, and, greatly amazed to learn that the Spanish lives were to be spared, the Cubans fled to the brush.

It is a pitiful fact that the Spanish survivors on the "Oquendo," too, as they saw the American boats approaching, thought that death instead of rescue awaited them, and to soften the American hearts began crying with trembling lips:

"Viva los Americanos!" and begging the while in plaintive voices for mercy.

**Prisoners Who
Expected to be
Murdered.**

The captain of the "Oquendo" was the only officer who proved unable to face defeat, for after his ship grounded he fired a pistol ball into his brain and died instantly.

The fire on the "Vizcaya" seems to have wrought quicker havoc with ship and crew than on any other ship. Perhaps she had a greater amount of woodwork between decks. Any way, when the Americans came along to save her crew, they found her plates red hot in places, and some of the Spanish, in trying to escape to the boats by climbing down ropes, were painfully burned by contact with these plates. A view through the wide rents in her stern, where the projectiles had passed, showed the naked bodies of many men, bloody and torn, roasting as if in a furnace. Nearly half the crew of the "Vizcaya" were killed in battle or lost their lives through fire and water and at the hands of Cuban dastards at the beach.

**Burned as They
Fled from
the "Vizcaya."**

Among the men of the "Oquendo" rescued from the beach by the "Gloucester" was the Spanish Admiral Cervera. He was found to be painfully wounded in the arm. As he was helped on board the "Gloucester," Captain Wainwright met him at the gangway and congratulated him on the fight he had made—a little ceremony that is dear to the heart of every sailor, but in a case like this means no more than a Spanish compliment. It was a day of marvelous revenges. It was Wainwright, of the lost "Maine," who captured the Spanish admiral, as well as sank at least one torpedo-boat destroyer; and it was the "Texas," almost a sister ship of the "Maine," and the only one of the "Maine's" class, that drove the Spanish flagship to destruction.

**Spanish Admiral
a Prisoner.**

Later when the "Iowa" and the "Gloucester" had both returned to posts off Santiago, Captain Robley Evans sent an invitation to the captured admiral to come on board the "Iowa" and occupy the admiral's quarters with which the "Iowa" is provided. Of course Cervera accepted. As he approached the "Iowa" the marine corps was drawn up in proper line on the quarter deck,

**The Pink of
Naval Etiquette.**

with buglers handy by; the captain with his officers alongside stood at the gangway; Captain Eulate, with his sword on, was beside Evans, and then as the handsome old gentleman was helped up the side, the buglers sounded the old familiar blare, the marines as one man presented arms with the old familiar crash, and the officers with hats off, bowed low to the distinguished prisoner. Sir Walter Raleigh could not have ordered it better or more to the Spanish taste.

And then there was the burial of the dead. Several wounded men were taken on the "Iowa" and some died. These were sewn in canvas hammocks, the crew and prisoners were mustered on deck, a Spanish chaplain read the service of the dead, and a guard of marines fired volleys when the bodies were sliding from the tilting board.

Nor was this all, for many of the prisoners were brought on board half naked, and the Americans were quick to supply their needs. Admiral Cervera had good reason to speak kindly of the treatment he and his men had received after their extraordinary defeat.

We come now to the comparison of ships and damages and losses of men. In numbers the Spanish brought four ships and two torpedo-boat destroyers out of the harbor.

**Squadron
for Squadron.**

It is said by the officers of an Austrian cruiser that arrived during the battle that a Spanish gunboat came out also, but none of the reporters mentioned her, and if she came out she had no part in the fight.

To meet these six vessels Commodore Schley had four ships and two converted yachts on hand. The "Indiana" was near by, and the "New York," by her superior speed, showed herself to be actually within reach, though hull down to eastward when the fight began. The actual fighting was done, however, by the "Brooklyn," the "Iowa," the "Oregon" and the "Texas." The near presence of the other two, like that of the torpedo-boat "Ericsson," Captain Usher, was certain to have a moral effect on the enemy, although their guns had very little physical effect indeed. It is entirely fair to say, however, that had the Americans manned the Spanish squadron, and Spaniards ours, the "New York" and her consorts would have had ample time to reach the scene before the end of the battle, unless, indeed, the dash for liberty had opened a way through the line at once.

In numbers, that is to say, the two squadrons were equal. In fighting power the preponderance was, of course, on our side. The torpedo-boat destroyers outclassed our two converted yachts at least three to one, but on the Spanish cruisers there were of guns of the first class two 10-inch rifles and six 11-inch, while on our ships there were six 12-inch and eight 3-inch rifles.

Of the second class (not the so-called secondary battery), they had forty guns of from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6-inch calibre and six of about 5-inch, while we had twenty-four 8-inch, ten 6-inch, twelve 5-inch and six 4-inch guns. We had fourteen big guns to their eight, and the least of ours was an inch heavier than the best of theirs, while of medium guns we had fifty-two to their forty-six, and of these twenty-four of ours were 8-inch or almost large enough to be counted among the huge guns. And this comparison is to be especially considered, for it portrays the difference between American and Continental ideas in arming ships just as the results of the battle show the difference between American and Spanish crews.

Of the secondary batteries a word must be said. The American ships may be called for one reason the porcupines of the sea. It is guessed that no one will say they fight like porcupines, but it is plainly true that they bristle like the thorny beasts—bristle with tiny 6-pounders and smaller guns. It has long been the fashion to speak of these slender weapons as murdering guns. They were expected to hurl such storms of small projectiles upon the exposed portions of an enemy's ships that no man could remain there and live. But the ships of Spain had a plenty of these guns—they carried sixty-six in all, and yet the American commanders, from Commodore Schley on the "Brooklyn" to Captain Wainwright on the "Gloucester," fought their ships from bridge and open deck. As between the big ships these secondary batteries counted not at all. Nevertheless we could not do without them, for when it came to beating off the thin-sided torpedo-boat destroyers, these were the weapons to do it; for in Yankee hands they were like a twelve-gauge shotgun to a quail shooter. They were trained for snap shots and worked like a lead pump—like the stream from the nozzle of a fireman's hose. The crews of the torpedo-boat destroyers were all swept dead from the decks, it is true, but the boats themselves were literally shot full of holes and down they went. The holes were large enough.

**Guns Bristling like
Porcupine Quills.**

As to the damages to the ships, the difference is well-nigh but not quite infinite. The Spanish squadron was almost annihilated, while the American escaped with but trifling injuries.

Three of the Spaniards were driven ashore within less than twelve miles of their exit, all in a sinking condition, all with their superstructures (that is, the light upper portions) wholly wrecked and all on fire beyond the control of their crews. The havoc wrought, if told in detail, would seem incredible, and all this was due to the able marksmen who stood behind the American guns.

**One Squadron De-
stroyed—One
Unhurt.**

The "Cristobal Colon" was injured less than the others—just why,

unless it was because her speed made our gunners over anxious, has not been determined, but even she was driven ashore at last. There is hope that she may be gotten off the beach and repaired. As for the others, the experts hope they may find half the guns still serviceable.

On our side the "Brooklyn" was struck forty-five times, the "Iowa" nine and the "Texas" got one in the ash hoist. Those that hit the "Brooklyn" were all from the medium guns—in fact, all the projectiles that struck either of our ships were of medium size. The Spaniards could not work the big ones effectively.

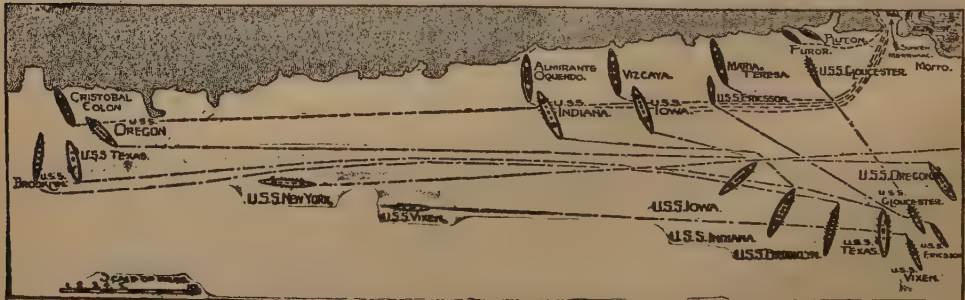
And so it happened that when the battle was over and every one of the Spanish ships had disappeared under the sea or lay smoking on the rocks, every Yankee ship was afloat with colors flying and ready to do it all over again could Camara's fleet have arrived opportunely.

The losses of men were equally significant. A shell in the "Brooklyn" killed one good man—Chief Yeoman George H. Ellis, of New York, for which his ship was named, and wounded two more.

On the "Texas" the shock of her 12-inch guns fired athwartships knocked one man down a hatchway and broke his leg.

As for the enemy the official returns are not complete, and it is doubtful if they will ever be accurately made. There were about 300 killed, 160 wounded (a significant contrast of numbers), and the remainder of the six crews—perhaps 1,800 men—were made prisoners. Nearly 500 of their men shed their blood in a wild dash for liberty, and three of ours bled to stop them. It was not without good reason that Fighting Bob said, when the battle was over: "God and the gunners were on our side."

ADMIRAL STANTON'S DIAGRAM OF THE BATTLE.



TERRIFIC EFFECTS OF OUR BIG GUNS FIRING UPON CERVERA'S SHIPS.

BY PAUL ST. CLAIR MURPHY,

(Senior Marine Officer of the "Brooklyn.")

TEN days after the destruction of Cervera's squadron by our great battleships, the Board of Survey made a careful examination of the wrecks in order to definitely ascertain the specific damage, and effects of the shots fired by our guns of different calibre. The result of this investigation is extremely interesting :

Of four ships examined three had been blown up by their magazines, and of these one had every magazine exploded, and torpedoes in addition, yet on none of them was there the same effect as that produced by the explosion on the "Maine." There was no upheaval of the keel and little bulging of the plates except in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. The effect was nearly altogether upward, in some cases the protective deck being lifted ; but outside of the springing of a few plates the hulls were intact.

The examination of the wrecks of the Spanish ships, three of which were burned and all their magazines exploded, was made, first, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of American gunnery, and, second, to find out the effect of internal explosion. The awful effect of well aimed shots was demonstrated in the rapid sinking of the fleet. When it is remembered that the "Oquendo" and the "Infanta Maria Teresa" were both sunk within forty minutes of the time they left the entrance, the work of American gunners may well be considered remarkable, especially when it is known that the "Oquendo" was struck more than fifty-five times and the "Infanta Maria Teresa" thirty-seven times by large projectiles.

The record of the damages to these ships is a world record and is fraught with great interest. The fight started at a range of 6,000 yards, or about three miles, while at 2,000 or 2,500 yards two torpedo boats and two cruisers were smashed. The closest fighting was done at 1,100 and 1,000 yards, by the "Brooklyn" and "Vizcaya," with annihilating effect on the Spanish ship. But two projectiles larger than 8-inch struck a vessel, both of these either 12 or 13-inch, being put through the "Infanta Maria Teresa." The 8-inch, 6-inch, 5-inch and 6-pounders did the bulk of the work and were frightfully destructive.

Some idea of the effect can be obtained from a brief summary of the injuries to each ship as found by the Examining Board. The Board had

upon it such capable men as Executive Officer Rogers, of the "Iowa"; Executive Officer Mason, of the "Brooklyn," an expert on the effect of shells on armor; Lieutenant Huessler, of the "Texas," who has made some splendid improvements in gun firing on that ship, and Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson, of "Merrimac" fame, who has a reputation for knowledge of ship construction. Briefly, these officers found:

"Cristobol Colon," battleship, first-class, with six inches of steel for protection not only on the water line, but around the 6-inch guns. This ship was hit with large projectiles but six times, as it kept out of range nearly the whole time, passing behind the other ships for protection, and finally making a run for it. The hits were made by the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon." One 8-inch shell went into the port side of the ward room, and left on the starboard side without exploding, but cleaned out everything in the room. A 5-inch shell hit just above the armor belt, and a 6-inch shell struck her on the bow. None of the injuries was sufficient to put her out of action, and they were not as serious as those received by the "Brooklyn," at one time her sole antagonist. The statement that the "Brooklyn" was overhauling her, and that the "Oregon's" terrific 13-inch guns were shooting nearer and nearer, and that escape was impossible, seems to explain her surrender.

The "Viscaya," armored cruiser, of same class as battleships "Texas" and "Maine," two 11.5-inch guns and ten 5.5-inch guns, with protections ten and twelve inches thick, double and treble that of the "Brooklyn." This ship was the special prey of the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon," although the "Texas," after her destructive work on the "Oquendo" and "Teresa," aided a little at long range. The "Viscaya," exclusive of 1-pounders and rapid-fire hits, which swept her deck, was hit with large projectiles fourteen times, and 6-pounders eleven times. The 8-inch guns of the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon," and the 6-inch guns on the "Oregon" and 5-inch on the "Brooklyn," tore her structure above the armor belt almost into shreds, while the 6-pounders and 1-pounders made it too warm for men to stand at the guns. The "Texas" got in a few 6-inch shots, and the "Iowa" landed a couple of 4-inch shells. No 13 or 12-inch shells struck her.

The "Infanta Maria Teresa," the flagship, of the same build as the "Viscaya," was badly punished, and was the only one of the four ships hit by 12 or 13-inch projectiles. Two of that size went into her, and the position of one would tend to demonstrate that it was fired by the "Texas," the other being from the "Indiana," "Oregon" or "Iowa." An 8-inch shell, undoubtedly from the "Brooklyn," because she was the only ship in line,

**Destructive Work of
Large Projectiles.**

**The Crash and
Slaughter on the
"Viscaya."**

with the "Maria Teresa's" head as she turned west, entered just forward of the beam on her port side, and exploding inside cleaned out the deck with four gun crews. This is the shot that Cervera said came from the "Brooklyn" and set fire to the ship. The "Teresa's" great difficulty and one that compelled her hurried surrender was that all her fire mains were cut and she was unable to extinguish the fires that were driving her men from the guns.

The "Almirante Oquendo," armored cruiser, same class as the "Vizcaya" and the "Teresa," went through the most terrible baptism of fire of any of the ships except the torpedo boats. Her upper works were one ragged mass of cut up steel and her decks were covered with dead and dying. She was hit on the port side four times by 8-inch shells, three times by 4-inch shells (probably from the "Iowa"), twice by 6-inch and forty-two times by 6-pounders. The wounds made by 1-pounders show that she met the fire of the entire fleet. One of the findings of the Board of Survey was that an 8-in shell had struck the forward turret just where the gun opening was, and that every man in the turret was killed, the officer standing in the firing hood being still in that position.

"The secondary battery fire of the 'Brooklyn' was really terrible. It drove my men from their guns, and when you were at close range did frightful work," said Captain Eulate two days after Schley's defeat of the Spanish squadron, and a rescued officer of the "Oquendo" said that nearly one-half of the terrible damage to that ship was done by one and 6-pounders, which constitute the secondary battery of the "Brooklyn."

The battle orderlies will merit a place among those whose conduct is worthy of special mention. They were on the move constantly bearing battle orders from Commodore Schley and Captain Cook, and in no instance did they fail in the prompt and intelligent performance of their responsible duty. The signal men occupied very exposed positions during the action and rendered excellent service. Signal halyards and numbers and speed cones were riddled by small projectiles and fragments of bursting shell, casualties that show in what a zone of danger the signal men performed their duties. Signalmen Coombs and McIntire and Battle Orderlies Rall and Davis were so near Yeoman Ellis when he was killed that they were spattered with his blood. None showed more unflinching courage than the men in the military tops, who stood by their guns, delivering their fire with unerring precision, undismayed by the projectiles that were flying about them and striking in their immediate vicinity. Private Stockbridge, the only man on the sick list, climbed into the maintop at the signal for battle, where he remained until end of the action, doing good work at his gun.

THE DEADLIEST VESSEL EVER CONCEIVED.

The Dynamite Cruiser "Vesuvius" in Action.

BY HARRY-DALE HALLMARK.

"She's a concentrated, fragile form of might ;
She's a daring, vicious thing with a rending, deadly sting—
And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight."

—JAMES BARNES.

EVERY man who goes down into the hold of the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" for service is a hero. To quote Mr. Barnes, "She's a pent volcano stoppered at top notch," and no man down in her knows at what exact second the valve may be lifted!

Seventy men sleep in this volcano! Not at its base, but right in the heart of its crater. Ay, not only sleep, but when the sea rolls and the great 15-inch guns are dealing to the foe remorseless, unseen, silent death, these



THIS IS THE PROJECTILE THROWN BY THE VESUVIUS' GUNS.

It is filled with guncotton, the greatest explosive known, and the devastation caused by it is something awful. It can be exploded either on land or in water.

men are shut down in the crater with death at every point of the compass. Every second they do that dreaded thing which is so fearful it has been put into a colloquialism: "Walk over dynamite." Walk over it? Why, they sleep with it as bedfellows; they know that it is their floor, walls, roof. Each man of that seventy takes the greatest chance in the navy. So direful, so dread did service seem on that new invention with the deadly name, that men were drafted for service—none volunteered. For the sailor knew that beside being charged like a gun ready for a fuse, that cockleshell could roll in a way to madden one, and keep her decks so wet that in an engagement fresh air could only be remembered.

But since that Thursday, of July 1st, when the slinking, silent thing crept up in the night and sent three noiseless shots into Santiago that crumbled a fort as if it were rice paper, and threw solid mortar hundreds of

feet in air, as a bull would toss a hare, since then, men have begged to be enlisted there. They will willingly go down into the little cubby holes and sleep, and eat and never stand erect, just for a chance at glory. Every man has made up his mind to be a Richmond Hobson! They want the honor of belonging to a crew that is being wired and cabled about. They know that the "Vesuvius" has marked a new era in warfare; she is to '98 what the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" were to '62. She is making nations gasp and hold their breaths. She has proved two great things to naval life the world over; that she can make a record of over twenty-one knots an hour, and that she can take the most accurate aim of any gun afloat.

**A Clean Death
is the Only
Recommendation.**

Men want to be behind such guns as these! And the cleanliness of the position has naught to do with their desire, although much of the outward semblance of warfare is removed when an officer can stand in his dress suit, if wishing, fire a gun which will knock a hole as large as a church out of the side of a fort, and then go down to dinner without a fleck on his linen.

Every one likes to be in the cabinet of power, and the men of the "Vesuvius" will have a history worth its future telling. But they pay for their wish. The little cruiser is only twenty-six feet six inches wide, and in this width are packed seventy men, air tubes, hundreds of pounds of guncotton, boilers, steering-gear, machinery, kitchen and berths. At night when they lie down to sleep with the dynamite, they know that one small shell whizzing their way would send men and boat to the bottom as rapidly as one of their shells send earth skyward. "Why, I'm even afraid to snore in my sleep," said a sailor "for fear I'll discharge the guncotton, and as for kicking in my sleep—why, I'm as quiet as a drugged cobra." "We slide along," says another; "we're afraid at first to walk, I went on tiptoe for the first three days." "Well, I went on my head and knees the day it was so rough," said a third. "A fellow has to learn to walk on any part of his anatomy in this ship when the sea is rough."

As for the roll, however, the "Vesuvius" men have a better time of it than the men in the torpedo boat. An inside view of the "MacKenzie" gives a view of how much discomfort a man can endure. But he can't be counted on to live or keep sane. There was direful discomfort in those torpedo boats that kept Admiral Sampson's fleet from making its best time. In a good sea there is no standing erect; it is really as the sailor put it—one has to navigate on any part of one's anatomy. The heat is intense when the boilers are under pressure. The decks are round and smooth, and there is nothing but the tiny steering hood and the rapid-fire gun to grasp, should a wave try to take you with it. The seas sweep entirely over the deck.

The hatches are closed and a rubber attachment put over them to keep a drop of water from the torpedoes. Fans are set in action, but the cramped position, the narrow quarters, the heat are enough, continued, to drive men insane. Five men did go mad—raving mad—in a French torpedo boat that was kept out at sea a good while. It is not the same thing which drives stokers crazy, but the baffled, caged, seemingly hopeless condition which these men fight. They can't stretch or walk, and they are down there like monkeys in a cage. The "Vesuvius" is better than these. She is nearly a dozen feet wider than the "MacKenzie," but she carries far more men. But our American sailors are no more cowards than our privates, and men are wild to go now on the "pent volcanoes stoppered at top notch," either torpedo-boats or the deadly dynamiter.

But just think what the "Vesuvius" can do! What she proved by hard, indisputable facts, that she can accomplish! One shell alone from her darkened bow sent a glare of light to heaven as if some one had put the bellows on Vulcan's furnace, knocked into a fort and rocked the great ironclads at anchor!

**The Terrific
Power of Dyna-
mite Shells.**

Think what it means to accurately aim one hundred pounds of dynamite at an object. No chances are taken with the Zalinski gun. The great naval authorities of America say it has the most accurate aim of any gun on land or afloat ever since Fiske tampered so successfully with it. He invented an electrical appliance by which the gun refused to fire unless in range. Men who know, say there never was such an aim obtainable with a gun. Where it is far ahead of the torpedo-boat in firing, lies in the fact that air, not water, resists the shells.

A man who has studied the question and speaks with authority says the torpedo-boat is really the last boat to be afraid of by a moving ship. It is only to the anchored vessel that the water torpedo is dangerous. Take, for instance, a cruiser with 10,000 tons displacement, moving through the water at a good rate. The tremendous displacement at her side, the great current she generates, would divert a torpedo's course. But the "Vesuvius" fires her terrible projectile into the air, at an elevation sometimes of over four hundred feet high; then gathering itself for a terrific plunge, gaining speed, gravitation assisting it, the shell plunges, point first, right into its object! It does not warn its enemies. Silent compressed air does the work, and there is the carnage, but none of the smoke or noise of battle. It is as sudden, as final, as quiet, as speedy, as terrific as an earthquake. It is man's imitation of seismic force.

It is the thunderbolt in the mortal hands of skill. It may not always strike on the object, but this is a trick of the gunner's, for what Zalinski

claimed for the gun, that it can do—fall in the water near a ship and blow its outsides in, or craftily sinking below the keel, blow the bottom to the stars.

The acreage of damage by dynamite is large and final. The torpedo striking the water near a vessel is as deadly as if the ship were struck amidships. Instead of dense smoke it will send a wall of water 100 feet high to hide its immediate work, but this is simply its artistic, scenic trick; it is the ivy to the blasted oak. It explodes five seconds after striking, and the clever gunner, taking this into line, can play all sorts of tricks with his fearful toy. He can plant his horrible charges on the four sides of a square of a fleet. **Surprising Accuracy of Firing.**

How delighted "Fighting Bob" Evans must be over Thursday's achievements off Santiago. No man in the fleet watched the new little cockle-shell's work more than the captain of the "Iowa." He always had faith in her ultimate success. He told Mr. Edwin Cramp that if he had had control of her for three months longer down in those South American waters several years ago, she would have amazed the naval world then.

The man who invented her never intended that the time fuse they tried should be used; but the government was experimenting on its own account, and the consequence was the gun never went true. Immediately it was decided that the pneumatic dynamite gun was not any good afloat. On land, fine; let it stay there! But there was a little band of zealots who cajoled and coerced and won their way in not having the little volcano dismantled. The government by successive stages followed out the Scotchman's proverb of "keep a thing seven years, turn it over and keep it another seven." Ten years ago the "Vesuvius" startled both continents by its trial trip before Secretary Whitney, going at a speed of 22.947 knots an hour. The Americans claim this to be the fastest record ever made and gladly hailed themselves the champions of the world in shipbuilding. The British papers made a demur from this "bombastic declaration," as they termed it, and quoted four or five other trips. But there is a large and generally accepted opinion which put the "Vesuvius" as the fastest vessel afloat at that time.

That her conception, her guns, her method is purely American no one on either continent doubts. She is the heroine of the marine engineering world to-day, as Dewey and Schley and Hobson are of the human world. It remains simply this, that America has probably revolutionized warfare at sea. So the day of the minority has become the pledge of the majority, and the little band of believers, Captain Evans among them, are just hurrahing away! Poor little craft! She has been flopping around for ten weary, uneventful years, called the crazy fancy of someone's cracked

brain; no one wanting her, every man in the service swearing he wouldn't serve on her unless drafted; unmanned, misunderstood, she was a pathetic thing. Now her hour has come! If she has any intelligence she must feel the glory of success. But, barring her emotion, there are those to-day who feel they have been vindicated.

**Construction
and Cost.**

Technically, the "Vesuvius" has a water line of 252 feet; beam, 26 feet 6 inches; draught, 10 feet 1 inch; displacement, 929 tons; she has a speed of 21.4 knots. She has two propellers driven by vertical triple expansion engines. Her horse power is 3,794; coal capacity, 152 tons. In addition to her three 15-inch dynamite guns she carries three 3-pounder rapid fire guns. The Cramps built her in 1887 at a cost of \$350,000, when Mr. Whitney was Secretary of the Navy. She was launched in 1888. Her speed at trial of 21.947 was considered the fastest on record.

One of the prime uses to which the "Vesuvius" may be applied is the countermining of channels that have been planted with torpedoes. So wonderfully destructive are her dynamite gun-cotton shells, that it is possible for this unique vessel to literally fight her way through the most dangerous passage that mines ever defended, and thus open the way for the entrance of following ships. One of her 500-pound shells, which may be accurately thrown a distance of nearly two miles, can be made to explode at any point, whether on the water surface, or at the bottom, and such an explosion will destroy every mine or torpedo within 200 feet of the place where it falls. For this countermining purpose the services of the "Vesuvius" may be regarded as being invaluable, while for bombarding, especially under the cover of night, when she may creep within range, she promises to be dreadfully effective, as was shown at Santiago.



HOW WE ANNIHILATED CERVERA'S SQUADRON.

By


(Captain of the Battleship "Iowa.")

THE destruction of Cervera's ships before Santiago de Cuba on the morning of July 3, 1898, was an incident at once so thrilling and important that the story will never cease to interest, and the history of the world has been mightily enriched thereby:

As Cervera's squadron came out in column, from the bottle-necked harbor,—the ships beautifully spaced as to distance, and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb. The range at this time was 2,000 yards from the leading ship of our blockading fleet. The "Iowa's" helm was immediately put hard to starboard, and the entire starboard side was poured into the "Infanta Maria Teresa" which led the advance. The helm was then quickly shifted to port, and the ship headed across the stern of the "Teresa" in an effort to head off the "Oquendo." All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the "Iowa," but none struck her.

The "Cristobal Colon," being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, moved rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the "Iowa" the "Colon" placed two 6-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side at the water line with the cofferdam, where it remained until removed when the ship was overhauled at New York a month later.

As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the "Iowa's" helm was put to the starboard, and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the "Almirante Oquendo," at a distance of 1,100 yards, the "Iowa's" entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the "Oquendo." The punishment was terrific. Many 12 and 8-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her, and smoke came out through her hatches. Two 12-inch

**Terrible Damage
to the
"Oquendo."**

shells from the "Iowa" pierced the fated vessel at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The "Oquendo" seemed to stop her engines for a moment, and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed, and gradually drew ahead of the "Iowa," and came under the terrific fire of the "Oregon" and "Texas."

At this moment the alarm of "torpedo boats" was sounded, and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered on the starboard quarter at a distance of 4,000 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery, and a 12-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As this shell struck, a small torpedo boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. I said to Executive Officer Rogers, "That little chap has got a lot of cheek." Rogers shouted back, "She shoots very well all the same."

Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then at another, was the little "Gloucester," shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat, and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

In the meantime, the "Vizcaya" was slowly drawing abeam of the "Iowa," and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The "Vizcaya" fired rapidly but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the "Iowa," while the shells from the "Iowa" were tearing great rents in the sides of the "Vizcaya." As the latter passed ahead of the "Iowa" she came under the murderous fire of the "Oregon." At this time the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo," leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The "Texas," "Oregon" and "Iowa" pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire, and in a few minutes the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks, with their colors down, the "Teresa" flying a white flag at the fore.

The crews of the enemy's ships stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode. Meantime the "Brooklyn" and the "Cristobal Colon" were exchanging compliments in a lively fashion, but at apparently long range, and the "Oregon," with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the "Colon," also paying attention to the "Vizcaya." The "Teresa" and the "Oquendo" were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the battle began, Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the "Vizcaya put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the after part of the ship, and headed for the rocks at Acerraderos, where she found her last resting place.

Driving the Enemy's Vessels On to the Rocks.

As it was apparent that the "Iowa" could not possibly catch the "Cristobal Colon," and that the "Oregon" and "Brooklyn" undoubtedly would, and as the fast "New York" was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the twelve or fifteen hundred Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the "Vizcaya," now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the shore were shooting on men who were struggling in the water, after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

**Bodies Attacked
by Sharks.**

My boats' crews worked manfully, and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who has since been recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the "Vizcaya" and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the "Vizcaya" were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string, and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors on to the "Iowa's" quarter-deck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship and they were buried with military honors from the "Iowa." Some of the Spanish sailors were examples of heroism, or more properly, devotion to discipline and duty, such as may never be surpassed. One man on the lost "Vizcaya" had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong, hearty sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the "Iowa" with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked well men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the "Iowa" as a United States battleship.

Blood was all over her usually white quarter deck and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before

had been using a rapid-fire battery on them. Finally came the boats with Captain Eulate, commander of the "Vizcaya," for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. **A Horrible Scene on the Ship Deck.** The captain's guard of marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on the deck the marines presented arms. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword belt and, holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me.

Of course, I declined to receive his sword, and, as the crew of the "Iowa" saw this, they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Captain Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds the magazines on board the "Vizcaya" exploded, with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hands, said, "Adios, 'Vizcaya.' There goes my beautiful ship, captain," and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds. In the meantime thirty officers of the "Vizcaya" had been picked up, beside 272 of her crew. Our wardroom and steerage officers gave up their staterooms and furnished food, clothing and tobacco to these naked officers from the "Vizcaya." The paymaster issued uniforms to the naked sailors, and each was given all the corned beef, coffee and hard tack he could eat. The war had assumed another aspect.

As I knew the crews of the first two ships wrecked had not been visited by any of our vessels, I ran down to them, where I found the "Gloucester" with Admiral Cervera and a number of his officers aboard, and also a large number of wounded, some in a frightfully mangled condition. Many prisoners had been killed on shore by the fire of the Cubans.

The "Harvard" came off, and I requested Captain Cotton to go in and take off the crews of the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo," and by midnight the "Harvard" had 976 prisoners aboard, a great number of them wounded.

For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish admiral. He went as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope; that was that the "Cristobal Colon" would steam faster than the "Brooklyn." The spectacle of two torpedo-boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battleships can only be described in one way: It was Spanish, and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement.

Amazing Heroism of the Vanquished. In contrast to this Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went

at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. But the moment that the Spanish flag came down it must have been evident that the sentiment was among the Americans, not among the Spaniards.

I took Admiral Cervera aboard the "Iowa" from the "Gloucester," which had rescued him from the dead, and received him with a full admiral's guard. The crew of the "Iowa" crowded aft over the turrets half naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel borrowed from Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the "Gloucester." The crew cheered vociferously. Cervera was every inch an admiral, even if he had no hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a hero and a chivalrous gentleman.

The "Iowa" fired 61 12-inch, 48 8-inch, 270 4-inch, 1,060 6-pound and 120 1-pound shots.

The officers of the "Vizcaya" said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose and blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun-deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. One of the 12-inch shells from the "Iowa" exploded a torpedo in the "Vizcaya's" bow, blowing twenty-one men against the deck above and dropping them dead and mangled into the fire which at once started below.

The flames leaping out from the huge shot holes in the "Vizcaya's" sides, licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the Americans' fire. Corporal Smith, of the "Iowa," fired 135 aimed shots in fifty minutes from a 4-inch gun. Two shells struck within ten feet of Smith and started a small fire, but the corporal went on pumping shots into the enemy, only stopping to say. "They've got it in for this gun, sir."

From two 6-pounders 440 shots were fired in fifty minutes. Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpetre from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stood by his gun. Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to remain there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they

**Nothing Could
Drive the
Gunners Away.**

refused to leave. When the 8-inch gun was fired the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns, and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

During his stay on the "Iowa" Admiral Cervera endeared himself to all. After Blanco's order was issued he wanted to come out on the night of July 2, but General Linares said, "Wait till to-morrow morning. You will catch them at divine service then."

The Spanish were not deceived in this belief, for religious exercises were in progress on most of the ships, but serving country is serving God, and so Cervera learned to his cost that the American sailor is true to both.



Burning
of the
Maria
Cereza

WAS IT SAMPSON OR WAS IT SCHLEY?

WHEN the Spanish fleet with full headway,
 Dashed out of Santiago Bay,
 Taking the chances of death and wreck;
 Who stood on a Yankee quarterdeck,
 And marked the game with eagle eye;
 Say, was it Sampson or was it Schley?

Who was it, when shot and screaming shell,
 Turned Sabbath calm into echoing hell,
 Steamed into the thickest of the fray,
 His good ship leading all the way,
 While the roar of his guns shook earth and sky,
 Say, was it Sampson or was it Schley?

In American hearts who holds first place
 Of those who claim part in that glorious chase?
 Whose name stood out on that proud day,
 As the hero of Santiago Bay?
 In letters of gold write that name on high;
 Shall we write it Sampson, or write it Schley?

REMOVAL OF A JAMMED SHELL WHILE UNDER THE
FIRE OF THE ENEMY.

BY PAUL ST. C. MURPHY,

(*Captain U. S. M. Corps of the "Brooklyn."*)

ONE of the bravest acts performed by an American sailor during the terrific engagement between our fleet and Cervera's squadron of July 3 was little written about at the time, but which deserves perpetuation in the pages of history as a conspicuous example of American valor, and an evidence of the courageous spirit that animates the defenders of our country when the most perilous service is required.

At the moment the alarm was given that the enemy's ships were coming out of the harbor the guard was at quarters, ready for inspection. It

was immediately dismissed and the men sent to their stations for battle. The men were full of enthusiasm, but there was no excitement or disorder, and apparently no concern for personal safety. The battery was handled with admirable coolness and deliberation. Greater care could not be taken in setting sights and aiming if the men had been at target practice and each striving to make a record score.

Considering the fact that the enemy was within effective range during the greater part of the action, the fire of the secondary battery must have been most destructive to his men and material, and contributed its full share to bringing the battle to an end so speedily, and with so little loss to ourselves. It is reported that the Spanish officers have stated that so deadly was the effect of our secondary battery fire that it was impossible to keep their men at the guns.

Where all did their duty manfully it is a difficult matter to select individuals for special mention. There are some, however, who deserve to be remembered by name for conduct that displayed in a conspicuous manner courage, intelligence and devotion to duty.

During the early part of the action a cartridge jammed in the bore of the starboard 6-pounder of the "Brooklyn" and in the effort to withdraw it the case became detached from the projectile, leaving the latter fast in the bore and impossible to extract from the rear. Corporal Robert Gray, of the port gun, asked and received permission to attempt to drive the shell out by means of a rammer. To do this it was necessary to go out on the gun, and the undertaking was full of difficulties and danger, the latter due in a great measure to the blast of the turret guns firing overhead. The gun was hot and it was necessary to cling to the jacob ladder with one hand while endeavoring with the other to manipulate the long rammer. After a brave effort he was forced to give up and was ordered in. Quarter Gunner W. H. Smith then came, sent by the executive officer, and promptly placed himself in the dangerous position outside the gun port, where he worked and failed as the corporal had done. Neither had been able to get the rammer into the bore, and there seemed nothing left to do but dismount the gun. At this juncture Private MacNeal, one of the crew, volunteered to go out and make a final effort. The gun was so important, the starboard battery being engaged, that as a forlorn hope he was permitted to make the attempt. He pushed out boldly and set to work. The guns of the forward turret were firing, every blast nearly knocking him overboard and the enemy's shots were coming with frequency into his immediate neighborhood. It was at this time that Chief Yeoman Ellis was killed on the other side of the deck. MacNeal never paused in his

work. The rammer was finally placed in the bore and the shell ejected. The gun was immediately put in action and MacNeal resumed his duties as coolly as if what he had done was a matter of every day routine.

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

By

Richard Mainwright

SHORTLY after the outbreak of hostilities I was put in charge of Commodore Morgan's yacht, the "Corsair." It had been bought by the government, renamed the "Gloucester," and fitted as an auxiliary vessel, being given a miniature battery of four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders and two Colt automatic rifles. Four of the officers were regulars and five volunteers. Her crew numbered ninety-three men.

The "Gloucester" was ordered to join Admiral Sampson's fleet, and proceeded via Key West and Banes to Santiago. When blockading off Santiago her station was on the eastern end of the line and inshore of all the vessels, being off Aguadores in the daytime and off the Morro during the night.

Sunday morning, July 3, she was in her usual station. This was the day when Cervera sailed out of Santiago Harbor. The fleet opened fire at once on the "Maria Teresa." We were heading out and commenced firing with our after guns. Our helm was put hard a-port, so that we turned toward the "Indiana" and in the direction taken by the enemy, and was kept a-port until we were heading at right angles to their column. We were in every way prepared for our work, the men being at quarters, with plenty of ammunition on deck, except for the time required to attain full speed.

As soon as the enemy were sighted, orders were given to start the blowers, and we were quickly under a full head of steam. The enemy soon developed their tactics, such as they were. They evidently expected to take advantage of their high speed and escape past the western end of our fleet before we could destroy them. We of the "Gloucester" closed in toward the enemy, firing such guns as we could bring to bear. We were

near the "Indiana" and anxiously looking for the destroyers. They were not very far behind the armored cruisers, but the time appeared long as we slowed down to wait for them.

As soon as the "Pluton" and "Furor" made their appearance our duty was plain—we must prevent them from attacking one of our battleships.

Destroying the Destroyers. We started ahead at full speed and gradually closed in on them, firing as rapidly as possible. About this time we made out a signal from the "Indiana" to read:

"Gunboats close in."

I have since heard that Captain Taylor intended to signal "Torpedo boats coming out." To close in on the torpedo boats required us to cross the "Indiana's" line of fire, and as she was pouring in shell from her secondary battery, we were glad to feel secure that she would stop as we crossed her line.

As we drew closer to the destroyers their fire became quite warm, and their projectiles and those from the forts appeared to hit all around us, and when their Maxim 1-pounder started into play it seemed almost impossible for them to fail to hit us. But not a shot struck us, and there were men blown away from their guns before they got our range. When we were distant about twelve hundred yards we opened fire with our two 6-millimetre automatic Colt rifles. They poured a shower of bullets onto the decks of the destroyers and did great execution.

As we gathered speed we commenced to close in on the "Pluton" and the "Furor" rapidly. Although built for twenty-eight and thirty knots, our seventeen knots good was too much for them. The "Pluton" soon began to slacken and then she stopped in the breakers. At this time the "Indiana" was rounding the point ahead to the westward and the "New York" was coming up rapidly from the direction of Siboney.

When it was evident that the "Pluton" was done for, we concentrated our fire on the "Furor," and every shot appeared to take effect. Suddenly she jammed her helm hard a-starboard and made for us. It was evident that as our guns were too much for her she was going to try a torpedo. One of our prisoners told us after the battle that they made several attempts to fire a torpedo, but the crews were driven from the tubes by our own fire.

With her helm still a-starboard, the "Furor" turned toward the entrance of the harbor, and the "New York," having approached until she was engaged with the principal shore batteries, fired two or three shots at her, fearing she might escape. But the "Furor's" helm was jammed, and she continued to circle to port, so the "New York," her crew cheering, continued under full steam after the escaping cruisers.

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS. 181

The "Pluton" had blown up and was on the rocks. The "Furor" was on fire, her helm jammed, and unable to continue the fight. We had been doing our best to destroy life; now had come the time when we could commence to save the lives of our conquered enemies. The Socapa battery was firing at us still, and when we stopped the shells began to fall pretty close to us; but as soon as our boats were lowered they ceased firing.

The boats brought off every one who was alive on the burning wrecks of the "Pluton" and the "Furor," and also rescued those in the water and on the rocks. The trouble in getting the Spaniards off the rocks was especially great, as they refused to jump into the water, and in some cases it was necessary to throw them in and then pull them into the boat.

Gallant Rescue of Survivors.

The complement of the "Furor" was sixty-seven and of the "Pluton" seventy men. Of these, nineteen were saved from the former and twenty-six from the latter. But it is known that a few swam ashore and managed to reach Santiago.

Meanwhile the "Gloucester" had steamed on to where the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo" were lying, wrecked and burning, on the shore. Each had white flags flying. They were burning fore and aft; their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. Moreover, a heavy sea was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no danger and no difficulty deterred the officers and men of the "Gloucester" until, in two small boats and a dingy, they had rescued all the survivors, including the wounded from the two burning ships.



THE CLIFFS OF SANTIAGO.

BY A. B. DEMILLE.

THE Cliffs of Santiago,
They front the quiet sea ;
Their high, green forests waver
To a wind of memory,
All for the Spanish sailors
Gone down beneath the sea.

The Cliffs of Santiago,
How they echoed back the roar
When the fierce, gray warships battled
Till the running fight was o'er,
And the banked smoke hung to leeward
Off bitter miles of shore !

The Cliffs of Santiago,
Are fallen silent now ;
There are ruined vessels grounded,
Flame-blasted stern and bow—
There many a lad is lying
With death on cheek and brow.

There's a many wife and mother
In the pleasant land of Spain
For to watch, and wait, and listen—
But their watching's all in vain,
And they'll watch a weary vigil
Ere their lads come home again !

The Cliffs of Santiago,
They dream above the sea ;
They guard a reckless valor
And a grief that aye shall be ;
O the Cliffs of Santiago,
And the calling of the sea !

STORY OF A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER..

HERE was a mile and more of smoke and flame and fighting stretching westward from the Morro before Cervera's torpedo boat destroyers steamed past the "Merrimac" and swung into the lane of fire marked out for them by the Admiral on that finest of mornings, July 3.

Richard Wainwright, executive officer of the Maine, commanding the converted yacht "Gloucester," had run in toward the harbor mouth from his blockading station, which was a little to the eastward, and when the last of the Spanish cruisers was making her turn westward, the yacht was heading toward her.

The big 11-inch guns of the cruiser belched fire and smoke as she opened on the "Indiana." Her captain saw the "Gloucester," too, and evidently suspected that she might attempt to torpedo him, so the guns of the secondary battery were trained on the yacht and shells fell all about her. Wainwright, whose danger was great, answered, only steaming the closer. From our yacht "Golden Rod," which at that time was directly off shore from the "Gloucester," we watched in amazement. Smoke curled up over the yacht a moment later, and we knew that she was answering the cruiser with her 6-pounder.

But that was only an incident to Wainwright. Lying closer in than the "Golden Rod" he had already seen what we did not see till later—the "Furor" and "Pluton" coming out of the harbor. We understood when we saw them that he was holding his position in spite of the cruiser's fire so that he might engage the destroyers at deadly range. The "Gloucester" is a torpedo-boat destroyer as the event proved, a destroyer of destroyers.

I turned from the main battle for a second or two pretty often in the next few historical minutes, to see the yacht and the destroyers, and it was difficult to take one's eyes off them, for on the bridge of the "Golden Rod" men were saying of the "Gloucester":
 "She's gone! They're both going straight at her! Why doesn't he pull out?" But they didn't know "Dick" Wainwright.

**A Moment of
Intense Anxiety.**

As the destroyers made the turn westward, every gun which could be trained on the "Gloucester" was fired, and her decks were wet by spray cast there by shells which struck about her. Worse still, the gunners in the battery beyond Morro were throwing projectiles at the yacht, any one of which must destroy her at once if the aim were true. And at this time the last of the cruisers still fired at her. The smallest of shells would have

gone through her and any projectile was likely to cripple her and invite destruction.

Wainwright only moved a little bit closer. Smoke hid the "Gloucester," the smoke of her own guns, and a man beside me called in fear, "They've sunk her!" We all thought so. But out of the smoke-cloud her bow appeared at last. The destroyers were running parallel with the coast, seeking the refuge which would be theirs could they get between the larger Spanish ships and the shore. Wainwright steered their course, and so they fought broadside and broadside.

They fired fast at first. The "Gloucester's" guns were worked with inconceivable speed throughout. Often we thought her disabled or gone when the smoke closed about her.

When we heard afterward that Wainwright had not lost a man we could not believe it, for the range was short, and once we knew his little craft was a target for a cruiser, the land batteries and the destroyers all together.

The "Golden Rod's" men yelled—"yell" is the word—every time the yacht shook off the shroud of powder smoke, and whenever they saw the flame spurts of her guns dash out through it. They yelled more, you may be sure, when the first destroyer, winged and helpless, stopped in her flight westward, lost headway and course, and drifted into the surf.

Wainwright moved closer to the other. The big ships were pounding this one, too. Even the "New York," hurrying up from the eastward, threw a shell or two—four, I believe—at the black Spaniard, but they were scarcely needed. She was on fire, and her men had long been unable to work their guns effectively. And still the old "Corsair"—for the "Gloucester" was the "Corsair"—spat fire and buried herself in the smoke of battle. And all the time Wainwright moved a little closer. The second destroyer struck her colors and went ashore blazing.

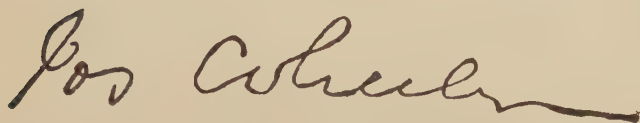
How the
"Corsair"
Spat Fire.

Wainwright moved on then to the work of rescue, which was as perilous as his work of destruction had been. It was he who received the Spanish Admiral, and courteously congratulated him upon the gallant fight he had made, using memorable words which Cervera will treasure until he dies.

Men have spoken of many participants in the battle of Santiago as typical American soldiers and seamen. Surely all must accord a seat of honor in that company to Richard Wainwright, of the "Gloucester"—gallant, calm, ever moving a little nearer to the enemy while the battle lasted; a lion in the work of rescuing the vanquished and succoring the dying; courteous, perfect in his reception of the Admiral whose fleet he had helped to destroy.

SUCCESS OF OUR ARMY IN CUBA.

BY



TO comprehend the difficulties of such a campaign as our army conducted before the well-fortified and strongly-garrisoned city of Santiago, it must be remembered that this government has only on one previous occasion sent troops to a foreign country, and that was over fifty years ago. It is true that our soldiers went through a good deal of discomfort and suffering, but this was incident to the campaign, and I don't think that the administration neglected any duty to the army which it was possible to foresee.

The army was a superb body of brave men. It is true, we were short of transportation, but the expectation when we left Tampa was that we would land very near the city. The officers and men landed cheerfully.

Nine hundred and sixty-four dismounted cavalymen attacked and routed fully two thousand Spaniards at Las Quasima June 24, and on July 1, Kent's division and the cavalry divisions, numbering about six thousand men, waded the San Juan River; the forward line under a heavy fire from the Spanish earthworks, then advanced to an open plain and charged the enemy's works at San Juan forts and the intrenchments which crowned the hill upon which the fort stood.

At the same time General Lawton with like force attacked and captured the fort at El Caney, about five miles to the north of Santiago. The position assaulted and captured by Kent's division and the cavalry divisions placed the army on a ridge which overlooked the city, and this enabled General Shafter to circumvent the entire Spanish line and compel their surrender, which was accomplished on July 16.

The success of the army was due to the superb gallantry and fortitude of our men. It showed that the sons of those who fought the great battles of thirty years ago were inspired by the same brave spirit which animated their fathers.

I deeply deplore the undeserved censure that uninformed and thoughtless persons have heaped upon the administration for not having taken better measures for the care of the army in Cuba. This criticism does not emanate from the soldiers who fought the battles. They understand the difficulties

attending an expedition so hurriedly organized. They cheerfully bore all the hardships for they realized that the administration was doing everything in its power for their comfort.

I think the result of the war will bring very far-reaching benefits to our country. It gives us a commanding position throughout the world, and the trade expansion which will follow within a very short time will more than pay the expenses which we incurred.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.

Terrible Effects of Shells Bursting in the Streets of the Old City.

BY A SEAMAN OF THE CRUISER "NEW YORK."

BEFORE the hour of five o'clock of the morning of July 2 (1898), the crew of the flagship "New York" was astir, eating a hurried breakfast. At 5.50, "general quarters" was sounded and the flagship headed in towards Aguadores, about three miles east of Morro Castle. The other ships retained their blockading stations.

Along the surf-beaten shore the smoke of an approaching train from Altares was seen. It was composed of open cars, full of General Duffield's troops. At the cutting, a mile east of Aguadores, the train stopped and the Cuban scouts proceeded along the railroad track. The troops got out of the cars and soon formed in a long, thin line, standing out vividly against the yellow rocks that rose perpendicularly above, shutting them off from the main body of the army, which was on the other side of the hill several miles north.

From the quarter of the flagship there was a signal, **Communication is Established.** by a vigorously wigwagged letter, and a few minutes later from a lump of green at the water's edge came an answer from the army.

This was the first co-operation for offensive purposes between the army and navy. The landing of the army at Baiquiri and Altares was purely a naval affair.

With the flag in his hand the soldier ashore looked like a butterfly. "Are you waiting for us to begin?" was the signal made by Rear-Admiral Sampson to the army. "General Duffield is ahead with the scouts," came the answer from the shore to the flagship. By this time it was seven o'clock.

and the admiral ran the flagship's bow within three-quarters of a mile of the beach. She remained almost as near during the forenoon. The daring way she was handled by Captain Chadwick, within sound of the breakers, made the Cuban pilot on board stare with astonishment.

The "Suwanee" was in company with the flagship, still closer in shore, and the "Gloucester" was to the westward, near Morro Castle. From the southward the "Newark" came up and took a position to the westward. Her decks were black with sixteen hundred or more troops. She went alongside of the flagship, and was told to disembark the soldiers at Alcires. Then Admiral Sampson signaled to General Duffield: "When do you want us to commence firing?"

In a little while a white flag on shore sent back the answer: "When the rest of the command arrives. Then I will signal you."

It was a long and tedious wait for the ships before the second fifty carloads of troops came puffing along from Altares. By 9.30 the last of the soldiers had left the open railroad tracks, disappearing in the thick brush that covered the eastern side of Aguadores inlet. The water in the sponge tubs under the breeches of the big guns was growing hot in the burning sun. Ashore there were no sign of the enemy. They were believed to be on the western bluff. Between the bluffs runs a rocky gully leading into Santiago city. On the extremity of the western arm was an old, castellated fort, from which the Spanish flag was flying, and on the parapet on the eastern hill, commanding the gully, two stretches of red earth could easily be seen against the brush. These were the rifle pits.

**Long Wait for
the Troops.**

At 10.15 a signal flag ashore wigwagged to Admiral Sampson to commence firing, and a minute later the "New York" guns blazed away at the rifle pits and at the old fort. The "Suwanee" and "Gloucester" joined in the echoes, which rumbled around and filled the gully. All the stored-up thunder of the clouds seemed to have broken loose, and smoke soon rose over the hills, and the gully was shut out from view. Then the firing became more deliberate.

Firing is Begun.

Of our troops ashore in the brush nothing could be seen, but the "ping," "ping," of the small arms of the army floated out to sea during the occasional lull in the firing of the big guns, which peppered the rifle pits until clouds of red earth rose above them.

An 8-inch shell from the "Newark" dropped in the massive old fort and clouds of white dust and huge stones filled the air. When the small shells hit its battlements, almost hidden by green creepers, fragments of masonry came tumbling down. A shot from the "Suwanee" hit the eastern parapet and it crumbled away like a mummy exposed to the air

after long years. Amid the smoke and debris the flagstaff was seen to fall forward. "The flag has been shot down," shouted the ship's crews, but when the smoke cleared away the emblem of Spain was seen to be still flying and blazing brilliantly in the sun, though the flagstaff was bending toward the earth. Apparently the flagstaff had been caught firmly in the wreckage of the fort. A few more shots leveled the battlements until the old castle was a pitiable sight.

When the firing ceased, Lieutenant Delehanty, of the **Three Shots at Spanish Flag.** "Suwanee," was anxious to finish his work, so he signaled to the "New York," asking permission to knock down the Spanish flag. "Yes," replied Admiral Sampson, "if you can do it in three shots." The "Suwanee" then lay about sixteen hundred yards from the old fort. She took her time. Lieutenant Blue carefully aimed the 4-inch gun and the crews of all the ships watched the incident amid intense excitement. When the smoke of the "Suwanee's" first shot cleared away, only two red streamers of the flag were left. The shell had gone through the center of the bunting. A delighted yell broke from the crew of the "Suwanee." Two or three minutes later the "Suwanee" fired again and a huge cloud of debris rose from the base of the flagstaff. For a few seconds it was impossible to tell the effect of the shot. Then it was seen that the shell had only added to the ruin of the fort. The flagstaff seemed to have a charmed existence and the "Suwanee" only had one chance left. It seemed hardly possible for her to achieve her object with the big gun, such a distance and such a tiny target. There was breathless silence among the watching crews. They crowded on the ship's decks and all eyes were on that tattered rag, bending toward the earth from the top of what once had been a grand old castle. But it is only bending, not yet down.

Third Shot Brings it Down. Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty and Lieutenant Blue took their time. The "Suwanee" changed her position slightly. Then a puff of smoke shot from her side. Up went a spouting cloud of debris from the parapet and down fell the banner of Spain. Such yells from the flagship will probably never be heard again. There was more excitement than is witnessed at the finish of a college boat race or a popular race between first-class thoroughbreds on some big track. The "Suwanee's" last shot had struck right at the base of the flagstaff and had blown it clear of the wreckage which had held it. "Well done," signaled Admiral Sampson to Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty.

At 11.30 General Duffield signaled that his scouts reported that no damage had been done to the Spanish rifle pits by the shells from the ships and Admiral Sampson told him they had been hit several times, but there

was no one in the pits. However the "Suwanee" was ordered to fire a few more shots in their direction.

At 12.18 p. m., the "New York," having discontinued firing at Aguadores, began firing 8-inch shells clear over the gully into the city of Santiago de Cuba. Every five minutes the shells went roaring over the hillside, and though the distance was fully four miles, the range was so accurately gauged that nearly all of them fell within the populous district of the city, doing very great damage. After the rifle pits had been cleared of Spaniards the "Oregon" came up and began hurling 8-inch shells over the high hills, into the city, one of which struck a church and razed it to the ground, besides killing several soldiers who were in the street nearby. As the city was entirely hidden from our view by intervening hills, it was not possible at the time to know the effects of our firing, but after the surrender, inquiry and inspection disclosed that terrific havoc had been wrought to buildings, though fortunately few lives were destroyed.

**Shells Fired
Into Santiago.**

THE STORY OF SANTIAGO'S DOWNFALL.

By

Wm. M. Chapter

THE expedition against Santiago, which I had the honor of commanding, was undertaken in compliance with instructions of May 30 from headquarters of the army, which were thus briefly given:

"Admiral Schley reports that two cruisers and two torpedo boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago and assist in capturing harbor and fleet."

At the time of receiving this order the troops assembled at Tampa were poorly prepared to enter upon the perils of an invasion of Cuba. Many of the volunteer soldiers were insufficiently drilled, and lack of transportation facilities for moving the cavalry were such that it was impossible to act promptly upon the order received June 7, and it was not until June 14 that sufficient transports were provided, upon which were embarked 16,072 men and 815 officers. This expedition was convoyed by a squadron of our best ships and succeeded in landing at Baiquiri, fourteen miles from Santiago, on the 20th to 22d. Directly after anchoring the transports off the

Cuban coast, I had an interview with General Garcia, who offered the services of his troops, comprising about 4,000 men in the vicinity of Asseraderos, and about 500 under General Castillo at the little town of Cujababo, a few miles east of Baiquiri. I accepted his offer, impressing it upon him that I could exercise no military control over him except such as he would concede, and as long as he served under me I would furnish him rations and ammunition.

After conferring with Admiral Sampson and General Garcia, I outlined the plan of campaign. The disembarkation was to be completed on the twenty-second at Baiquiri, with feints by the Cubans on Cabanas and by the navy at various shore points, in order to mislead the enemy as to the place of landing. These movements permitted me to approach Santiago from the east over a narrow road, at first in some places not better than a trail, running from Baiquiri through Siboney and Seville, and making attack from that quarter. This, in my judgment, was the only feasible plan, and subsequent information and results confirmed my judgment.

In pursuance of this plan General Young's brigade passed beyond Lawton on the nights of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth, thus taking the advance, and on the morning of the latter date became engaged with a Spanish force intrenched in a strong position at La Guasima, a point on the Santiago road about three miles from Siboney. General Young's force consisted of one squadron of the First Cavalry, one of the Tenth Cavalry and two of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry; in all, 964 officers and men. The enemy made an obstinate resistance, but were driven from the field with considerable loss. Our own casualty was one officer and fifteen men killed; six officers and forty-six men wounded. The reported losses of the Spaniards were nine killed and twenty-seven wounded. The engagement had an inspiring effect upon our men and, doubtless, correspondingly depressed the enemy, as it was now plainly demonstrated to them that they had a foe to meet who would advance upon them under a heavy fire delivered from intrenchments. General Wheeler, division commander, was present during the engagement, and reported that our troops, officers and men fought with the greatest gallantry. This engagement gave us a well watered country farther to the front, on which to encamp our troops.

It was not until nearly two weeks after the army landed that it was possible to place on shore three days' supplies in excess of those required for the daily consumption.

On June 30 I reconnoitered the country about Santiago and made my plan of attack. From a high hill, from which the city was in plain view, I could see the San Juan hill and the country about El Caney. The roads were

**The Fight at
La Guasima.**

very poor and indeed little better than bridle paths until the San Juan river and El Caney were reached.

Lawton's Division, assisted by Capron's Light Battery, was ordered to move out during the afternoon toward El Caney, to begin the attack there early the next morning. After carrying El Caney, Lawton was to move by the Caney road toward Santiago and take position on the right of the line. Wheeler's Division of dismounted cavalry and Kent's Division of infantry were directed on the Santiago road, the head of the column resting near El Pozo, toward which heights Grimes' battery moved on the afternoon of the thirtieth, with orders to take position there early the next morning, and at the proper time prepare the way for the advance of Wheeler and Kent on San Juan hill. The attack at this point was to be delayed until Lawton's guns were heard at El Caney and his infantry fire showed he had become well engaged.

The preparations were far from what I desired them to be, but we were in a sickly climate, our supplies had to be brought forward by a narrow wagon road, which the rains might at any time render impassable; fear was entertained that a storm might drive the vessels containing our stores to sea, thus separating us from our base of supplies, and lastly, it was reported that General Pando, with 8,000 reinforcements for the enemy, was en route from Manzanillo, and might be expected in a few days. Under these conditions I determined to give battle without delay.

**Determination
to Give Battle.**

Early on the morning of July 1, Lawton was in a position around El Caney; Chaffee's Brigade on the right, across the Guantanamo road; Miles' Brigade in the centre and Ludlow's on the left. The duty of cutting off the enemy's retreat along the Santiago road was assigned to the latter brigade. The artillery opened on the town at 6.15 a. m. The battle here soon became general and was hotly contested. The enemy's position was naturally strong, and was rendered more so by block houses, a stone fort and intrenchments cut in solid rock and the loop-holing of a solidly built stone church. The opposition offered by the enemy was greater than had been anticipated, and prevented Lawton from joining the right of the main line during the day as had been intended. After the battle had continued for some time, Bates' Brigade of two regiments reached my headquarters from Siboney. I directed him to move near El Caney to give assistance, if necessary. He did so, and was put in position between Miles and Chaffee. The battle continued with varying intensity during most of the day, and until the place was carried by assault about 4.30 p. m. As the Spaniards endeavored to retreat along the Santiago road, Ludlow's

position enabled him to do very effective work and to practically cut off all the retreat in that direction.

After the battle at El Caney was well opened, and the sound of the small arm fire caused us to believe that Lawton was driving the enemy before him, I directed Grimes' battery to open fire from the heights of El Pozo on the San Juan block house, which could be seen situated in the enemy's intrenchments extending along the crest of San Juan hill. The fire was effective, and the enemy could be seen running away from the vicinity of the block house. The artillery fire from El Pozo was soon returned by the enemy's artillery. They evidently had the range of this hill, and their first shells killed and wounded several men. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, it was very difficult to locate the position of their pieces, while on the contrary the smoke caused by our black powder plainly indicated the location of our battery.

At this time the cavalry division under General Sumner, which was lying concealed in the general vicinity of the El Pozo house, was ordered forward, with directions to cross the San Juan river and deploy to the right on the Santiago side, while Kent's Division was to follow closely in its rear and deploy to the left.

These troops moved forward in compliance with orders, but the road was so narrow as to render it impracticable to retain the column-of-fours formation at all points, while the undergrowth on either side was so dense as to preclude the possibility of deploying skirmishers. It naturally resulted that the progress made was slow, and the long range rifles of the enemy's infantry killed and wounded a number of our men while marching along this road, and before there was any opportunity to return this fire. At this time Generals Kent and Sumner were ordered to push forward with all possible haste, and place their troops in position to engage the enemy. General Kent, with this end in view, forced the head of his column alongside of the cavalry column as fast as the narrow trail permitted, and thus hurried his arrival at the San Juan and the formation beyond that stream. A few hundred yards before reaching the San Juan the road forks, a fact that was discovered by Lieutenant Colonel Derby, of my staff, who had approached well to the front in a war balloon. This information he furnished to the troops, resulting in Sumner moving on the left-hand road, while Kent was enabled to utilize the road to the right.

General Wheeler, the permanent commander of the cavalry division, who had been ill, came forward during the morning, and later returned to duty, and rendered most gallant and efficient service during the remainder of the day.



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CAPRON'S BATTERY IN ACTION BEFORE THE DEFENCE OF SANTIAGO.



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The People's Standard History of the United States.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN—CHARGE UP THE HILL.



ON THE WATCH FOR SPANISH VESSELS OFF THE CUBAN COAST.



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GALLANT DEFENCE OF CAMP MCCALLA, JUNE 11, 1898.

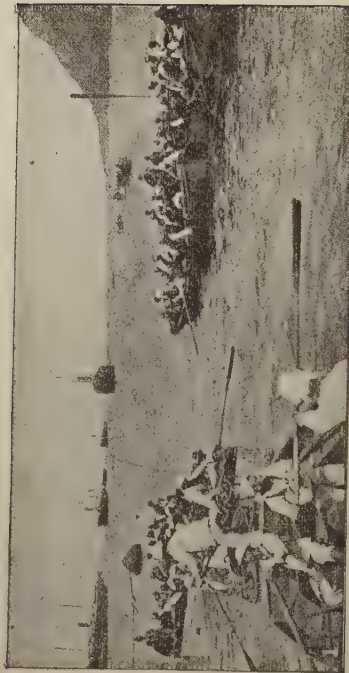
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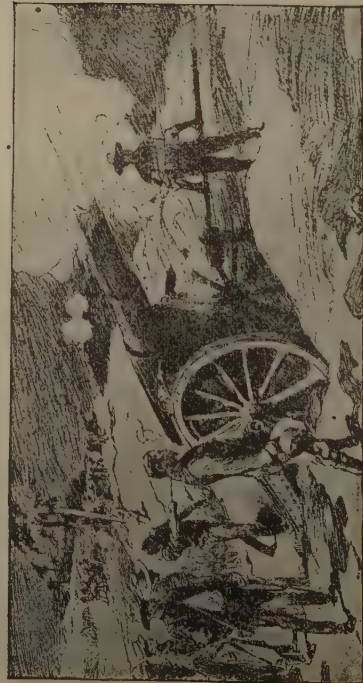
MEETING OF GENERALS SHAFTER AND TORAL PREPARATORY TO THE
SPANISH SURRENDER AT SANTIAGO, JUNE 17, 1898.



HILL NEAR BAIQUIRI ON WHICH TRUMPETER PLATT
HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG.



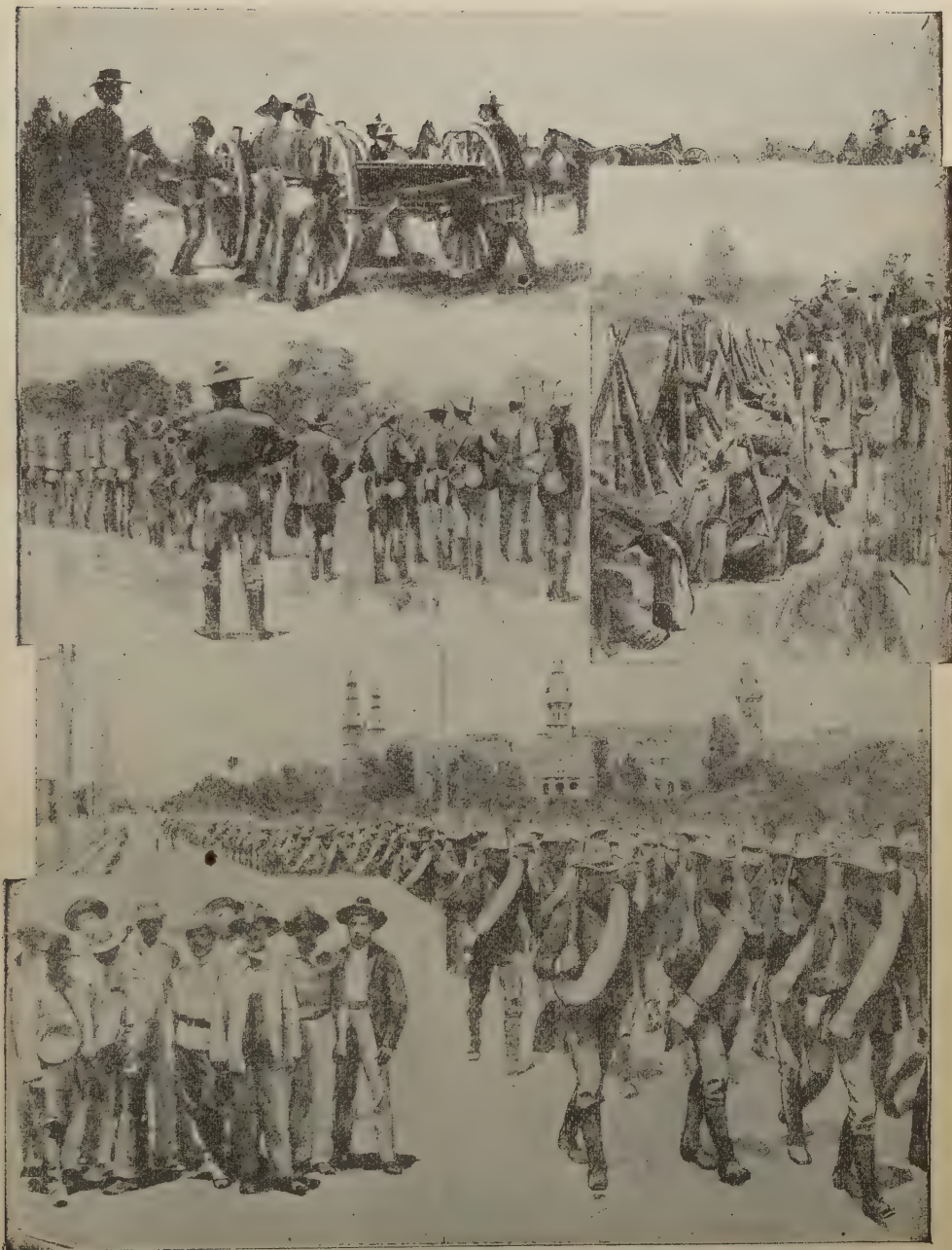
AMERICAN TROOPS LANDING AT BAIQUIRI.



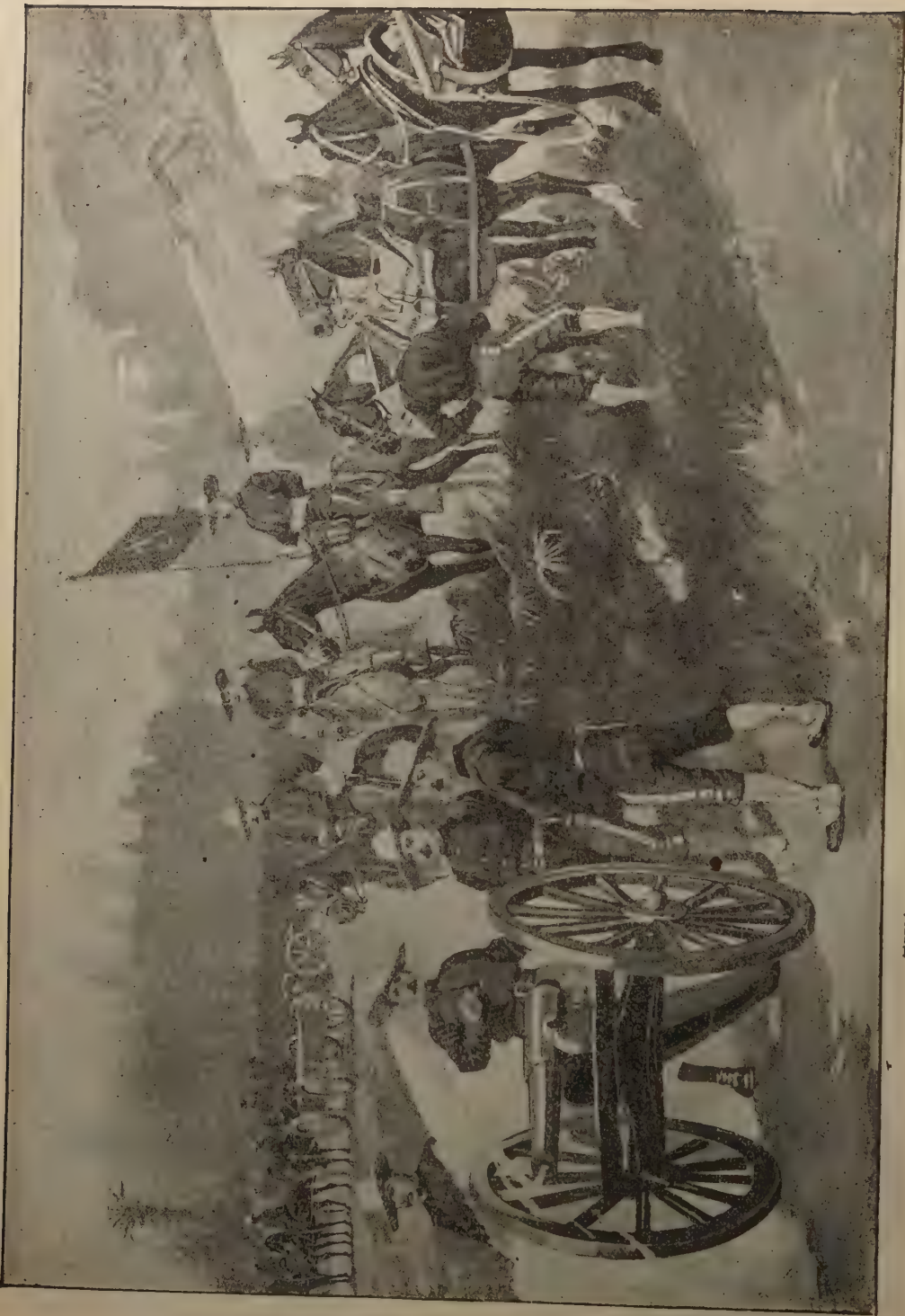
SEVEN-INCH SIEGE GUN IN ACTION BEFORE SANTIAGO.



BURROWES' DYNAMITE GUN AT THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO.



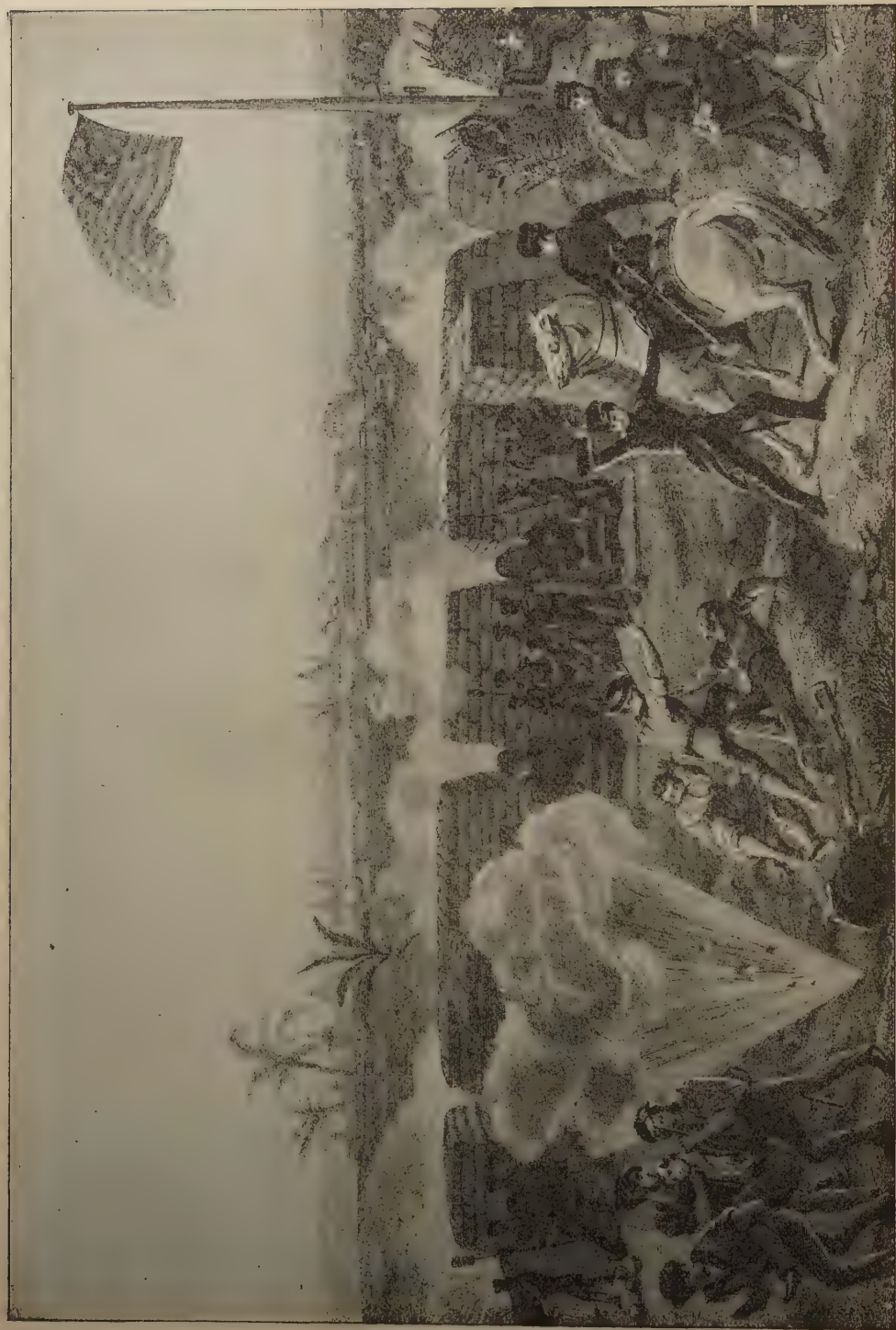
SCENES IN AND AROUND TAMPA BEFORE THE START FOR CUBA.



THE ASTOR BATTERY AT PRACTICE NEAR MANILA.



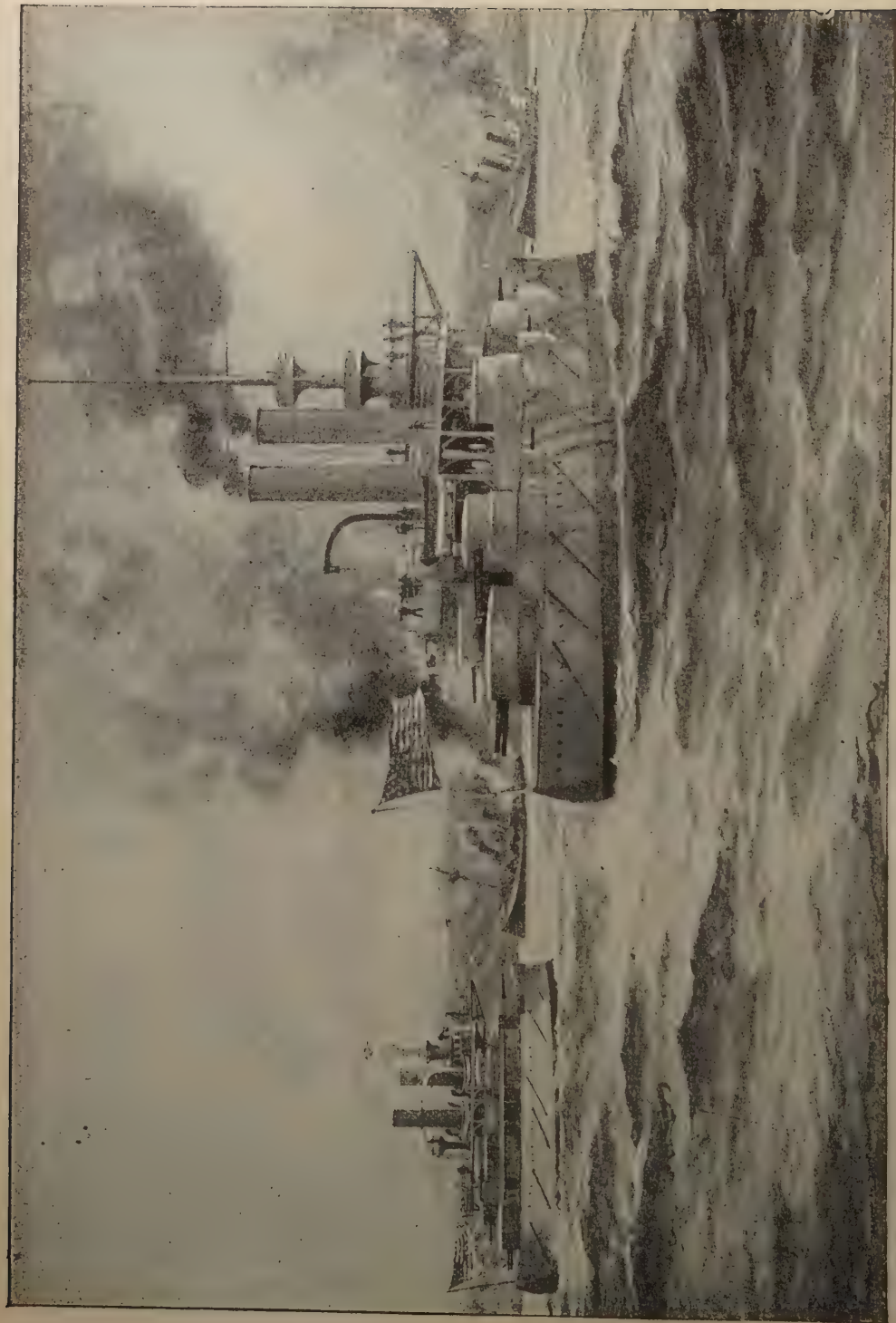
LANDING OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA, MAY 11, 1898.



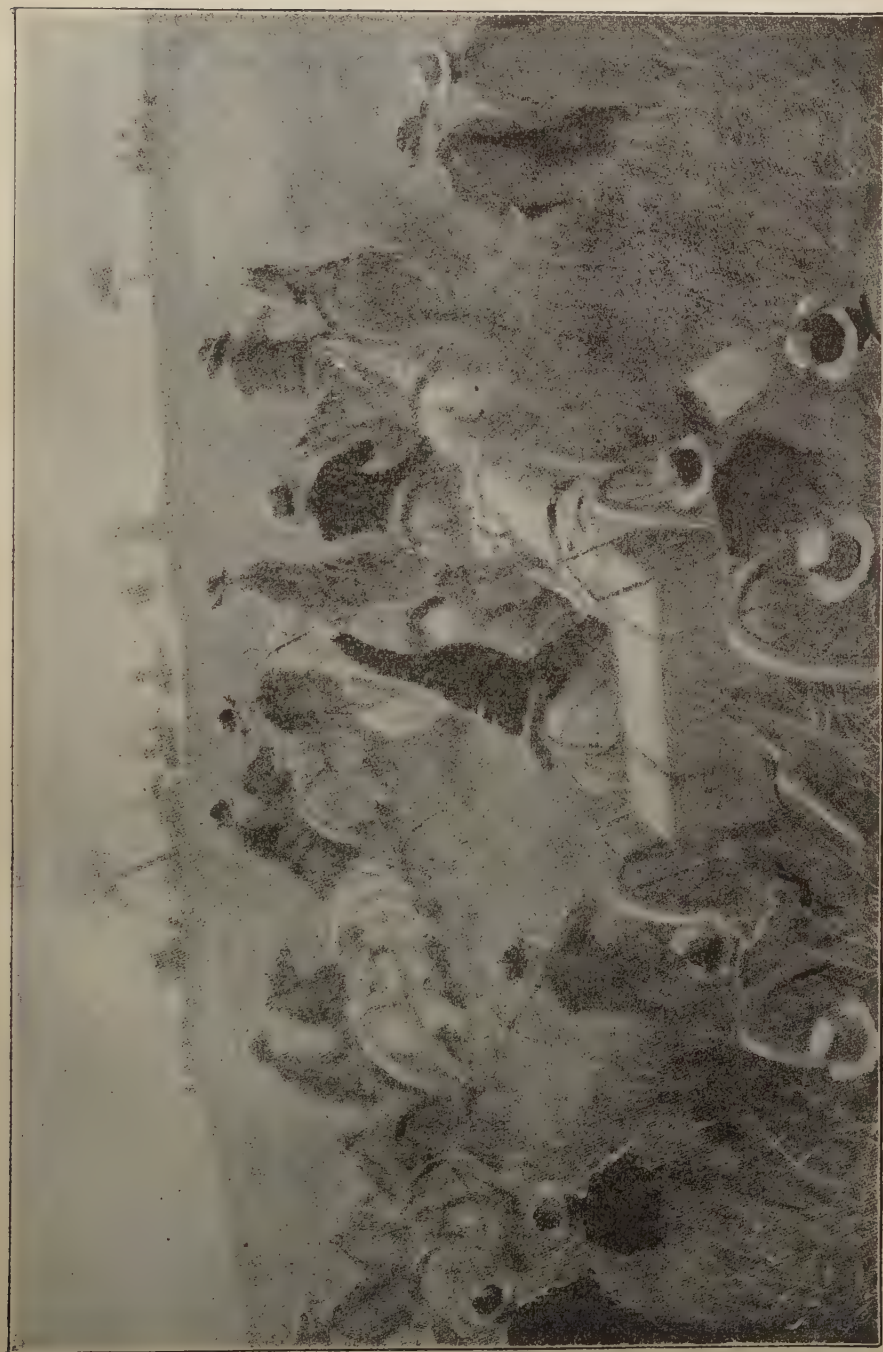
BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ BY THE AMERICAN FORCES UNDER GENERAL SCOTT, MARCH 23-29, 1847



A BLOCK HOUSE NEAR MANILA CAPTURED BY THE ASTOR BATTERY, AUGUST 13, 1898.



DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S SHIPS BY THE AMERICAN FLEET, JULY 3, 1898.



CAPRON'S BATTERY TAKING POSITION ON THE HILL ABOVE EL CANEY.



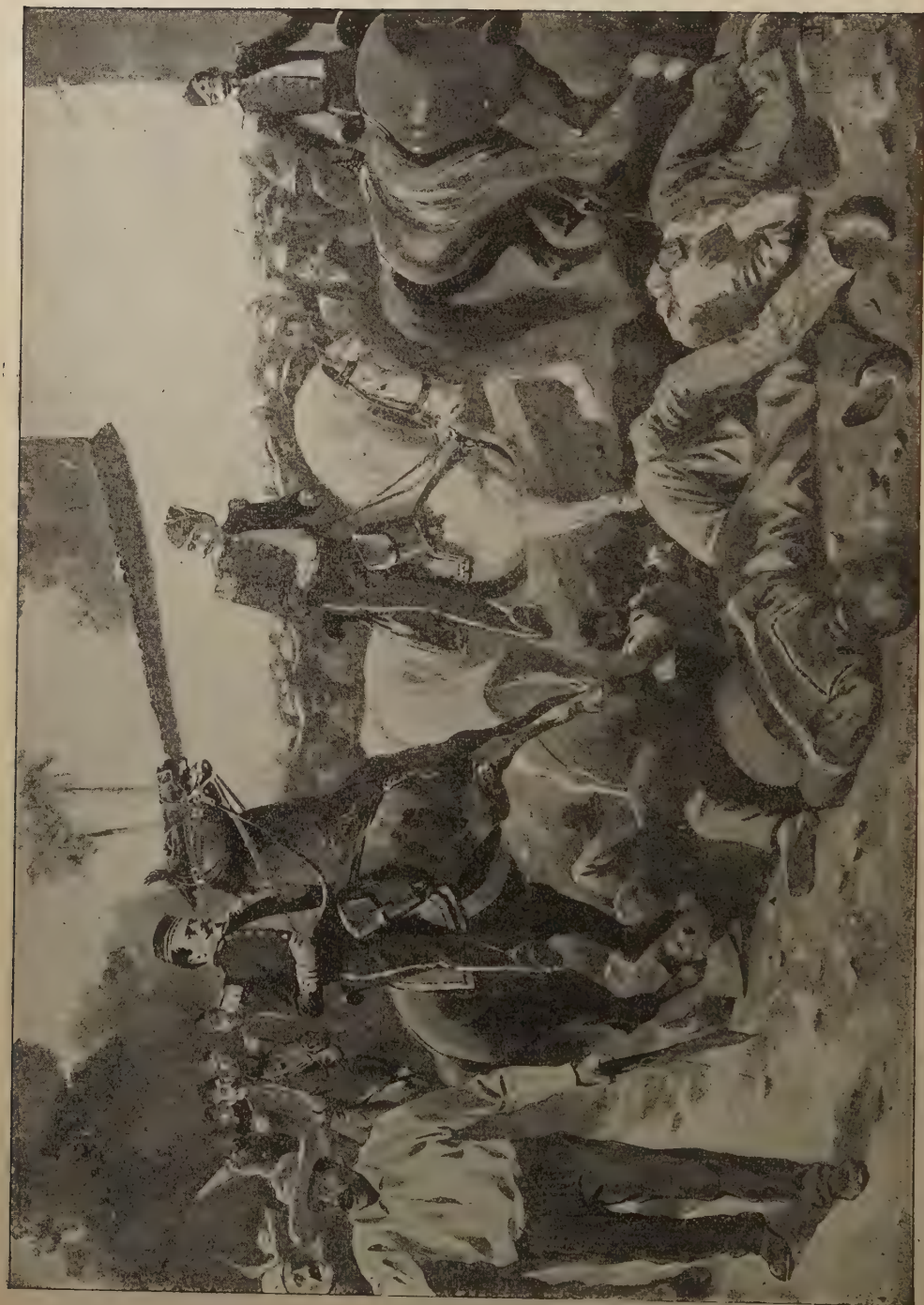
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From the original drawing by W. M. Cary.

AN INSURGENT MESSENGER CONVEYING NEWS OF AMERICAN INTERCESSION TO THE CUBAN CAMP.



FLIGHT OF THE RED SKINS AT THE BATTLE OF BEAR PAW MOUNTAIN, SEPTEMBER, 1876.



SPANISH OFFICERS RIDING OVER THE BODIES OF THE EXECUTED CREW OF THE VIRGINIUS, NOV. 13, 1873.

After crossing the stream the cavalry moved to the right, with a view of connecting with Lawton's left when he could come up, and with their left resting near the Santiago road.

In the meantime Kent's Division, with the exception of two regiments of Hawkins' Brigade, being thus uncovered, moved rapidly to the front from the forks in the road previously mentioned, utilizing both trails, but more especially the one to the left, and crossing the creek, formed for attack in the front of San Juan hill.

**The Second
Brigade Suffered.**

During this formation, the Second Brigade suffered severely. While personally superintending this movement, its gallant commander, Commodore Wikoff, was killed. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Thirteenth Infantry, who was soon severely wounded, and next upon Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth Infantry, who five minutes later also fell under the terrible fire of the enemy, and the command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, Ninth Infantry.

While the formation just described was taking place, General Kent took measures to hurry forward his rear brigade. The Tenth and Second Infantry were ordered to follow Wikoff's Brigade, while the Twenty-first was sent on the right hand road to support the First Brigade, under General Hawkins, who crossed the stream and formed on the right of the division. The Second and Tenth Infantry, Colonel E. P. Pearson commanding, moved forward in good order on the left of the division, passed over a green knoll, and drove the enemy back toward his trenches.

After completing their formation under a destructive fire, and advancing a short distance, both divisions found in their front a wide bottom, in which had been placed a barbed wire entanglement, and beyond which there was a high hill, along the crest of which the enemy was strongly posted. Nothing daunted, these

**Barbed Wire
Barricades.**

gallant men pushed on to drive the enemy from his chosen position, both divisions losing heavily. In this assault, Colonel Hamilton, Lieutenants Smith and Ship were killed, and Colonel Carroll, Lieutenants Thayer and Myer, all in the cavalry, were wounded.

In this fierce encounter words fail to do justice to the gallant regimental commanders and their heroic men, for while the generals indicated the formations and the points of attack, it was, after all, the intrepid bravery of the subordinate officers and men that planted our colors on the crest of San Juan hill and drove the enemy from his trenches and blockhouses, thus gaining a position which sealed the fate of Santiago.

In this action on the part of the field, most efficient service was

rendered by Lieutenant John H. Parker, Thirteenth Infantry, and the Gatling gun detachment under his command. The fighting continued at intervals until nightfall, but our men held resolutely to the positions gained at the cost of so much blood and toil.

I am greatly indebted to General Wheeler, who, as previously stated, returned from the sick list to duty during the period. His cheerfulness and aggressiveness were efficiently felt on this occasion, and the assistance he furnished at various stages of the battle proved to be the most useful.

My own health was impaired by over-exertion in the sun and intense heat of the day before, which prevented me from participating as actively in the battle as I desired, but from a hill near my headquarters I had a general view of the battlefield, extending from El Caney on the right to the left of our lines on San Juan hill.

**His Health
Impaired.**

General Duffield, with the Thirty-third Michigan, attacked Aguadores, as ordered, but was unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity.

On the night of July 1, I ordered General Duffield, at Siboney, to send forward the Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, both of which had just arrived from the United States. These regiments reached the front the next morning.

All day on the second the battle raged with more or less fury, but such of our troops as were in a position at daylight held their ground, and Lawton gained a strong and commanding position on the right.

About 10 p. m. the enemy made a vigorous assault to break through our lines, but he was repulsed at all points.

**The Battle
Renewed.**

On the morning of the third the battle was renewed, but the enemy seemed to have expended his energy in the assault of the previous night, and the firing along the lines was desultory, until stopped by my sending the following letter within the Spanish lines.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP NEAR SAN JUAN RIVER, CUBA, July 6.

The General-in-Chief commanding the Spanish forces, Santiago de Cuba:

SIR:—In view of the events of the third instant I have the honor to lay before your Excellency certain propositions, to which I trust your Excellency will give the consideration which in my opinion they deserve.

2. I inclose a bulletin of the engagement of Sunday morning, which resulted in the complete destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the loss of 600 of his officers and men, and the capture of the remainder. The Admiral, General Parades and all others who escaped alive are now prisoners on board the "Harvard" and "St. Louis," and the latter ship, in which are the Admiral, General Parades and the surviving captains (all except the captain of the "Almirante Oquendo," who was killed), has already sailed for the United States.

If desired by you, this may be confirmed by your Excellency sending an officer under a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson and he can arrange a visit to the "Harvard," which will not sail until to-morrow, and obtain the details from Spanish officers and men aboard that ship.

3. Our fleet is now perfectly free to act, and I have the honor to state that unless a surrender be arranged by noon of the ninth instant, a bombardment of the city will be begun and continued with the heavy guns of our ships. The city is within easy range of these guns, the 8-inch being capable of firing 9,500 yards, the 13-inch of course much further. The ships can so lie that with a range of 8,000 yards they can reach the centre of the city.

4. I make this suggestion of a surrender purely in a humanitarian spirit. I do not wish to cause the slaughter of any more men either of your Excellency's forces or our own; the final result under circumstances so disadvantageous to your Excellency being a foregone conclusion.

5. As your Excellency may wish to make reference of so momentous a question to your Excellency's home government, it is for this purpose that I have placed the time of the resumption of hostilities sufficiently far in the future to allow a reply being received.

6. I beg an early answer from your Excellency.

I have the honor to be,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

W. R. SHAFTER,

Major-General.

I was of the opinion that the Spaniards would surrender if given a little time, and I thought this result would be hastened if the men of their army could be made to understand they would be well treated as prisoners of war. Acting upon this presumption I determined to offer to return all the wounded Spanish officers at El Caney who were able to bear transportation and who were willing to give their paroles not to serve against the forces of the United States until regularly exchanged. This offer was made and accepted. These officers, as well as several of the wounded Spanish privates, twenty-seven in all, were sent to their lines under the escort of some of our mounted cavalry. Our troops were received with honors, and I have every reason to believe the return of the Spanish prisoners produced a good impression on their comrades.

The cessation of firing about noon on the third practically terminated the battle of Santiago; all that occurred after this time may properly be treated under the head of the siege that followed. After deducting the detachments retained at Siboney and Baiquiri to render those depots secure from attack, organizations held to protect our flanks, others acting as escorts and guards to light batteries, the members of the hospital corps, guards left in charge of blanket rolls, which the intense heat caused the men to cast aside before entering battle, orderlies, etc., it is doubtful if we had more than twelve thousand men on the firing line on July 1, when the battle was fiercest and when the important and strong positions of El Caney and San Juan were captured.

**A Lull in
the Fighting.**

A few Cubans assisted in the attack at El Caney and fought valiantly, but their numbers were too small to materially change the strength, as

indicated above. The enemy confronted us with numbers about equal to our own; they fought obstinately in strong and intrenched positions, and the results obtained clearly indicate the intrepid gallantry of the company, officers and men, and the benefits derived from the careful training and instruction given in the company in recent years in rifle practice and other battle exercises. Our losses in these battles were twenty-two officers and 208 men killed, and eighty-one officers and 1,203 men wounded; missing, seventy-nine. The missing, with few exceptions, reported later.

The arrival of General Escario at Santiago was not anticipated. General Garcia, with between four and five thousand Cubans, was entrusted with the duty of watching for and intercepting the reinforcements expected. This, however, he failed to do, and Escario passed into the city along on my extreme right, near the bay.

After the destruction of Cervera's fleet I again called on the Spanish commander to surrender. On the same date I informed Admiral Sampson that if he would force his way into the harbor the city would surrender without any further sacrifice of life. Commodore Watson replied that Admiral Sampson was temporarily absent, but that in his (Watson's) opinion the navy should not enter the harbor.

The strength of the enemy's position was such I did not wish to assault, if it could be avoided. An examination of the enemy's works, made after the surrender, fully justified the wisdom of the course adopted. The intrenchments could only have been carried with very great loss of life.

**Suffering in
the Trenches.**

On the eleventh the surrender was again demanded. By this date the sickness in the army was increasing very rapidly, as a result of exposure in the trenches to the intense heat of the sun and the heavy rains. Moreover, the dews in Cuba are almost equal to rains. The weakness of the troops was becoming so apparent I was anxious to bring the siege to an end, but, in common with most of the officers of the army, I did not think an assault would be justifiable, especially as the enemy seemed to be acting in good faith in their preliminary propositions to surrender.

**Arrival of
General Miles.**

July 12, I informed the Spanish Commander that Major-General Miles, commander-in-chief of the American Army, had just arrived in my camp, and requested him to grant us a personal interview on the following day. He replied he would be pleased to meet us. The interview took place on the thirteenth, and I informed him his surrender only could be considered, and that as he was without hope of escape he had no right to continue the fight. This hopeless condition was frankly admitted by General Toral, who after communicating

to General Blanco his situation, surrendered his army, together with all the Spanish soldiers in the province of Santiago.

Before closing I wish to dwell upon the natural obstacles I had to encounter, and which no foresight could have overcome or obviate. The rocky and precipitous coast afforded no sheltered landing places, the roads were mere bridle paths, the effect of the tropical sun and rains upon unacclimated troops was deadly, and the dread of strange and unknown diseases had its effect on the army.

At Baiquiri the landing of the troops and stores was made at a small wooden wharf, which the Spaniards tried to burn, but unsuccessfully, and the animals were pushed into the water and guided to a sandy beach about two hundred yards in extent. At Siboney the landing was made on the beach, and a small wharf erected by the engineers.

In spite of the fact that I had nearly one thousand men continuously at work on the roads, they were at times impassable for wagons. The San Juan and Aguadores rivers would often suddenly rise so as to prevent the passage of wagons, and then the eight pack trains with the command had to be depended upon for the victualing of my army, as well as the 20,000 refugees who could not, in the interests of humanity, be left to starve while we had rations. Often for days nothing could be moved except on pack trains.

On the
Horrible Roads !

In reference to the sick and wounded, I have to say that they received every attention that it was possible to give them. The medical officers, without exception, worked night and day to alleviate the suffering, which was no greater than invariably accompanies a campaign. It would have been better if we had had more ambulances, but as many were taken as was thought were necessary, judging from previous campaigns.

The Sick
and Wounded.



GENERAL SHAFTER'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

WHEN the perils were past, the victory won, and the graves were closed above the heroes who fell on bloody fields about Santiago, Major-General Shafter issued, under date of July 19, 1898, the following address to his victorious army:

"The successful accomplishment of the campaign against Santiago, resulting in its downfall and the surrender of the Spanish forces and the capture of large amounts of military stores, together with the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet in the harbor, which, upon the investment of the city, was forced to leave, is one of which this army can well be proud. This has been accomplished through the heroic deeds of the army, and to its officers and men the major-general commanding offers his sincere thanks, for their endurance of hardships heretofore unknown in the American army.

"The work you have accomplished may well appeal to the pride of your countrymen, and has been rivaled upon but few occasions in the world's history. Landing upon an unknown coast, you faced dangers in disembarking and overcame obstacles that, even in looking back, seem insurmountable.

"Seizing, with the assistance of the navy, the towns of Baiquiri and Siboney, you pushed boldly forth, gallantly driving back the enemy's outpost in the engagement of Las Quasima, and completed the concentration of the enemy near Sevilla, within sight of the Spanish stronghold at Santiago de Cuba. The outlook from Sevilla was one that might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Behind you ran a narrow road, made well nigh impassable by rains, while to the front you looked out upon high foothills covered with a dense tropical growth, which could only be traversed by bridle paths, terminating within range of the enemy's guns.

"Nothing deterred, you responded eagerly to the order to close upon the foe, and, attacking at Caney and San Juan, drove him from work to work until he took refuge within his last and strongest entrenchments, immediately surrounding the city.

"Despite the fierce glare of a Southern sun and rains that fell in torrents, you valiantly withstood his attempts to drive you from the position your valor had won. Holding in your vise-like grip the army opposed to you, after seventeen days of battle and siege, you were rewarded by the surrender of nearly 24,000 prisoners, 12,000 being those in your immediate

front, the others scattered in the various towns of Eastern Cuba, freeing completely the eastern part of the island from Spanish troops.

"This was not done without great sacrifices. The death of 230 gallant soldiers and the wounding of 1,284 others shows but too plainly the fierce contest in which you were engaged. The few reported missing are undoubtedly among the dead, as no prisoners were lost.

"For those who have fallen in battle with you, the commanding general sorrows, and, with you, will ever cherish their memory. Their devotion to duty sets a high example of courage and patriotism to our fellow-countrymen. All who have participated in the campaign, battle and siege of Santiago de Cuba will recall with pride the grand deeds accomplished, and will hold one another dear for having shared in the suffering, hardships and triumphs together. All may well feel proud to inscribe on their banners the name of Santiago de Cuba.

"By command of Major-General Shafter.

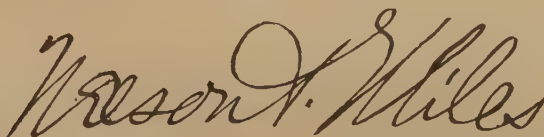
"E. J. McCLERNAND,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

How our army was mobilized, and the military operations in Cuba and Porto Rico conducted.

By



AS the general commanding, on November 10, 1898, General Miles made his report to the War Department, of the campaigns in Cuba and Porto Rico. Prefatory to his descriptions of the active engagements of our forces on foreign soil, he represented the condition of our army at the outbreak of the war with Spain, and recapitulated the measures taken by Congress to prepare the country for offensive operations. Continuing his report, General Miles wrote :

At the beginning of the war the problem was largely a naval one, and military operations had to be delayed, pending the success or failure of the naval forces. There were two obstacles to be avoided—one was placing an

army on the Island of Cuba before our navy controlled the Cuban waters, and the other was putting an army on the island at a time when a large number of the men must die from the diseases that have prevailed in that country, according to all statistics, for the last one hundred years.

As soon as hostilities were commenced, expeditions were organized to aid the Cubans, and the attempts of Lieutenant Rowan and Lieutenant Whitney to ascertain existing conditions in Cuba and

Organizing the Porto Rico proved very successful.

Expeditions.

Definite information having been received that Cervera's fleet had been enclosed in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba by the navy, orders were given to General Shafter, May 30, 1898, to place his troops on transports and go to the assistance of the navy in capturing that fleet and harbor. I desired to go with this expedition, and on June 5 sent a telegram to the Secretary of War, requesting that I be allowed to do so. The next day I received a message, asking the earliest moment I could have an expedition ready to go to Porto Rico large enough to take and hold the island without the force under General Shafter, to which I answered by a promise to have everything in readiness within ten days.

It was found that many of the steamers were not suitable for transport service, they having been built entirely for freight steamers and not equipped for properly conveying troops and munitions of war. Notwithstanding which difficulties, the expedition sailed on June 14.

On June 24 I submitted a plan of campaign, and two days later received an order to organize an expedition for operation against the enemy in Cuba and Porto Rico. This order directed that "the command under Major-General Shafter, or such part thereof as can be spared from the work now in hand, will join the foregoing expedition (General Brooke's), and you will command the forces thus united in person."

Campaign Plan

Submitted.

I was also directed to confer with the senior officer of the navy in those waters, with a view to harmonious action, and arrangements were also completed with General Garcia for the co-operation of the Cuban with the American troops.

The expedition against Santiago, commanded by Major-General Shafter, landed at Baiquiri and Siboney June 22, 23 and 24. The subsequent movements of the expedition against the garrison of Santiago were described in full, including the reports from General Shafter, telling of the taking of El Caney, reporting the fact that he had been ill for four days and that he was urging Admiral Sampson to try to enter the bay. To this I sent a dispatch,

Shafter's Report

From Santiago.

advising that I would be with him (General Shafter) in a week, with strong reinforcements.

General Shafter, on July 4, sent word that if Admiral Sampson could force an entrance with all his fleet to the upper bay of Santiago he (Shafter) could take the place in a few hours, and asking for 15,000 more men, if the army was to capture the place by assault. It was then decided that I should go to Santiago at once, and I accordingly did so, reaching that point on July 1. The fleet under Admiral Sampson was then bombarding the Spanish position.

At my request Admiral Sampson came over and a conference was held, the Admiral agreeing to my plans as to the co-operation of the navy in the landing of troops.

**Conference With
Sampson.**

When this arrangement had been concluded, I went on shore and opened communication with General Shafter. I asked him if he had sufficient troops on the east side of the harbor of Santiago to maintain his position, and he replied that he had. I then gave directions for General Garretson to disembark all the troops whenever he should receive orders.

On the following morning (July 9th) I rode from Siboney to the headquarters of General Shafter. After consulting with him, he sent a communication to General Toral, saying that the commanding general of the American army had arrived in his camp with reinforcements, and that we desired to meet him between the lines at any time agreeable to him. He replied that he would see us at 12 o'clock the following day. That evening I became apprised of the fact that negotiations regarding a surrender had been pending between the commanding general and the Spanish commander, but no definite conclusions had been reached.

At the appointed time, accompanied by Major General Shafter and several others, I met the Spanish general, Toral, with two of his staff officers and an interpreter. After some conversation between General Toral and General Shafter, I informed General Toral distinctly that I had left Washington six days before; that it was then the determination of the government that this portion of the Spanish forces must either be destroyed or captured; that I was there with sufficient reinforcements to accomplish that object, and that if this was not the case any number of troops would be brought there as fast as steamers could bring them if it took 50,000 men.

**An Ultimatum to
Toral.**

I told him that we offered him liberal terms, namely, to return his troops to Spain; and I also pointed out the fact that this was the only way in which his forces could return, they being on an island 3,000 miles away

from their own country with no means of succor. He said that under the Spanish law he was not permitted to surrender as long as he had ammunition and food, and that he must maintain the honor of the Spanish arms. My reply was that he had already accomplished that; that he must now surrender or take the consequences, and that I would give him until daylight the next morning to decide. He appealed for longer time, saying it was impossible for him to communicate with his superiors, and upon his request I granted him until 12 o'clock noon of the following day.

The situation I promptly communicated to Washington, and in reply a telegram was received leaving the matter entirely to my discretion—to accept surrender, order an assault, or withhold the same. This

Discretionary Orders to Miles. dispatch, however, ordered a consultation with Admiral Sampson, and urged a prompt settlement of the matter.

Orders were at once issued to General Henry to be ready to land the men on the transports, and to Admiral Sampson to cover the debarkation with the fleet. A letter was received at this time from General Toral, asking for another meeting, which I promptly granted.

On meeting General Toral, by appointment, at 12 o'clock that day, (July 11th) under a flag of truce, at the same place as before, he stated that he was prepared to surrender his command, and that such action was approved by Captain-General Blanco, who had authorized him to appoint commissioners to agree upon the clauses of capitulation, which he was prepared to do, but that before final action it was proper that the government at Madrid should know and approve what was done.

Toral Agreed to Surrender.

He said, however, that he was sure that the government would not fail to endorse his action. His manner was so sincere and the language of General Blanco so positive that I felt no hesitancy in accepting it in good faith, and stated that we would accept the surrender, under the condition that the Spanish troops should be repatriated by the United States. General Toral stated that he would surrender all the troops in the department of Santiago de Cuba, many of them from seventy to 100 miles distant, and against whom not a shot had been fired; yet the activity of the Cuban troops and their dispositions had been such as to render the Spanish positions exceedingly perilous. The surrender being regarded as an accomplished fact, I sent word to that effect to Washington and informed General Shafter that he could appoint the commissioners to complete arrangements for carrying out the terms of surrender.

There was some delay in the final capitulation, owing to the non-agreement at first between the two commissions as to the disposition of the small

arms, but it was finally settled by leaving it to the decision of our government upon the recommendation of our commissioners that they should be sent to Spain with the troops.

My chief desire, after being sure of the surrender of the garrison at Santiago, was to relieve our troops as speedily as possible by getting them away from the trenches and malarial grounds upon which they were encamped.

Regarding the question of command, the following despatches are given in the report :

SIBONEY, *July 17, 1898.*

General MILES, *on Board "Yale":*

Letters and orders in reference to movement of camp received and will be carried out. None is more anxious than myself to get away from here. It seems, from your orders given me, that you regard my force as a part of your command. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than serving under you, General, and I shall comply with all your requests and directions, but I was told by the Secretary that you were not to supersede me in command here. I will furnish the information called for as to condition of command to Gilmore, Adjutant-General, Army Headquarters.

SHAFTER, *Major-General.*

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
PLAYA DEL ESTE, *July 18, 1898.*

General SHAFTER :

Telegram received. Have no desire and have carefully avoided any appearance of superseding you. Your command is a part of the United States army, which I have the honor to command, having been duly assigned thereto, and directed by the President to go wherever I thought my presence may be required, and give such general directions as I thought best concerning military matters, and especially directed to go to Santiago for a specific purpose. You will also notice that the order of the Secretary of War of July 13 left the matter to my discretion. I should regret that any event would cause either yourself or any part of your command to cease to be a part of mine.

Very truly yours,

NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, Commanding United States Army.

General Miles started on July 21 for Porto Rico, having obtained the necessary authority from Washington, and described the movements at that place, including the change in plans which took the army directly to Guanica instead of making a demonstration at Fort Fajardo, as originally intended.

After the landing a short skirmish followed, in which the Spanish troops were driven off and the American flag raised. The movements around Ponce, as well as the engagements at Guayama, Harmigueros and Coamo, were given in detail, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania being credited with an admirably executed flank movement at the last named place. The General says :

"During the nineteen days of active campaign on the island of Porto Rico a large portion of the island was captured by the United States forces and brought under our control. The Spaniards had been defeated or captured in the six different engagements which took place, and in every position they had occupied up to that time."

General Miles closes the report with praise for the manner in which the army behaved and with a recommendation to Congress for an increase in the army.

HOW WE CAPTURED THE BLOCKHOUSE ON SAN JUAN HILL.

By

Theodore Roosevelt

(Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General.)

TO enter at once upon a description of the most important events about Santiago in which my regiment participated between the first and seventeenth of July, 1898, I will state that on the morning of the first my regiment was formed at the head of the Second Brigade by what is known as the El Paso sugar mill. When Capron's batteries opened, the Spaniards replied to us sharply with shrapnel, which killed and wounded several of the men of my regiment. We then marched towards the right, and crossed the ford before the balloon came down there and attracted the fire of the enemy, so at that point we lost no one. My orders had been to march forward until I should join General Lawton's right wing, but after going about three-quarters of a mile, I was halted and told to remain in reserve near the creek by a deep lane.

The bullets dropped thick among us for the next hour while we lay there, and many of my men were killed or wounded. Among the former was Captain O'Neill, whose loss was a very heavy blow to the regiment, for he was a singularly gallant and efficient officer. Acting Lieutenant Haskell was also shot at this time. He showed the utmost courage and had been of great use during the fighting and marching.

My men were very impatient while in an exposed position and unable to engage the enemy, and when at last orders were received to move forward in support of the regular cavalry, there was a cheer of relief and defiance

that manifested the sincere relief and satisfaction that was felt. In executing the orders given I advanced the regiment in column of companies, each company being deployed as skirmishers, as the exact location of the enemy was not yet known, except that we knew they were in force in the intrenchments ahead. Accordingly we moved through several skirmish lines of the regiment ahead of us, as it seemed to me our only chance was in rushing the intrenchments in front instead of firing at them from a distance.

Accordingly we charged the blockhouse and intrenchments on the hill to our right against a heavy fire. It was taken in good style, the men of my regiment thus being the first to capture any fortified position and to break through the Spanish lines. The guidons of G and E troop were first at this point, but some of the men of A and B troops, who were with me personally, got in ahead of them. At the last wire fence up this hill I was obliged to abandon my horse, and after that we went on foot.

**Charging the
Blockhouse.**

After capturing this hill we first of all directed a heavy fire upon the San Juan hill to our left, which was at the time being assailed by the regular infantry and cavalry, supported by Captain Parker's Gatling guns. By the time San Juan was taken, a large force had assembled on the hill we had previously captured, consisting not only of my own regiment, but of the Ninth and portions of other cavalry regiments.

We then charged forward under a very heavy fire across the valley against the Spanish intrenchments on the hill in the rear of San Juan hill, which we also took, capturing several prisoners. We then formed in whatever order we could and moved forward, driving the Spanish before us to the crest of the hills in front, which were immediately opposite the city of Santiago itself. Here I received orders to halt and hold the line on the hill's crest. I had at the time fragments of the Sixth Cavalry Regiment and an occasional infantryman under me—three or four hundred men all told. As I was the highest officer there I took command of all of them, and so continued till next morning.

The Spaniards attempted a counter attack that afternoon, but were easily driven back, and then, until after dark, we remained under a heavy fire from their rifles and great guns, lying flat on our faces on a gentle slope just behind the crest.

Captain Parker's Gatling battery was run up to the right of my regiment and did most excellent and gallant service. In order to charge, the men had of course been obliged to throw away their packs, and we had nothing to sleep in and nothing to eat. We were lucky enough, however, to find in the last block-

**Throwing Away
Packs to Permit
Free Action.**

house captured the Spanish dinners, still cooking, which we ate with relish. They consisted chiefly of rice and peas, with a big pot containing a stew of fresh meat, probably for the officers. We also distributed the captured Spanish blankets as far as they would go among our men, and gathered a good deal of Mauser ammunition for use in the Colt rapid-fire guns, which were being brought up. That night we dug intrenchments across the front.

At three o'clock in the morning the Spaniards made another attack upon us, which was easily repelled, and at four they opened the day with a heavy rifle and shrapnel fire. All day long we remained under this, replying whenever we got the chance. In the evening, at about eight o'clock, the Spaniards fired three guns and then began a very heavy rifle attack, their skirmishers coming well forward.

I got all my men down into the trenches, as did the other command near me, and we opened a heavy return fire. The Spanish advance was at once stopped, and after an hour their fire died away. This night we completed most of our trenches and began to build bomb-proofs. The protection afforded our men was good, and the next morning I had but one man wounded from the rifle and shell fire until twelve o'clock, when the truce came.

There were numerous Red Cross flags flying in various parts of the city, two of them so arranged that they directly covered batteries in our front and for some time were the cause of our not firing at them. The Spanish guerrillas were very active, especially in our rear, where they seemed by preference to attack the wounded men who were being carried on litters, the doctors and medical attendants with Red Cross flags on their arms, and the burial parties.

I organized a detail of sharpshooters and sent them out after the guerrillas, of whom they killed thirteen. Two of the men thus killed were shot several hours after the truce had been in operation, because, in spite of this fact, they kept firing upon our men as they went to draw water. They were stationed in the trees, as the guerrillas were generally, and, owing to the density of the foliage and to the use of smokeless powder, it was an exceedingly difficult matter to locate them.

**Shooting Our Men
After the Truce.**

For the next seven days, until the tenth, we lay in our line while the truce continued. We had continually to work at additional bomb-proofs and at the trenches, and as we had no proper supply of food and utterly inadequate medical facilities, the men suffered a good deal. The officers-chipped together, purchased beans, tomatoes and sugar for the men, so that they

might have some relief from the bacon and hard-tack. With a great deal of difficulty we got them coffee.

As for the sick and wounded, they suffered so in the hospitals when sent to the rear, for lack of food and attention, that we found it best to keep them at the front and give them such care as our own doctors could, but thirteen of our wounded men continued to fight through the battle, notwithstanding their injuries. In spite of their wounds also those sent to the rear, many of whom were both sick and wounded, came up to rejoin us as soon as their condition allowed them to walk.

On the tenth the truce was at an end and the bombardment reopened. As far as our lines were concerned, it was on the Spanish part very feeble. We suffered no losses, and speedily got the fire from their trenches in our front completely under control. On the eleventh we moved three-quarters of a mile to the right, the truce again being on. Nothing happened there, except we continued to watch and do our best to get the men, especially the sick, properly fed. Having no transportation, and being able to secure very little through the regular channels, we used anything we could find—captured Spanish cavalry horses, abandoned mules, some of which had been injured, but which our men took and cured; diminutive, skinny ponies purchased from the Cubans, etc. By these means and by the exertions of the officers we were able from time to time to get supplies of beans, sugar, tomatoes and even oatmeal, while from the Red Cross people we got an invaluable load of rice, cornmeal, etc. All of this was of the utmost consequence, not only for the sick, but for those nominally well, as the lack of proper food was telling terribly on the men. It was utterly impossible to get them clothes and shoes. Those they had were in many cases literally dropping to pieces.

On the seventeenth the city surrendered. On the eighteenth we shifted our location to the best camp we had had, but the march thither under the noonday sun told very heavily on our men, weakened by underfeeding and overwork, and the next morning 123 cases were reported to the doctor, and but half of the 600 men with which I landed four weeks before, were fit for duty, and these not fit to do anything like the work they could do then.

As we had but one wagon, the change necessitated leaving much of my stuff behind, with a night of discomfort, with scanty shelter and scanty food for the most of the officers and many of the men. Only the possession of the improvised pack train alluded to above, saved us from being worse.

HOW CERVERA'S SQUADRON WAS ANNIHILATED.

Story of the Bloody Sea Fight Before Santiago that Destroyed the
Pride of the Spanish Navy.

By

H. O. Whitney
Rear Admiral

(Commander of the Squadron in the Fight.)

IT is curious how little things often determine mighty results. After a patient and weary watch for many days under a tropic sun, surrounded by the most exhausting influences of climate, imperfectly fed, vigilant day and night, when the enemy moved it is a high tribute to my profession that it was simultaneously discovered by every ship that had been set to watch his pent up squadron.

Curiously enough, after the army had invested Santiago and the battle of July 1 had taken place, I was personally impressed with the idea that a critical stage in the proceedings had been reached, and on Saturday night, which preceded the Sunday of July 3, now so famous in our history, I felt sure that the enemy contemplated an immediate movement of some kind. This impression proved to be correct, and the only thing that prevented the movement was that the Spaniards, who had occupied the hill westward of Santiago, in order to lose no time in retiring upon the main column, had abandoned their blockhouses, six in number, which were immediately seized by American troops and burned. At that very moment, at 9.30 o'clock at night, the Spanish squadron was ready to get under way; but perceiving these blockhouses burning, they concluded that it was a signal to us, as there were six vessels in their squadron, and decided that they would defer their movement until morning. That was the critical moment in Admiral Cervera's life. It was a fatal decision. If he had attempted to come out at night he might have saved one vessel, but, making his exit in the daytime, that was utterly out of the question.

**A Fatal
Mistake.**

In one minute and thirty seconds after Cervera's four cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers appeared we opened fire upon them. It was the

most beautiful sight I ever saw. These six vessels appeared at the harbor mouth and came out in column. That means in line ahead and at correct distance. When they emerged I was standing on the bridge of the "Brooklyn," and the first impression I received was that it was a Spanish bull fight, for they came out tail up and head down. Their appearance was the signal for an instant movement on our part.

The admiral had been called to the eastward to have a consultation with General Shafter. Before leaving, the signal was made to disregard the orders of the commander-in-chief, which was a practical announcement to the squadron that the senior officer was in charge, and that, fortunately or unfortunately, happened to be myself. The moment the enemy appeared the signal was hoisted for close action. It was followed by an immediate forward movement by the squadron.

It was difficult to determine which of the three methods would be chosen by the Spanish Admiral. If he intended to make a fight, it was supposed that he would avail himself of the protection of the batteries east and west of the harbor. If he attempted to escape, it was supposed that he would take either the eastern or the western course. It was an anxious moment, and required quick decision and quicker action.

Fortunately he chose to run, and changed his course to the westward. All our vessels had closed in and terrific cannonading had begun. Everything that had a gun seemed to be firing. The "Brooklyn" was unquestionably the point of attack, because she was the fleetest ship. In the few moments that I had to think of the movements going on around me, I was reminded that the storm of projectiles about us resembled a millpond during a hailstorm. But on such occasions one has little time to think of himself. I was not personally aware that a shot had come within a hundred miles of us until a man was killed close to me, and a searchlight was knocked out near by.

The question to be decided was whether we were to mask his fleet during a precious ten or fifteen minutes, or to turn out and unmask it, and the decision was made to turn out. The result was that in twenty-nine minutes four of the Spanish ships had been annihilated. The "Vizcaya" and the "Colon" were left. These two put their helms to port and speeded to the westward, but the fleet "Brooklyn" was not to be left, and after a running fight of fifty-four minutes the "Vizcaya" was struck over one hundred times, was set on fire, lost 256 of her ship's company and was a total wreck. That was not, however, the exclusive work of the "Brooklyn," for she was assisted magnificently by the "Oregon" and the "Texas."

**A Cannon Ball
Carries Away
a Sailor's Head.**

In the meantime the "Colon" had speeded up considerably, and got very nearly out of range. I signaled to the "Texas" to look out for the "Vizcaya," and started for the "Colon," feeling as Lord Nelson did at Trafalgar, that if one vessel got away the victory would be incomplete. I said to Captain Cook that we might go to dinner; that we would have half to three-quarters of an hour before we would be within fighting range. We went to dinner, and were under fire for thirty minutes, but we didn't reply. We felt that we could reserve our supply for better use than target practice. After dinner, additional boilers having been lighted, speed having been increased, we were coming up with the "Colon" very rapidly. At one o'clock the "Oregon" and the "Brooklyn" had distanced all the vessels.

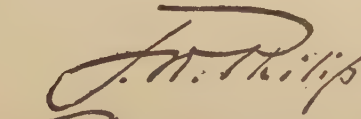
The "Oregon" was astern of the "Brooklyn" about four hundred yards, and if the fight had continued an hour longer we would have left her entirely, because we were on the point of turning on two more boilers, which would have given us a speed of nearly three knots more than hers. However, I signaled from the "Brooklyn" to the "Oregon" to let go one of her railroad trains. The projectile that followed this order landed just astern of the "Colon." The "Brooklyn" then fired an 8-inch gun, which struck about the same distance ahead of her. Clarke signaled to me where my shot had fallen, and I signaled back to him where his had gone. The second shot from the "Oregon" passed over and aft the "Colon," and the fourth shot, fired from the "Brooklyn," struck her on the quarter, exploded in her cabin, and wrecked it completely, when the enemy fired a gun to leeward and hauled down his colors and started for the beach.

We then closed in, and Captain Cook was directed to go on board and accept the surrender on unconditional terms. In the meantime the flagship "New York" came up. After reporting to the commander-in-chief what had fallen under my observation, a report came that the "Callao," a Spanish ship, was on the coast. The commander-in-chief said he wanted me to go east with the "Oregon" and complete the job. We started out, feeling that there was nothing which carried the Spanish flag that day that dared come within the battery range of the "Brooklyn."

The battle was unique. It was the first instance in history where a sea fight occurred between squadrons of nearly equal power in which one had completely annihilated the other in an almost bloodless contest for the victor. I felt, as I surveyed the scene upon the bridge of the "Brooklyn," that it was an epoch-making day.

THE GREATEST NAVAL FIGHT OF MODERN TIMES.

By



Commadore, U. S. Navy.

(Commander of the "Texas" During the Fight.)

AT 9.30 o'clock of Sunday morning, July 3, 1898, while the "Texas" was lying directly in front of Santiago harbor, Lieutenant M. L. Bristol saw smoke arising between Morro Castle and La Socapa. An instant later the nose of a ship poked out behind the Estrella battery. Clash went the electric gongs calling the ship's company to general quarters. Full speed ahead plunged the "Texas" toward the enemy, and up fluttered the vari-colored flags signaling "The enemy is trying to escape." The "Brooklyn," "Iowa" and "Oregon" responded immediately. All headed toward the harbor entrance, being then about two and a half miles away.

There was much suppressed excitement aboard all the vessels as they sped in the direction of the enemy. The first of the Spanish squadron to come into view was a cruiser of the "Vizcaya" class, the "Almirante Oquendo." Closely following her came the "Cristobal Colon," which was easily distinguishable by the military masts between her two smokestacks. Then came the two other cruisers, "Vizcaya" and "Infanta Maria Teresa."

**Cervera's Ship
Opens the Fight.**

Almost before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle the fight had begun. Admiral Cervera started it by a shell from the "Almirante Oquendo," to which he had transferred his flag. It struck none of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the "Texas" belched forth their thunder, which was followed immediately by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed. The "Brooklyn" directed her course parallel with that of the Spaniards, and, after getting in good range, began a running fight.

The "Texas," still heading in shore, kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under

the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the "Vizcaya" or "Infanta Maria Teresa," was caught by the "Texas" in good fighting range, and it was she that engaged the chief attention of

**The "Texas" in
the Thick of It.**

the first battleship commissioned in the American Navy—the old hoodoo, but now the old hero. The "Texas" pursued her adversary, which, however, being the swifter vessel, we were compelled to make the most of our opportunity while in range, which we did with excellent results, for our shells did great execution. My position was on the bridge until the concentrated fire of the "Oquendo" and "Vizcaya" upon the "Texas" compelled me to seek shelter near the conning tower. This was a providential move, for directly after a shell from the "Oquendo" burst by the bridge which would have killed every one who might have been near it. For nearly an hour missiles whistled about the "Texas," one of which struck the ash-hoist and exploded in the smoke-stack, injuring no one, however; another 12-inch Hontoria shell struck the port bow above the water line, making a hole large enough to admit a man's body, and others of smaller size hit various parts of the ship, doing considerable damage, but fortunately none of my men were injured.

The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to be yelled close to the messengers' heads, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the 12-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces. One of them, a seaman named Scram, was tumbled down a hatch into the forward handling room, his leg being broken by the fall.

Meanwhile the "Oregon" had come in on the run. She passed the "Texas" and chased after Commodore Schley, on the "Brooklyn," to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The "Iowa" also

**The "Oregon"
and "Iowa" to
the Front.**

turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

At 10.10 o'clock the third of the Spanish cruisers, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the "Texas," was seen to be on fire and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore, and the "Texas" turned her attention to the one following. The "Brooklyn" and "Oregon," after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously and made all steam after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, "Almirante Oquendo" and the "Cristobal Colon."

Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers, "Pluton" and "Furor," were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen, and

were boldly heading west down the coast. "All small guns on the torpedo boats" was the order on the "Texas," and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring about them. A 6-pounder from the starboard battery of the "Texas," under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo boat fairly in the boiler. A rending sound followed above the roar of battle. A great spout of black smoke shot up from that destroyer and she was out of commission. The "Iowa," which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo-boat destroyer and passed on. The little "Gloucester," formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht "Corsair," then sailed in and finished the second boat.

End of the
Destroyers.

Gun for gun, and shot for shot, the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American vessels. At 10.30 o'clock the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and "Vizcaya" were almost at the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the "Texas" was firing at them a white flag was run up on the one nearest her. Immediately I gave the order to cease firing and a moment later both the Spaniards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore. The "Iowa" waited to see that the two war ships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never do battle again. The "Iowa" herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

The "Brooklyn," "Oregon," and "Texas" pushed ahead after the "Colon" and "Almirante Oquendo," which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10.50 o'clock, when Admiral Cervera's flagship, the "Almirante Oquendo," suddenly headed in shore, she had the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" abeam and the "Texas" astern. The "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" pushed on after the "Cristobal Colon," which was making fine time and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the "Texas" to finish the "Almirante Oquendo." This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11.05 o'clock down came a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the "Texas" got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion, and noting her destruction the "Texas" left the "Almirante Oquendo" to her fate to join in the chase of the "Cristobal Colon."

That ship in desperation was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast "Brooklyn" trouble to keep the pace, and the "Oregon" was showing a speed truly extraordinary for a battleship, while the "Texas" was making a new record since her trial trip. The "Brooklyn" might have proved a match for the "Cristobal Colon" in speed, but she was not supposed

to be her match in strength. It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place, the "Brooklyn" heading the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the "Cristobal Colon" at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The "Oregon" kept the middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Spaniard ran close along the shore, and now and then threw a shell of defiance. The old "Texas" kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

**Greatest Chase of
Modern Times.**

The swift Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The "Brooklyn" gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the "Cristobal Colon" was cut off at the point above mentioned. The "Oregon" was abeam of the "Colon" then, and the gallant cruiser abandoned all effort to escape, and at 1.15 o'clock headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships at this time were within a mile of her, but her escape was cut off. The "Texas," "Oregon," and "Brooklyn" closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

**Down Came the
"Colon's" Flag.**

Commodore Schley left the "Brooklyn" in a small boat and went aboard the "Cristobal Colon" and received the surrender. Meantime the "New York," with Admiral Sampson on board, and the "Vixen," were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signaled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory, details will be communicated."

The surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration, though a little premature.

**A Moment for
Patriotic Cheers.**

Our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through the megaphones, and the "Oregon" got out its band, and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" echoed over the lines of the Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-tipped hills of the Cuban mountains. Commodore Schley, coming alongside the "Texas" from the "Cristobal Colon" in his gig, called out to me, cheerily, "It was a nice fight, Jack, wasn't it?" The "Resolute" arrived soon after, and the work of transferring the prisoners from the "Cristobal Colon" to her was then begun. Five hundred and thirty men were taken off; eight were missing.

It was hoped that the "Cristobal Colon" might be saved as a Fourth of July gift to our navy. She was beached bow on, on a sandy shore, and her stern was afloat, but she was not materially damaged by the shots that struck her. One 13-inch shell and one 8-inch had hit her, but it was found that the Spaniards had taken every measure to destroy her after they

themselves were safe. They had opened every sea-valve in the ship and had thrown the caps overboard. They had also opened all the ports and smashed the deadlights, and had even thrown the breech plugs of their guns overboard.

The "Colon" floated off at seven o'clock in the evening and drifted 500 yards down the beach to the westward, swinging bow out. The "New York" pushed her stern on to the beach, but the water was already up to her gun deck. At eleven o'clock she lurched and turned over on her starboard side, with her port guns pointing straight skyward.

The first ship inspected was the "Almirante Oquendo." She was run ashore in a small bay, and well up on the beach, where she is likely to stay until time and the action of the elements complete the destruction begun by the American guns. Her sides were scarred by many shots, and in her port bow there was a tremendous hole made by a 13-inch shell. On her port quarter, near the water line, there was a large rent. Her military masts were gone and her decks presented a scene of wreck and confusion.

**Twisted Wrecks
of the Fleet.**

As the vessel was approached a ghastly sight was presented. Dead Spaniards were seen floating all about in the water. They were stripped to the waist as they had stood to man their guns. The gunboat "Suwanee" steamed up, and Lieutenant Blue started ashore in her whaleboat to look after the prisoners, and especially the wounded, who were taken on board and their injuries carefully dressed by our surgeons.



A PRAYER.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.—Psalm xiv.

ALMIGHTY God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of Love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humble race,
Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed,—

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great
Could strike, yet spare the fallen State.

FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN SANTIAGO.

AS the newsgatherer preceded our army in Cuba, so the newspublisher was first to inaugurate American enterprise on the reclaimed island. Santiago is a large city, with many capabilities, which correspondents were quick to discern; therefore, almost immediately after its surrender, and before the plunder incident to military occupation was brought into orderly arrangement of assumed ownership, a paper was founded in the city. Out of a chivalrous deference to the suddenly mixed population of Santiago, the paper, very properly christened *The Times*, was printed half-and-half, but the spirit of every column was distinctly American of the far western type, as the following salutatory and extracts will show :

"A newspaper should have a mission. Its mission should be to educate and enlighten. When it fails to do this, it is a failure. In the heart of Africa there are no newspapers. We have not heard whether there are newspapers in Hayti or not. We started the *Times* of Cuba so that we might have an American paper, as well as the American flag, in our new possession. They were Spanish papers, some of them run by Cubans. Of these latter we have had the pleasure of reading various old copies. They tell us of the loyalty of the Cubans to Spain, and how they proposed to keep the Yankee out, fighting side by side under the red and yellow flag. The editors are still here, and now they are singing verses and telling us how they helped whip the Spaniard. And they are full of complaints because we do not fire him out.

"After seeing the pious form of a newspaper run up to the very day of our first bombardment, we had some misgivings about starting the *Times*. Some of the old editors offered to furnish us with their 'wardrobes.' In our ignorance, we did not know what connection a 'wardrobe' could have with a daily paper, but later we learned that it was the term applied to the standard newspaper items which had been kept in Spanish printing offices for the last century. They included death notices, marriage announcements, and even local items of news. When a man died, or was assassinated, or put in jail, the editor went to his 'wardrobe,' selected the appropriate item, changed the victim's name and then the matter was all ready for the press, without fear of being censored. Then this matter of being censored also frightened us.

Singular Significance of a Common Word.

"We have been in jail so many times that imprisonment has lost all its novelty for us. But we were informed that if we wanted to publish any real hot stuff we might hire a couple of old beggars to sit in our office, and when the police came around to arrest the writer of the obnoxious article all we had to do was to point out one of the beggars. We would still have one beggar left for another article and if we wanted to write more articles we could get more beggars. They were cheap. Then we were told that we might expect to have a duel or two on our hands. This idea rather pleased us. We never had been challenged but once, and that was way back in the palmy days of our youth in Spain. After having accepted the challenge, our opponent said he had only challenged us to test our nerve, as he was looking for a companion to help fight another fellow.

**A Duel
Was Threatened.**

"After being confronted with so many circumstances attending Cuban journalism, we finally went ahead and got out our first paper. For three days we struggled with a reporter and an advertising manager, who smoked cigarettes in the morning and slept siestas in the afternoon. The one proved absolutely helpless to bring out a paper which had not provided itself with a 'wardrobe,' and the other was so slow in making out receipts and collecting bills that many of our customers died before we could get their promised subscriptions. We were almost in despair, but we finally found a man who wanted to work, and since then we have become daily more interested in the *Times* and its mission as a newspaper. True, it has not been much of a paper, but we have had the satisfaction of saying about what we pleased, and we have not yet been arrested or shot at or otherwise maltreated, but on the contrary have received many expressions of attention and kindness, notwithstanding the fact that two or three narrow-minded people have ordered us to take their names off our subscription lists. Of course, there is no hope for these people, for when the *Times* has flourished and grown, and becomes a power in the island of Cuba, these simple, narrow-minded ones will still be antiquated, rubbing their eyes and longing for the good-old days when King Alfonso was a child and everyone could do as he pleased, except run an independent, modern newspaper."

All newspapers occasionally have cause to apologize for errors which have crept into print, but very likely the following is unique:

"It seems to be the object in life of some people to do as little work and get as much money as possible. This was the case yesterday when our printers run in upon us the article 'Are We Fools?' which had appeared in our issue of the day previous. Our printers are all natives, which not only accounts for the many typographical errors, especially in our English section,

but for the fact that we have to be constantly watching them. Some day a Yankee compositor will turn up in Santiago, and then we may hope to turn out a better paper."

The riotous conduct of some of the "immunes" called for a long article on August 18. In the course of the editorial the *Times* said:

"Now we are face to face with the fact that there is more disorder in the city of Santiago than ever before.

**A Spanish
Reporter's Way of
Gathering News.**

Men wearing the uniforms of United States soldiers enter cafes, order drinks, refuse to pay, smash bottles, assault Spanish soldiers and even force their way into private houses, insulting women, breaking furniture and committing all kinds of outrages. In our Spanish edition of yesterday we gave an account of one of these men entering a private house the night before, and flourishing a machete at the tenant, who was ill in bed, received a wound which may result in his death. There is not an officer who can deny that the sick man was justified in shooting the soldier, but has the time come, we ask, when every peaceable citizen of Cuba must arm himself and be prepared to resist the disorderly conduct of these men who have come here in the guise of soldiers? Yesterday, among other disgraceful occurrences, a negro went about town armed with a rifle, and bayonet fixed, followed by a drunken companion. They entered various shops and saloons on the pretense of carrying out some military order, and on being confronted by a *Times* reporter, the negro with the gun said he had orders to notify all storekeepers that they must not buy any more crackers," etc.



TRUE COURAGE.

Brave Soldiers Who Have Confessed to a Dread of Warfare.

ASK any man who ever followed General Sheridan in one of his dashing charges, and he will declare with all the emphasis at his command that no braver man than "Little Phil" ever wore a sword or went into battle. One enthusiastic admirer speaks of him as the typical American fighter of the generation, and all laud the daring which won him such rapid promotion and such signal victories.

Long following the war Sheridan sat beside the late Charles A. Dana at an evening dinner party. "General," said Mr. Dana with his wonted directness, "between ourselves, were you ever afraid in battle?"

"My dear fellow," came the immediate reply, "I have never seen the beginning of a battle without fear, and had I followed my first impulse I would have run away every time. The men who say they have never known fear are liars and humbugs!"

General Grant, of whom a grizzled old veteran said that he hadn't a nerve in his body or a cowardly drop of blood, used almost precisely the same language as did Sheridan, and always distrusted a man who loved to vaunt his own fearlessness. Hancock, with his magnificent figure, his martial mien, and his gallant conduct, was the idol of his men, who called him "the superb," yet he said in his own impressive way that there were times immediately preceding a general engagement that it was with the most determined exercise of will power that he overcame his sense of apprehension.

"Stonewall" Jackson, whose title every soldier that ever fought with him or against him knows to be a well-earned one, said that he depended upon moral rather than physical courage, and that on the days that he fought with the most intrepidity it was not the excess of his own spirit that moved him so much as the desire to inspire his men by an example of courage.

Sherman had the heartiest contempt for soldiers who declared that they feared "nothing or nobody," and it was the opinion of this same general who made the famous march to the sea, that they were responsible for much of the incompetency, confusion, and disgrace in 1861.

Farragut was our greatest naval hero of the war, and his exploit while lashed to the rigging of the "Hartford" in Mobile Bay has given him a

**Fear, at Times,
Possesses the Most
Courageous.**

place among the immortals of history, yet he was a soldier upon principle. He never did anything for dramatic effect. He was mild-mannered and good-tempered, and did his bravest deeds from a sense of duty rather than animal courage. When he came down from his perilous place aloft on the "Hartford," where he had won the fame that will live forever, he wept as a woman would over the poor fellows who had been killed and were laid out on the deck.

Jefferson, who was physically timid, thought that Washington was born without a sense of fear, but those who are closer readers of character attribute the bravery of the great leader to that more exalted courage which can overcome fear. It is conceded on all sides that "Mad Anthony" Wayne was something of a dare-devil, yet he was much the same stamp of man as Sheridan, and Sheridan knew what fear was. The latter, with Sherman in council, once estimated that one soldier out of four, in the volunteer service, would prove a coward and fail to meet the demand made upon him when the greatest nerve and persistency were required. They hunted cover when things became hot. They would fall to the ground, pretending to be sick, wounded or exhausted.

One thing clearly established in the late war was that the best soldiers did not come from the tough city quarters, where brute courage is supposed to be at its best, but from the ranks of business, professional and industrial life, merchants, clerks, lawyers, artisans, farmers' sons, college students, and society men.

THE STORY OF A RED CROSS NURSE.

BY J. HELEN BULL.

UPON my arrival at Santiago, July 22, the thing that impressed me most was the crowd collected in front of each of the many warehouses stationed along the street which faces the harbor, other groups hurrying eagerly toward the same goal—the name of Miss Clara Barton on every lip. I found these warehouses were the places for distribution of supplies, given out under the direction of Miss Barton for the National Red Cross Relief Society, and the confusion consequent upon the arrival of troops and transports as may be imagined was very great. Almost immediately upon my arrival, I listened to the awful story of banishment from the city of all non-combatants which was preliminary, as a humane measure, to the bombardment that our forces had prepared to begin.

When the order came from General Shafter that this must be accomplished in a few hours, the English Consul informed me that he and other foreign consuls went to the camp of General Miles and begged for more time, which was granted. There were no means of transport by which the weak and old could be conveyed with any degree of decency, and the horrors of this terrible march can never be told in language adequate for the situation. Delicate women, tender children and grandmothers, bred in the ease and luxury peculiar to this luxury-loving nation, were herded together like cattle and passed out of their homes without being able to make any suitable preparation. Down the dusty road swept the sad cavalcade, looking the agonized farewells they could not speak, and plodded wearily on to Caney. Arriving there, a few palm huts were their only shelter.

There were so many to be provided for, that at night they could only be laid on the ground with their feet to the centre like the spokes of a wheel, and thus crowded closely together, mothers could not turn even to minister to their crying children. Here came in the glorious work of Miss Barton and her staff. Of their able and efficient services in imparting speedy relief to these sufferers at Caney enough cannot be said. Here, too, came in the unselfish sacrifices of our noble soldiers, who gave to these poor exiles of their own half rations and scanty clothing after being in the trenches for days without food or water. This makes a record of individual generosity unparalleled in any war. This was repeated to me again and again by Spanish soldiers, and many other stories of the kindness and magnanimity of our men made my cheek flush with pride and patriotic fervor as I listened.

**Miss Barton's
Good Work.**

Many isolated cases of self-sacrifice kept coming to the surface, and many more will never be known till the Recording Angel makes them known at the last great summing up of heroic deeds. Among the former is one which I wish to put on record here. Mr. Bangs, one of Miss Barton's staff, was as truly a soldier as though he had met his death on the field of battle. When I met him he had passed through the horrors of Siboney and Caney, and the stamp of death was on his face.

General Toral has been said to have ordered the looting of Santiago before its evacuation, but this, I wish in justice to state, is a gross misrepresentation. The rabble who did the looting was the class usually following in the wake of any army, made up of almost every nationality under the sun. They do their work under no orders, but are a law unto themselves, like the carrion birds that hover over the battlefield.

Among our troops there was a natural desire for trophies and mementoes of the war in which they had shared. I saw our young soldiers buying

up jeweled rosaries, and known of officers buying decorations taken from the dead, all of which was perfectly legitimate.

I found the military hospitals in Santiago very poorly equipped. There were no cots and a very meagre supply of canned fruits, so necessary for convalescents and very few medicines could be found. Miss Barton made up for the deficiency as well as she could.

**Hospitals Poorly
Equipped.**

One hospital was established in a theatre, another in a large building next door. The patients here were on the floor, with blankets over them. Another, in which I acted as nurse, was in the Nautical Club, which is built out into the bay, and therefore comparatively cool and comfortable. The first day I was in this hospital we bathed every patient and changed the clothing, Miss Barton supplying all needed changes. She supplied the deficiency here as elsewhere, being called upon generally for medical supplies. This is no reflection on our Government, as, up to the time of capitulation, everything had to be landed at Siboney by lighters, and, as I understand, that eleven had been lost at sea, and the sea ran so that it was almost impossible to supply maintenance for our army. Where the supplies could be landed at Santiago the needs of the army were so great, it would have required a miracle almost equal to the ancient one of the loaves and fishes to have supplied all.

The natives have a lot of domestic remedies, and the secrets of their most peculiar pharmacopœia are thus far unknown to us. They have a large green bean that has four black seeds. This plant is first cousin to that one yielding croton oil. The native considers half a bean a dose, but in certain cases they take a whole bean, with tremendous results. I cannot describe these further than to say that unless the medicine all but ties them up in a double knot they are not satisfied and consider they are not well treated. Hence, our physicians find it difficult to treat them outside of their own remedies.

Prior to the surrender, the streets were unfit to walk in, and when the surrounding country had emptied itself of its sickly, emaciated inhabitants, and they were concentrated in the city proper, in order that they might be fed—in addition to the remaining Spanish army and General Shafter's troops—the chances for disease were greatly multiplied.

The streets and passageways, reeking with filthy odors, and uncleanness on every hand, furnish ample material for fevers and diseases growing out of such conditions. Some sanitary measures should at once be established to obviate the pestilential conditions.

HOSPITAL CONDITIONS AT PONCE.

WHEN the fever came to Ponce and the surrounding territory, the hospital service proved entirely inadequate to cope with the ever increasing number of cases. The administration seemed unable to keep up with the demand, and the conditions for some days were of the most miserable description. What hospitals there were quickly became overcrowded, and then men, burning with fever, were allowed to lie out in the grass, having only one woolen blanket for a covering. The damp grass, saturated with the heavy rains of the tropical wet season, was the most impossible place for the sick. The death-rate slowly rose, but the heads of the medical department kept claiming that everything was all right and that the sickness did not amount to very much. Medical supplies were either very scarce or the conduct of the hospitals very poor, because I know of cases where no medicine or food was given for over twenty-four hours at a stretch. The natural robustness of the American soldier, however, helped the majority to survive in spite of the lack of care.

And yet the survival was but a sorry one. Shattered by the ravages of the fever, weak in body and mind from the lack of nourishment and proper attention, lying in a climate that proved to have absolutely no recuperative properties for unacclimated people, these men dropped day after day. Those who in the beginning had been great, splendid specimens of the best of our American youth, who had been good to look upon in the fulness of their health and robustness, were now but pitiable wrecks, scarcely able to raise trembling hands to their wan faces. The one cry, weak and wailing as it came to me day after day, was to send them home. Finally came the good news that a ship was to carry convalescents back to the States. At once came a wonderful brightening of faces, a stiffening up of limp forms, as the poor devils crawled about the hospital cantonments.

The great day arrived when the convalescents were to be taken away, and then came the announcement that only those who could walk and who were well on the road to recovery could go aboard ship. The poor fellows whom the fever had left so weak that they could not raise their emaciated frames from the cots, where they were so fortunate as to occupy such an article, rolled over and buried their faces in their arms, heart-broken. Hope had fled and fever came back. The others who were able to walk, and who were selected to be sent home, tried to tread with old-time buoyant step, but which ended in a weak

**The Last Ray of
Hope Expires.**

shamble. Down to the beach they were carted in ambulances, army wagons and any kind of conveyances that could be gathered.

Large lighters rose and fell in the gentle surf, willing hands helped the poor fellows scramble aboard, and puffy little steam launches towed them out to the transports. And then came another setback. Many of the invalids had exhausted their poor little strength in the flitting from hospital to shore, and when alongside the big ship, which breathed of fresh ocean breezes and of home, they were lying upon the bottom of the boats unable to rise. A lynx-eyed surgeon scanned every one, and then gave forth the order that those unable to walk on board must go back, as the transports were only for convalescents, who could care for themselves, there being no hospital facilities on board for sick men. No more pitiful sight could be imagined when those poor devils were turned away from what, to them, meant life. Dejection of the deepest type followed. The puffy little launches towed them back to the shore, and the three volleys in the graveyards became more frequent.

YELLOW FEVER AMONG THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN CUBA.

BY REV. DR. HENRY C. MCCOOK.

IS IT grip?"

"No, senor," said the Cuban doctor, shrugging his shoulders. Then he smiled and looked thoughtful, and shook his head. "Eet iss calenturua. Eet iss malarial fever. Eet iss—"

"It's the devil's own disease!" broke in the major, with an emphasis that showed how personal and profound was the experience from which he spoke. By whatever name doctors call it, when folk have it they are apt to adopt the major's diagnosis with various descriptive addenda, which it would be impolite to put into print. As to details, take this invoice:

Item—A headache, getting harder and heavier, until the head longs for a pillow on the block of "the maiden" in the grass market of Edinburgh, or in the basket of a Parisian guillotine. Do you know what a "sluting" headache is? That's it!

Item—A fever, growing hot, hotter, hottest! Does the water on your brow relieve it? Yes, until it begins to boil!

Item—Sore bones, sorer bones, break bones! Yon Tennessee hospital steward says he "reckons it is a kyind of break-bone fever, anyhow."

And he is not now vending a fairy story, like the one he signed when he declared himself a yellow fever immune in order to be sent to Santiago.

"Well, ye-es," he confessed, "I did prevairy cate, I allow. But anything was kyind of axcusable to git out of Camp Alger!"

Item—Nausea. And more nausea. And—O—oh! "Seems kyndeh like old times on the 'Resolute' off Cape Hatteras," remarks the hospital steward. But he speaks from his own experience, for the present nauseated victim is not subject to sea sickness.

Item—Chills; growing chillier; ch-ch-chatter; chat-chat-ter-rr-rr-oh! Did the head burst? No! If it only would, and be done with it! "Pull up the blanket, steward, I'm freezing. No! throw it off. I'm burning up. My back! my bones! my head!"

Item—Weak, weaker, weakest of all weak things in this wide world. How can a strong man wilt into this utter worthlessness within three days? Calentura, hey? No wonder Shafter's victorious army withered before it, and had to be returned home to recuperate. Did you ever doubt the story of the Assyrian army that came down upon ancient Sennacherib "like a wolf on the fold, and his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold," but was blighted in one night? If the angels of the Lord then and there breathed forth calentura, the deed would have been done. I shall persist in calling it grip, a horrible Cuban species. At all events, it is mean enough a monster of morbidity to bear that generic name. From calentura, grip and yellow fever, "Good Lord deliver us!"

Next to the Cathedral, the most prominent building in Santiago is the hospital. It occupies the crest of the hill on which the city stands, and from the harbor its red cross flag seems to wave in the midst of a tropical garden. Let us climb the height from the little square (placeta) and Church of Dolores. Take this winding path and bear away through masses of shrubbery, festooned with spider webs, to this long steep stairway, the southern approach. Stand now at the landing and view the scene. You will have little heart for it when you come out. Over the mass of wrinkled roof-tops of red tiles, that seem almost to touch one another, so narrow are the streets, you see the bay, or that part which forms the harbor. The remainder is hidden by the fold in the mountains. Ships lie at anchor, among them the "Mexico," with General Shafter on board en route for home in the wake of his triumphant army. Only the sick and convalescent remnants of the army of Santiago now remain, they and the Silent Battalion of the Fallen.

The little tug "Esmeralda" snorts at the dock waiting to take off Colonel McClernand, Major Groesback, the able judge advocate and others of the

The House
of Suffering.

staff who go home with their chief. Further out lies the Spanish ship that is to transport the next load of the capitulated Spanish army. Poor fellows! Thirteen of them died to-day on their way to the vessel—died with their faces toward home.

I have left my readers standing in the corridor of the Civil Hospital. Pardon for the disrespect. But no harm is done. You have but to look around, for the corridor is full of cots, the overflow of the wards. I will not take you further. Those wards are crowded; every bed taken and fifty men are lying there and dying there on the bare floor. To-day we got mattresses and pillows. To-morrow we shall have cots. Shall we? We have hoped so every day for a week. Manana—to-morrow! How soon the all-consuming torridity of this tropical sun burns out even American energy and promptitude. It is the vice of all natives; it is the sorrow of the suffering; it is doom to the sick—manana!

**In the
Fever Hospital.**

Let me close this story of this new civic ward of the American nation with an incident that greatly affected me. On my first visit, while going into the place with the Sisters of Charity who had come from America to nurse the sick, we had just passed out of one of the male wards when we heard some one calling behind us: "Americano, Americano!" One of the Cuban nurses stood at the ward door waving his hands frantically, pointing backward and shouting Spanish. "There is an American man sick in here," explained Mr. Astwood, our interpreter. We turned back. A handsome mulatto lad lay upon a cot with both arms outstretched toward us, his face radiant for the moment amidst his pains at the welcome greeting of our English tongue. He clasped my hands convulsively.

**A Fever Patient's
Delirium.**

"What is the matter?"

Nothing but "yaller janders."

He would be all right if his head did not hurt so. His name was Charles Franklin, of Logan, Colorado, and he was "the boy" of some officer in the Seventh United States Regulars. His mind began to wander. The pain became so severe that he rolled upon his cot, then sat up upon it.

"Let us pray!" I kneeled at his bedside, and, holding his hand, commended him, body and soul, to God. The soothing influence of the devotions stilled the distracted nerves. He was quiet while I prayed. It was a striking scene. The good Sisters joined in the prayer, reverently bowing, the tall form of Mr. Astwood bending in their midst. The hospital nurses looked on with subdued mien. The sick from their surrounding cots turned to gaze at us, their wan, pallid faces lit up by a moment's curiosity.

I left the lad with the apostolic benediction on his brow and turned away.

"It is our only case of yellow fever," said the Spanish Sister Superior. "He will surely die; he is in the last stage."

"Did you say yellow fever," I asked.

"Yes," just a little startled, perhaps, said our American Sister Mary, "I could tell it by the eyes."

"And by the odor!" added Sister Apollonia.

"And my good doctor," said Sister Regis, running up to me, "you have been exposed to the infection! You held his hands. You took his breath. But do not fear. It was an act of charity and our Heavenly Father will surely care for you."

Nevertheless, the kind lady whipped out of some mysterious receptacle about her dress, a bottle of some disinfectant stuff and bidding me hold out my hands filled the palms and made me lave the skin. Like Oliver Cromwell she "trusted in God, but kept her remedies ready." Good theology and good practice.

Poor lad! He was isolated at once and three doctors "sat" upon him when he died. Two said yellow fever, one said malignant malarial. All the same, his campaign in Cuba is ended, and, let us hope, his spirit rests in peace.

THE BRAVEST DEEDS PERFORMED BY AMERICAN SAILORS.

By J. W. BUEL.

THE intrepid daring of Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson, in blowing up the "Merrimac" at the mouth of Santiago harbor, June 3, 1898, has given him imperishable fame, as he deserves, but remarkable and astoundingly courageous as was that feat, it does not stand alone as the greatest example of American bravery, but is rather one of many equally heroic exploits performed by our gallant sailors, three of which I take satisfaction in briefly narrating.

It is an almost unbelievable statement, though strictly true, that about the beginning of 1800 the United States paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers. This Moorish potentate was powerful enough to exact a license from American vessels entering the Mediterranean Sea, and refusal was punished by

capture of our ships and holding the crews in slavery until ransomed by our government. The humiliation involved in submission to such infamous imposition of a barbarous power, galled the American people, but lack of war-ships to protect our commercial vessels compelled the United States to endure these piratical levies for several years. In 1801, however, we declared war against the Dey of Tripoli, and in that and the following year there were despatched to Mediterranean waters the frigates "President," "Philadelphia," "Essex," "Chesapeake," "Constitution," "New York," "John Adams" and the "Enterprise." This fleet was first placed in command of Commodore Richard V. Morris, who, after winning a small victory, remained so long inactive that he was dismissed from the service in 1803. Thereafter the fleet was under the direction of Commodore Preble. The war vessels sent by our government to the Barbary coast did not constitute a fleet, because they acted independently, performing the duty of cruisers, watching the enemy's ships, guarding such American vessels as entered the sea, and fighting the pirates whenever found. While thus engaged the "Philadelphia" captured a Moorish cruiser which was added to our protective force; but soon after, while chasing another pirate ship, the "Philadelphia" run hard aground upon a reef in the harbor of Tripoli, and fell an easy prey to the Moors, who made slaves of Captain Bainbridge and all his crew.

The "Philadelphia" was one of the staunchest and best armed ships of the American navy, and as the Moors succeeded in floating her at high tide, without damage, her loss seriously crippled our Mediterranean fleet and correspondingly strengthening that of the enemy. Her recapture appeared impossible, for while she might have been beaten in an engagement with the "Chesapeake" or the "Constitution," the Moors shrewdly kept her in the harbor to increase the defence of Tripoli, an attack upon which city the American's had for some time contemplated.

**Capture of the
"Philadelphia"
by Pirates.**

There was among the brave men who fought the pirates from the deck of the "Chesapeake," a young lieutenant named Stephen Decatur, cool, courageous and resourceful, ready to engage in any perilous undertaking, who conceived a plan for destroying the "Philadelphia," which for its desperate daring and manner of execution has few equals in the world's naval history. His purpose having been approved, Decatur, with seventy-four volunteers, took charge of the light frigate "Intrepid," in which they bore down upon the "Philadelphia," at her anchorage before the guns of the Tripoli fortifications. Their adventure was well timed, when a starless night rendered them less

**Decatur Surprises
the Moors.**

liable to discovery and gave a friendly cover to their daring expedient. As they moved under a light breeze towards the doomed vessel, they were hailed by the Moors, but gave a satisfactory reply, that their ship was a merchantman which had lost her anchor and was helplessly adrift. By this stratagem the "Intrepid" was enabled to reach the frigate, and no sooner had the vessels been thus brought together than Decatur and his equally brave comrades leaped onto the "Philadelphia" and with cutlasses hewed down the terrified and unprepared Moors; then applying the torch, they set fire to the frigate in several places so as to insure her certain destruction, after which the Americans made good their escape before the Tripolitans on shore became aware of the cause of the "Philadelphia's" burning.

This heroic act of Decatur's proved to be only the prelude of a more thrilling adventure, of which he was soon to be the hero. Soon after the destruction of the "Philadelphia," Commodore Preble made a vigorous attack upon Tripoli, using his frigates, mortar-boats, and schooners with excellent effect. In the harbor at the time were three Moorish gunboats, one of which was compelled to strike her colors to Lieutenant James Decatur, a younger brother of Stephen, but as the lieutenant boarded his prize the treacherous captain shot him dead, and as the two boats parted the Moor made his escape. Stephen Decatur was soon apprised of the fate of his brother and immediately entered upon a chase after the fleeing gunboat, which in a few hours he overhauled and resolutely boarded. The Moorish captain was readily distinguishable by his gaudy uniform and by his herculean stature, but disparity of size failed to deter Decatur in personally avenging the treacherous death of his brother. While others of his crew fought hand to hand with the Moorish sailors, Decatur engaged the captain, one with a pike, the other with a cutlass. The Moor was of superior strength, but Decatur had the advantage in dexterity, which served him in excellent stead. Every lunge of the pike was deftly parried by Decatur's cutlass, until at length both weapons became useless, and the two men grappled for a death struggle, for death alone could terminate the fight. After wrestling for a while the greater strength of the Moor prevailed and Decatur was violently thrown upon the vessel's deck, with his savage enemy on top, who felt sure of victory with the advantage now all his own.

The Moorish captain, with his left arm opposing his struggling adversary, tried to draw his dagger from the sash-belt he wore, but while so attempting Decatur contrived to reach his pistol, which he thrust against the back of his enemy and discharged a ball into his heart. But no sooner had Decatur risen, blood-covered, from his fight with the captain, when he was

**A Terrible Death
Struggle.**

beset by another Moor, who aimed a savage blow, which would have certainly killed Decatur had not Reuben James, a sailor, interposed his own arm and head, which received the full force of the stroke. James received a ghastly wound but ultimately recovered and lived nearly forty years afterward.

HEROIC EXPLOIT OF CAPTAIN SOMERS.

If it were possible to surpass the dashing and hazardous feats performed by Decatur, the honor of such daring deeds belongs to Captain Richard Somers, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, and the eleven danger-defying sailors who accompanied them on the perilous enterprise which I am about to describe.

Tripoli had several times been bombarded, but so small had the damage been that the Moors remained defiant and their power was little curtailed. A scheme was at length proposed to destroy the Moorish harbor-squadron by a desperate strategy, which Captain Somers and his companions volunteered to execute, though to do so meant certain death to them. In pursuance of the plans adopted, the "Intrepid" was fitted out as a bomb-vessel, or improvised torpedo-boat. Under her decks were stored one hundred barrels of powder, about which were disposed shells, scraps of iron and solid shot, the whole being so connected with fuses that it might be exploded at any moment desired. The original intention of this brave crew, no doubt, was to apply a slow match when the vessel should be brought to a position where the energy of the explosion would be most disastrous to the enemy's boats, and then row away, but this was seen to be impracticable and the men went fearlessly to their certain fate.

When this desperate undertaking was put into effect (May 25, 1804,) the night was perfectly clear, save for a mist that hung on the water, and for what followed we are indebted to Admiral Stewart, a spectator of the holocaust, who thus reported the incident: **Forward, to Death!**

"We watched the 'Intrepid' as she slowly disappeared in the gloom. I held my night-glass levelled until the vessel was lost to sight. Then followed the anxious minutes of suspense. I was still looking, when I saw a point of light move rapidly to one side, slightly rising and falling, as it would do if a man held a lantern in his hand while running. Then the light dropped from sight, as if the one carrying it had leaped down a hatchway. I instinctively knew what it meant. Somers had been discovered and was about to blow up the 'Intrepid.' Suddenly a vast column of fire shot upward, and the sea rocked. The air was filled with flaming bombs, sails, missiles and fragments which continued splashing into the water, as it seemed to me, for several minutes, when all became dark

and silent as before. It can never be known whether the explosion was intentional or not, but I have no doubt Somers deliberately blew up the vessel when he found it was a choice between that and being taken prisoner. Not a single one of the thirteen heroes lived to tell the story."

BRAVE ACT OF LIEUTENANT CUSHING.

That American ingenuity, no more than American bravery, is confined to no section, was abundantly demonstrated during the Civil War. While the North built monitors, the South was equally inventive in the construction of mighty floating fortresses, the most famous of which was the ram "Albemarle," that wrought a terrific slaughter among our shipping, defiant and victorious, until her career was arrested by the heroic exploit of Lieutenant William B. Cushing of the U. S. N., which made his name as imperishable as that of Hobson, Decatur and Somers.

The "Albemarle" was built under the greatest possible difficulties, such as proved the extraordinary resourcefulness and skill of her designers. Work of construction was done at Edward's Ferry, a point on the Roanoke a few miles above Plymouth, North Carolina, where there was small likelihood of interruption from the Union forces, but the place was likewise almost inaccessible for heavy material. The armor used was railroad iron, to secure which a hundred miles of country had to be scoured, the material having to be hauled by ox and mule teams over almost virgin territory, while the building plant was a common blacksmith shop. Notwithstanding these unexampled difficulties, the "Albemarle," when completed and armed with two 100-pounder Armstrong guns, was the most formidable war vessel afloat at the time. The Union forces knew that she was under construction, and to prevent her egress obstructions were placed across the river, but the very high water of April 19, 1863, enabled her to pass these successfully, at midnight. Her entrance into the sound was immediately discovered by the gunboats "Mattabesett," "Sassacus," "Wyalusing," "Southfield," "Miami," and three smaller boats which composed our fleet, the commanders of which, not being fully informed as to the character of their adversary, boldly attacked her. The "Albemarle" was so heavy as to be unwieldy and her engines were of small power, but she was handled with such skill that she succeeded in ramming the "Southfield" with a force that drove her iron prow into the vitals of the gunboat, but the blow came near destroying both vessels, for the "Albemarle" was unable to detach herself from the sinking "Southfield," and as the latter settled the bow of the "Albemarle" was drawn down with her victim. When the

**A Death Wound to
the "Southfield."**

water began rushing in at the bow porthole, the "Albemarle" was released by the "Southfield" turning over, whereupon the "Albemarle" righted without damage and engaged the "Miami," which was firing upon the ram at such close quarters that a shell rebounding from her iron sides burst and killed Lieutenant Flusser of the "Miami," and a dozen of his men. The "Albemarle" was excellent as a fortress, but nearly a failure as a vessel because of the insufficiency of her power, and having only two guns, at the bow and stern, her battery could not be used rapidly, which defect enabled the "Miami" and the other vessels to make their escape down the river. The "Albemarle" made no attempt to pursue the Union gunboats but turned to attack Plymouth, which she forced to surrender on the twentieth.

The formidable character of the "Albemarle" and her manifest purpose and opportunity for inflicting great damage to the Union gunboats co-operating with Grant in the campaign for the reduction of Richmond, filled the Federal government with the greatest alarm. At this grave juncture, Lieutenant Cushing, who Plan to Destroy
the "Albemarle." lacked one month of being twenty-two years of age, volunteered to undertake the destruction of the mighty leviathan of the Confederacy, which had come to be regarded in the north as an invulnerable minotaur demanding a sacrifice of the Union coast fleets. Anticipating an effort to capture or destroy the "Albemarle" while she lay at Plymouth, her officers sought to guard against torpedo attack by protecting her sides by placing a boom of cyprus logs, bound together with heavy chains, around her hull for a distance of thirty feet, while one of her guns was turned down the river to command the approach which an enemy must make from that direction. These precautions were known to the brave Cushing, who resolved upon a plan to effect his purpose despite them. Accordingly, on the night of October 26, he embarked in a small picket boat and began an ascent of Albemarle sound, destined for Plymouth, which is at the mouth of the Roanoke. He had proceeded only a short distance when his little vessel ran aground and action had to be deferred until the following night, which for his good fortune was very dark and stormy. Proceeding again at midnight of the twenty-seventh, Cushing halted a mile below Plymouth, where he reconnoitered until, finding that conditions favored his adventure, he boldly pushed on by the wreck of the "Southfield" and into the river mouth, until the barking of a dog betrayed his approach. This seemed to give the alarm to the Confederates, who for some reason had relaxed their vigilance and allowed the picket fires to smoulder under the drizzling rain. In a moment, however, the watch was fully aroused and the little launch was challenged, to which no reply being made a general alarm was sounded, and Cushing saw

that his attempt to surprise the "Albemarle's" crew had miscarried. Not to be deterred from his desperate purpose, he set fear at defiance and pushed his little boat ahead until his progress was arrested by the logs that surrounded the vessel. A volley of musketry from the ram riddled the launch but did not arrest its progress. A torpedo was attached to a long spar that was run out from the bow of the launch, and by parting the logs the boat was brought within a dozen feet of the "Albemarle's" sides, permitting

**A Torpedo Exploded
Under the
Ram's Hull.**

Cushing to drop the torpedo, which was then brought against the hull of the now fated vessel, where it was promptly fired and with such effect that the bottom of the "Albemarle" was torn for a distance of fifty feet, and she settled quickly. Of the fourteen volunteers who accompanied Cushing, ten surrendered to the Confederates as the launch was fast on the logs, but the heroic commander, and John Woodman, acting master's mate, threw off their clothes and jumped into the water. They were fired upon by many of the shore guards, but were favored by the darkness and swam down the stream for a distance of half a mile without being once hit, though the bullets struck all around them. Woodman, less expert than Cushing, was unable, however, to gain the shore, and sank beneath the murky water, but Cushing succeeded in gaining the bank and hid himself in a swamp until morning, when he found refuge in a negro's hut and later put off in a skiff to the Union fleet in the sound, where he was joyfully received.

For his heroic act Cushing received a vote of thanks from Congress and was promoted to be lieutenant-commander, but shortly after the close of the war he was seized of a brain malady that destroyed his mind, which soon led to his death.



STRANGE CUSTOMS OF OUR WEST INDIES NEIGHBORS.

BY AN AMERICAN PORTO RICAN.

SINCE the achievement of Cuban Independence, through United States intervention, and the acquisition of Porto Rico as a war indemnity, the habits, beliefs and singular customs of these island people have become subjects of large interest to Americans. Though lying so near our coast as to give evidence of having at one time been a part of the North American continent, these islands are distinct in their climatic conditions and natural productions, as their inhabitants are alien, in manner, to the civilization of our country. Speaking another tongue than ours, the West Indian is characteristically foreign in everything that appertains to our customs, social, domestic and political, and years of intimate intercourse will be required to accomplish their assimilation with the American people. A few of their remarkable habits here given will suffice to justify this conclusion :

Coffins are rented by the day in Cuba and Porto Rico. When a member of a family dies, one of the relatives or a friend goes to a "Casa de Funebas," or public undertaker, and enters into negotiations for a coffin. He does not buy it, but stipulates for the temporary use. The age and height of the late lamented are given, particulars arranged for certain trimmings, and as many mutes as the family purse will permit are engaged.

The price charged ranges from five dollars to twenty, according to the size of the coffin, the decorations and the number of mourning mutes. Burials must take place within twenty-four hours of death under penalty of a heavy fine. Horses are seldom used, save by the wealthy. When the time set for the funeral arrives, a short service, which the immediate family does not attend, is held ; then the coffin is lifted upon the shoulders of four mutes, who are generally clad in white trousers, long black coats, ancient silk hats and high collars. Huge bouquets of artificial flowers are worn in the buttonhole, but in many cases the coffin-bearers are barefooted.

At a word given by the master of ceremonies, also furnished by the undertaker, the procession starts for the cemetery, which may be three or four miles distant. The spectacle furnished by four grotesque negroes swaying and lurching through the uneven streets under the burden of a broad, shallow, black-draped coffin, and the thin line of native friends and mourners following in the rear, all puffing away at cigarettes or chattering gayly over some mot of the day, is remarkable. Haste seems to be the main

object. At times the procession moves at a trot, never at less speed than a rapid walk. Spectators uncover as the coffin passes, and some make the sign of the cross. The followers lessen as the cemetery is neared, and when the grave is reached there are seldom more than three or four besides the paid mourners. The grave is deep, and at the bottom is a thin layer of quicklime. The body, robed in tawdry finery, is taken from the coffin and literally dumped in. More lime is used, then the mutes return to their employer with the coffin.

Every Cuban and Porto Rican cemetery is surrounded by immensely thick walls containing rows of niches. These niches are sold to the wealthy for five years, the price ranging from forty to two hundred dollars, according to the situation. When a body is placed inside a niche the opening is bricked up and plastered. Then the services of a cemetery "artist" are secured, and a suitable inscription painted upon the white plastered end. At the conclusion of five years the niche must be paid for again, or the remains will be removed to the common burying corner.

Visitors to our new possessions will find a multitude of other queer trades. In fact, almost every trade or profession is conducted differently from the methods pursued in the United States. Beggars ride on horseback and block your way upon a crossing to importune you for a peseta. One day recently, while riding in Santiago de Cuba, I noticed a wee native boy following me upon a sorry-looking burro. As I passed the Plaza de Armas another boy similarly mounted fell in behind. Near the cathedral still another joined the procession. As I spurred up I heard a clattering in the rear and noticed that my escort was plying whips in an effort to keep up. Reining in near the Administration Building, I asked them what they wanted.

"To hold your horse, senor," they replied in chorus.

They would have followed me ten miles for the sake of earning a five-cent piece.

One of the officers on General Guy V. Henry's staff in San Juan, Porto Rico, rented a house in the pretty little capital, and sent for his family. A brother officer, ordered home, sold him his furniture, and the moving was placed in the hands of a native hanger-on about the palace. The following morning the staff officer went to his new abode to receive the furniture. It arrived as he reached the house. Coming down the narrow street he saw a strange procession consisting of twelve or more men. The first six were carrying a piano perched upon their heads, and each of the others "toted" a chair or a washstand. A moment later another procession came in sight. There were two heavy

**Beggars Ride on
Horseback.**

**Carried a Piano
on Their Heads.**

iron beds, each borne by three men, an immense dresser, under which tottered two natives, and finally several boys bearing sundry culinary articles and a few odds and ends.

"Heavens and earth, man," exclaimed the officer, aghast, "you have engaged a battalion. For goodness' sake, what's the bill?"

"Doce reales, senior," was the calm reply. "One dollar and twenty cents in American money."

The Americans living in Cuba, at least that part embraced in the province of Santiago de Cuba, claim that only one thing worth eating is cooked there. It is the bread. Cuban bakers excel in making rolls. There is little variety, but what they bake is first-class. Bakers work at night, and long before the sun

**Cuban Bakers' Only
Accomplishment.**

appears, the bread vender is crying his wares in the street. He does not travel in a four-wheeled wagon, emblazoned with the name of his employer, but carries the rolls, each neatly wrapped in a leaf or husk, in baskets suspended from the sides of a burro. The vender's melodious cry, "Pan fresca-a!" is the alarm clock that wakens half the city. There are two new and rather peculiar trades in Santiago de Cuba at present, trades which are the direct outcome of the American occupation. They are the selling of alleged curios and pawned articles, and the shining of shoes.

An American cannot walk three blocks in the ancient capital without being accosted by some native who has a wonderful curio for sale. They approach you with a mysterious air, and after a few commonplace remarks about the weather and the mortality of the city, hint that you may be able, in return for a ridiculously small sum, to obtain possession of the most remarkable article ever discovered in the province. If you are new and inexperienced you confess your interest. You are conducted down some narrow unpaved street to an adobe "shack" and invited to enter. Your Yankee contempt of the native forbids fear, and you are soon looking at the wonderful curio. It may be a bit of an American shell, a splinter of wood from the "Merrimac's" foretop mast, a stone from Morro Castle, or a bone from the "Vizcaya's" collection of human remains, but you can rest assured that, in nine times out of ten, it is a fake and a snare.

Shortly after my arrival in Santiago I was shown a dried, wrinkled object, which the curio sharp insisted was a human ear.

It certainly resembled that appendage in a way, and I hastened to ask whose particular ear it was.

**Sampson's
Ear for Sale.**

"It once was part of an illustrious American general," the man replied solemnly.

"An American general?" I gasped. "Who?"

"General Sampson, senior. It very cheap. I sell it for twenty-five dollars."

The evolution of the bootblack in Santiago de Cuba is rather interesting. The genus did not exist prior to the war, as the Spanish military officers and the citizens wore white canvas shoes, which were attended to by the house servants. It was not long after the occupation of the city by the Americans, however, that several of the street Arabs—as shrewd in their way as their Yankee prototype—began to discover that the newcomers liked to have their shoes polished.

**Bootblacks in
a Barefoot City.**

A good-natured soldier constructed a box with the appropriate foot-rest and contents, and started one of the boys in business. He did not hold the monopoly more than one day. Within forty-eight hours the vicinity of the clubs and the Café Venus swarmed with half-clad youngsters eager to earn an American dime. They picked up English in a remarkably short space of time, and they even went the American bootblack one better by varying their request according to the color of the prospective customer's shoes. If the color was tan, they would invariably say, "Meester! Care for shoe brown?" A refusal was met with a choice collection of profane words learned from the army teamsters, but uttered in such whimsical English that it was impossible to show anger.

The "hokey-pokey" of Cuba and Porto Rico is a liquid. It consists of a sweetened, unfermented liquor, made from a plant, and is as much a delight to the native youngster as the Italian microbe-bearing ice-cream is to the American boy. The "fresca," as it is called, is vended from gaily decorated carts, and the huckster announces his presence in a street by sounding sonorous blasts upon a cow's horn. After the manner of such men in all climes, he usually frequents the vicinity of the schools.

**Hokey-Pokey
of a New Kind.**

It is a sad commentary on human nature when the purity of the milk of commerce is only accepted when the cow delivers it in person. That is the peculiar condition of affairs in our new possessions. The good housewife of Cuba and Porto Rico insists on seeing the cow milked at her door. Hence it is no unusual spectacle to find the narrow street obstructed by a collection of bovine animals, one of which is being industriously robbed of its milk by a native dairyman. In this operation a calf plays no unimportant part, it having been found by experience that the mother cow will surrender her store more easily when the calf is given the first chance. There are not many dairy farms in the islands, and butter is almost unknown. In fact, the Spanish

**Cows Deliver
Their Own Milk.**

word for butter, "mantiquilla," is a recent addition to the vocabulary, it having been derived from "manteca," the word for lard.

The selling of ice is another innovation. It is only within the last few years that ice has been known to the natives, and even now it is confounded with snow in the minds of most. In Santiago de Cuba it is indiscriminately called "nieve" and "hieles," the former being snow and the latter ice. It is hawked about in the streets from small covered carts, and is sold by the pound and half-pound at exorbitant prices. The natives from the interior never fail to buy a piece as a curiosity, and their childlike wonderment on seeing it melt in their hands is laughable. All ice used in the southern islands is manufactured.

**Buying Ice
as a Curiosity.**

An odd profession in Cuba and Porto Rico, and one undoubtedly native to those countries, is the finger nail artist. Among certain members of the lower middle class, the clerks and book-keepers, it is considered the correct thing to cultivate a certain nail of the left hand. In fact, it is visible proof that the wearer does not perform manual labor. They argue ingeniously that a man cannot shovel or work with his hands if he has a finger nail two or three inches long. The "artist" has his regular customers, and he calls daily and polishes and rubs and labors until the pet nail is in proper condition. It is not unusual to find him at work in his customer's store while the latter attends to affairs of trade. It is safe to venture that the custom will not invade this country. It is useful, however, as an additional peculiarity for the edification of Yankee visitors.

A SKETCH OF AGUINALDO.

BY J. W. BUEL.

IT is a difficult thing to do, to write with definiteness and accuracy of the self-appointed president of the Philippines, but it is no exaggeration to place him among the great men of our times, a position which he occupies quite as much by reason of the praise and abuse to which he is subjected as by virtue of his abilities as a leader.

Emilio Aguinaldo was born in the province of Cavite, near Manila, in 1870, but not even he knows the exact date. His father, it is said, was a Spanish officer and his mother a Tagalo-Chinese of low origin, of whom he knows but little, and less of his father, while some declare he is son of a dissolute but learned Jesuit priest. This latter claim has some support by the fact

that at the age of four years he was house-boy in the home of a Jesuit priest, where, contrary to the general usage, he was treated with kindness and given educational advantages which ordinary native servants in the Philippines never receive. As a boy he was precocious, was gifted with a remarkable memory, and at the age of seven he was regarded as a prodigy of learning.

The Jesuit priest who undertook his care, placed Emilio in the medical department of the University of Manila at the age of fifteen, where he

**Compelled to
Flee for His Life.**

remained a year, and then joining the Masonic Order, which was a capital offence under the old Spanish law, he was compelled to flee to Hong Kong. Here he became associated with other expatriated Filipinos, and it was here he conceived the purpose of leading an insurrection of his people against Spanish rule in the Philippines. In order to prepare himself for the part of an insurgent leader, Aguinaldo attended the drills of the British garrison and acquired a knowledge of military tactics by a course of private study. He also served for a while in the Chinese army, and later in the Chinese navy, and was a studious reader of works on strategy and the campaigns of Wellington, Bonaparte, Von Moltke and Grant. While at Hong Kong, Aguinaldo made the most of his opportunities by studying French, German, Latin, Greek and Chinese, and it is said of him that he is able to converse in ten different languages. An unconfirmed report represents him as being a student at a Munich university, but if this be true his stay in Europe must have been a short one, for in 1893 he was in Manila—a recognized leader of the Filipinos.

So successful were the insurgents that the Spanish authorities, seeing the impossibility of subduing them by force, offered the rebels many induce-

**Spain Tries the
Effect of
Golden Promises.**

ments to lay down their arms, promising a money payment of \$1,000,000, to grant all reforms requested, and to give a pardon to all engaged in the rebellion. This agreement was accepted by the insurgents, who held themselves faithful to its terms. Aguinaldo went to Hong Kong to receive the money, but while the Spanish Government voted the stipulated sum, corrupt officials kept the greater part, paying over only \$300,000. Nor was the promise of reform fulfilled, but on the contrary the impositions of taxes and torture became greater, until in the fall of 1897, Aguinaldo and his compatriots determined to raise the flag of revolt again. Thereupon he returned to Manila and made a tour of Luzon, visiting all the towns of that island, and by the power of his eloquence stirred the fire of revolution until its red glare illuminated all the Philippines. His influence was predominant, the natives hailed him as a savior, and invested him with miraculous attributes, believing him to be invulnerable and omnipotent.

Aguinaldo proved himself a man of amazing resources, as well as one remarkable for keen foresight and adroitness. Though never able to raise large sums of money, he managed to procure considerable arms and munitions, and maintained an army no larger than he was prepared to equip. The explosion of the "Maine" he accepted as a presage of war between America and Spain, and all his prophecies were literally fulfilled. He wrote and spoke with intense and patriotic earnestness which compelled the admiration of even his enemies. Foreseeing that war was inevitable, he went to Hong Kong, and there cultivated the friendship of Mr. Wildman, the American consul of that city, who, Aguinaldo and Agoncillo declare, promised independence to the Filipinos, and professed to have authority from Washington for making such promise. Belief that an agreement of this character was made seems to be generally prevalent among foreign consuls at Hong Kong, though Mr. Wildman vigorously denies that he ever held out any such inducement, and disclaims **Aguinaldo's Prophecies of War.** authority to act for the government as a ministerial agent.

In any event, Aguinaldo, as if acting upon the belief that help of the insurgents to expel Spain would be rewarded by an acknowledgment of their independence, returned to the Philippines and inaugurated plans of campaign against the Spaniards at Manila and many other military posts on the islands. He was also furnished many stands of arms and a large quantity of ammunition by the American Government, and in other respects was recognized as our ally. During the war between Spain and America, it is admitted that the Filipino insurgents captured 15,000 Spanish soldiers and destroyed Spanish power in all the islands, except Luzon.

While fighting Spain successfully at every point, Aguinaldo organized a provisional government, and on June 23 (1898), he was confirmed general-in-chief and president of the Filipino government, thus preparing the way to the independence which he expected to achieve. In December, Aguinaldo formed his second cabinet, and has since discharged the functions of an actual **Chosen President of the Filipino Government.** ruler, issuing proclamations, levying taxes, and collecting duties. He has also familiarized himself as far as possible with our form of government, and is said to be able to repeat from memory the whole of the Constitution of the United States. His army, at the outbreak of hostilities with the United States, February 4 (1899), comprised 25,000 men, all fairly well armed, but poorly drilled, though capable of offering a stubborn resistance, the character of the country being such as makes their kind of warfare most difficult to combat.

CAPTURE OF GUAM.

BY LIEUT. WILLIAM BRAUNERSREUTHER,

(Chief Executive Officer of the Cruiser "Charleston.")

ON June 20 as we lay off the Ladrones, I received orders from Henry Glass, captain of the "Charleston," to go ashore and take possession of Agana, capital of the islands, and also to make prisoners of the Spanish authorities I should find there, especially the governor. To accomplish this purpose I took a force of 160 marines, with which I landed unopposed, and proceeded to the capital and presented to the governor my letter and demand from Captain Glass, which letter was in the form of an ultimatum.

The captain's instructions were to wait a half hour for his answer to our ultimatum, then use my troops. I waited, and in just twenty-nine minutes the governor handed me his sealed reply, addressed to the captain of my ship, then in the harbor about four or five miles off.

I knew this was sealed with the object of gaining time, and hence I broke the seal, read the contents, the governor protesting and saying that that was a letter for my captain. I replied: "I represent him here. You are now my prisoners, senors, and will have to come on board ship with me." They protested and pleaded, and finally the governor said: "You came on shore to talk over matters, and you make us prisoners instead."

I replied: "I came on shore to hand you a letter and to get your reply; in this reply now in my hands you agree to surrender all under your jurisdiction. If this means anything at all, it means that you will accede to any demands I may deem proper to make. You will at once write an order to your military man at Agana (the capital, which was five miles distant), directing him to deliver at this place at 4 p. m. (it was then 10.30 a. m., June 21), all ammunition and flags on the island, each soldier on the island to bring his own rifle and ammunition; and all the soldiers, native and Spanish, with their officers, must witness this."

They protested and demurred, declaring this was not time enough to do it. But I said: "Senors, it must be done."

The letter was written, read by me and sent. I took all the officers with me in a boat, and at 4 p. m., went ashore again and rounded in the whole outfit. I was three miles away from my troops and had only four men with me. At 4 p. m., when I disarmed 108 men and two officers, I had forty-six men and three officers with me.

The keynote to the whole business was my breaking the seal of that letter and acting at once. The governor had no time to delay or prepare any treacherous tricks, and I got "the drop" on the whole outfit, as they say out West. The native troops I released and allowed to return to their homes unrestricted; they had manifested great joy at being relieved from Spanish rule. While it was harsh, it was war, and in connection with the Spanish treachery it was all that could be done. Twenty-four hours would have—yes, I believe even four hours, with a leader such as the governor was, a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army—given them a chance to hide along the road at Agana, and at intervals in the dense tropical foliage they could have almost annihilated any force we could land. The approaches to the landing over shallow coral reefs would have made landing without terrible loss of life almost an impossibility; but all is well that ends well.

We have increased by conquest the population of the United States by nearly 12,000 people. The capital has a population of 6,000 people. The harbor in which we were is beautiful, easy of access, plenty of deep water, admitting of the presence of a large number of vessels at the same time, and is an ideal place for a coaling station. If our government decides to hold the Philippines, it would then come in so well; San Francisco to Honolulu, 2,100 miles; Honolulu to Island of Guam, 3,300, and thence to Manila, 1,600 miles. With a chain of supply stations like this we could send troops the whole year round, if necessary, and any vessel with a steaming capacity of 3,500 miles could reach a base of supplies.

The details I have scarcely touched upon, but had the officials and soldiers dreamed for one moment that they were to be torn from their homes, there would, I feel sure, have been another story to tell, and I am firmly convinced this letter would never have been written.

The captain, in extending to me his congratulations, remarked: "Braunersreuther, you'll never as long as you live have another experience such as this. I congratulate you on your work." All this affair was transacted in Spanish. I had an interpreter with me, but forgot all about using him. I did not want them to get a chance to think even before it was too late. The results of this expedition was the capture of 54 Spanish soldiers, 6 officers, 50 Mauser rifles, and 10,000 rounds of ammunition, besides the formal occupation of the islands, by raising the United States flag over the capitol building.

SHOT AND SHELL!

The Fierce Combat That Swept Cervera's Squadron From the Sea.

By

W. J. Sampson U.S.N.

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S squadron, composed of four powerful cruisers and two torpedo boats, which had been blockaded in Santiago Harbor, Cuba, for more than a month, made a vain effort to escape therefrom on July 3, 1898.

The enemy's vessels came out of the harbor between 9.35 and 10 a. m., the head of the column appearing around Cay Smith at 9.31, and emerging from the channel five or six minutes later.

The position of the vessels of my command off Santiago at that moment were as follows: The flagship "New York" was four miles east of her blockading station and about seven miles from the harbor entrance. She had started for Siboney, where I intended to land, accompanied by several of my staff, and go to the front to consult with General Shafter. A discussion of the situation, and a more definite understanding between us of the operations proposed, had been rendered necessary by the unexpectedly strong resistance of the Spanish garrison of Santiago.

I had sent my chief of staff on shore the day before to arrange an interview with General Shafter, who had been suffering from heat prostration. I made arrangements to go to his headquarters, and my flagship was in the position mentioned above when the Spanish squadron appeared in the channel. The remaining vessels were in or near their usual blockading positions, distributed in a semicircle about the harbor entrance, counting from the eastward to the westward in the following order: The "Indiana" about a mile and a half from the shore; the "Oregon" in the "New York's" place; between these two, the "Iowa," "Texas" and "Brooklyn," the latter two miles from the shore west of Santiago. The distance of the vessels from the harbor entrance was from two and one-half to four miles, the latter being the limit of day-blockading distance. The length of the arc formed by the ships was about eight miles. The "Massachusetts" had left at 4 a. m., for Guantanamo, for coal. Her station was between the

"Iowa" and "Texas." The auxiliaries "Gloucester" and "Vixen" lay close to the land and nearer the harbor entrance than the large vessels, the "Gloucester" to the eastward and the "Vixen" to the westward. The torpedo boat "Ericsson" was in company with the flagship, and remained with her during the chase until ordered to discontinue, when she rendered very efficient service in rescuing prisoners from the burning "Vizcaya."

The Spanish vessels came out of the harbor at a speed estimated at from eight to ten knots, and in the following order: "Infanta Maria Teresa" (flagship), "Vizcaya," "Cristobal Colon" and the "Almirante Oquendo." The distance between these ships was about 800 yards, which means that from the time the first one became visible in the upper reach of the channel until the last one was out of the harbor, an interval of only about twelve minutes elapsed. Following the "Oquendo," at a distance of about 1,200 yards, came the torpedo-boat destroyer "Pluton," and after her the "Furor." The armored cruisers, as rapidly as they could bring their guns to bear, opened a vigorous fire upon the blockading vessels and emerged from the channel shrouded in the smoke from their guns.

**Spanish Vessels
Appear.**

The men of our ships in front of the port were at Sunday "quarters for inspection." The signal was made simultaneously from several vessels, "Enemy's ships escaping," and general quarters was sounded. The men cheered as they sprang to their guns, and fire was opened probably within eight minutes by the vessels whose guns commanded the entrance. The "New York" turned about and steamed for the escaping fleet, flying the signal "Close in toward harbor entrance and attack vessels," and gradually increasing speed until toward the end of the chase she was making $18\frac{1}{4}$ knots, and was rapidly closing on the "Cristobal Colon." She was not, at any time, within the range of heavy Spanish ships, and her only part in the engagement was to receive the undivided fire from the forts in passing the harbor entrance and to discharge a few shots at one of the destroyers, thought at that moment to be attempting to escape from the "Gloucester."

The Spanish vessels, upon clearing the harbor, turned to the westward in column, increasing their speed to the full power of their engines. The heavy blockading vessels, which had closed in toward the Morro at the instant of the enemy's appearance and at their best speed, delivered a rapid fire, well sustained and destructive, which speedily overwhelmed and silenced the Spanish fire. The initial speed of the Spaniards carried them rapidly past the blockading vessels and the battle developed into a chase, in which the "Brooklyn" and "Texas" had at the start the advantage of position

The "Brooklyn" maintained this lead. The "Oregon," steaming with amazing speed from the commencement of the action, took first place. The "Iowa" and the "Indiana," having done good work, and not having the speed of the other ships, were directed by me, in succession, at about the time the "Vizcaya" was beached, to drop out of the chase and resume blockading stations. These vessels rescued many prisoners. The "Vixen," finding that the rush of the Spanish ships would put her between two fires, ran outside of our own column and remained there during the battle and chase.

The skillful handling and gallant fighting of the "Gloucester" excited the admiration of every one who witnessed it and merits the commendation of the Navy Department. She is a fast and entirely unprotected auxiliary vessel—the yacht "Corsair"—and has a good battery of light rapid-fire guns. She was lying about two miles from the harbor entrance, to the southward and eastward, and immediately steamed in, opening fire upon the large ships. Anticipating the appearance of the "Pluton" and "Furor," the "Gloucester" was slowed, thereby gaining more rapidly a high pressure of steam, and when the destroyers came out she ran for them at full speed, and was able to close to short range, where her fire was accurate, deadly and of great value.

During this fight the "Gloucester" was under the fire of the Socapa battery. Within twenty minutes from the time they emerged from Santiago harbor the careers of the "Furor" and "Pluton" were ended and two-thirds of their crews killed. The "Furor" was beached and sunk in the surf; the "Pluton" sank in deep water a few minutes later. The destroyers probably suffered much injury from the fire of the secondary batteries of the battleships "Iowa," "Indiana" and "Texas," yet I think a very considerable factor in their speedy destruction was the fire, at close range, of the "Gloucester's" battery. After rescuing the survivors of the destroyers, the "Gloucester" did excellent service in landing and rescuing the crew of the "Infanta Maria Teresa."

The method of escape attempted by the Spaniards, all steering in the same direction and in formation, removed all tactical doubts or difficulties, and made plain the duty of every United States vessel to close in, immediately engage and pursue. This was promptly and effectively done. As already stated, the first rush of the Spanish squadron carried it past a number of the blockading ships, which could not immediately work up to their best speed; but they suffered heavily in passing; and the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Oquendo" were probably set on fire by shells discharged during the first fifteen minutes of the engagement. It was afterward learned that the

Praise for the
"Gloucester."

End of the "Teresa"
and "Oquendo."

"Infanta Maria Teresa's" fire main had been cut off by one of our first shots and that she was unable to extinguish the flames. With large volumes of smoke rising from their lower decks aft, these vessels gave us both fight and flight, and ran in on the beach—the "Infanta Maria Teresa" at about 10.15 a. m., at Nima Nima, six and one-half miles from Santiago harbor entrance, and the "Almirante Oquendo" at about 10.20 a. m., at Juan Gonzales, seven miles from the port.

The "Vizcaya" was still under the fire of the leading vessels; the "Cristobal Colon" had drawn ahead, leading the chase, and soon passed beyond the range of the guns of the leading American ships. The "Vizcaya" was soon set on fire, and at 11.15 she turned in shore and was beached at Asserradero, fifteen miles from Santiago, burning fiercely, and with her reserves of ammunition on deck already beginning to explode. When about ten miles west of Santiago, the "Indiana" had been signaled to go back to the harbor entrance, and at Asserraderos the "Iowa" was signaled to "resume blockading station." The "Iowa," assisted by the "Ericsson" and the "Hist," took off the crew of the "Vizcaya," while the "Harvard" and the "Gloucester" rescued those of the "Infanta Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." This rescue of prisoners, including the wounded, from the burning Spanish vessels, was the occasion of some of the most daring and gallant conduct of the day. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete.

There remained now of the Spanish ships only the "Cristobal Colon;" but she was their best and fastest vessel. Forced by the situation to hug the Cuban coast, her only chance of escape was by superior and sustained speed. When the "Vizcaya" went ashore the "Colon" was about six miles ahead of the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon;" but her spurt was finished and the American ships were now gaining upon her. Behind the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" came the "Texas," "Vixen" and "New York." It was evident from the bridge of the "New York" that all the American ships were gradually overhauling the "Colon" and that she had no chance of escape. At fifty minutes past twelve the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" opened fire and got her range, the "Oregon's" heavy shell striking beyond her, and at 1.20 she gave up without firing another shot, hauled down her colors and ran ashore at Rio Torquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago. Captain Cook, of the "Brooklyn," went on

**Running Down
the "Colon."**

board to receive the surrender. While his boat was alongside I came up in the "New York," received his report, and placed the "Oregon" in charge of the wreck to save her, if possible, and directed the prisoners to be transferred to the "Resolute," which had followed the chase.

Commodore Schley, whose chief of staff had gone on board to receive the surrender, had directed that all their personal effects should be retained by the officers. This order I did not modify. The "Cristobal Colon" was not injured by our firing, and was probably not much injured by beaching, though she ran ashore at high speed. The beach was so steep that she came off by the working of the sea. But her sea valves were opened and broken, treacherously, I am sure, after her surrender, and despite all efforts she sank. When it became evident that she could not be kept afloat, she was pushed by the "New York" bodily up on the beach—the "New York's" stern being placed against her for this purpose, the ship being handled by Captain Chadwick with admirable judgment—and sank in shoal water. Had this not been done she would have gone down in deep water, and would have been, to a certainty, a total loss.

I regard this complete and important victory over the Spanish forces as the successful finish of several weeks of arduous and close blockade, so stringent and effective during the night that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night, and deliberately elected to make the attempt at daylight. That this was the case I was informed by the commanding officer of the "Cristobal Colon."

It seems proper to briefly describe here the manner in which this was accomplished. The harbor of Santiago is naturally easy to blockade, there being but one entrance, and that a narrow one; and the deep water extending close up to the shore line presenting no difficulties of navigation outside of the entrance. At the time of my arrival before the port, June 1, the moon was at its full, and there was sufficient light during the night to enable any movement outside of the entrance to be detected; but with the waning of the moon, and the coming of dark nights, there was opportunity for the enemy to escape, or for his torpedo boats to make an attack upon the blockading vessels. It was ascertained, with fair conclusiveness, that the "Merrimac," so gallantly taken into the channel on June 3, did not obstruct it.

**Method of
Blockading.**

I therefore maintained the blockade as follows: To the battleships was assigned the duty, in turn, of lighting the channel. Moving up to the port, at a distance of from one to two miles from the Morro—dependent upon the condition of the atmosphere—they threw a searchlight beam directly up the channel and held it steadily there. This lightened up the entire breadth of

the channel for a mile inside of the entrance so brilliantly that the movement of small boats could be detected. Why the batteries never opened fire upon the searchlight ship was always a matter of surprise to me; but they never did. Stationed close to the entrance of the port were three picket launches, and at a little distance further out, three small picket vessels—usually converted yachts—and, when they were available, one or two of our torpedo boats. With this arrangement there was at least a certainty that nothing could get out of the harbor undetected.

After the arrival of the army, when the situation forced upon the Spanish admiral a decision, our vigilance increased. The night blockading distance was reduced to two miles for all vessels, and a battleship was placed alongside the searchlight ship, with her broadside trained upon the channel in readiness to fire the instant a Spanish ship should appear. The commanding officers merit the greatest praise for the perfect manner in which they entered into this plan and put it into execution. The "Massachusetts," which according to routine was sent that morning to coal at Guantanamo, like the others, had spent weary nights upon this work, deserved a better fate than to be absent that morning.

When all the work was done so well it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of Cervera's squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the commodore in command of the second division, the captains of ships, their officers and men. The fire of the battleships was powerful and destructive, and the resistance of the Spanish squadron was, in great part, broken almost before they had got beyond the range of their own forts. The fine speed of the "Oregon" enabled her to take a front position in the chase, and the "Cristobal Colon" did not give up until the "Oregon" had thrown a 13-inch shell beyond her.

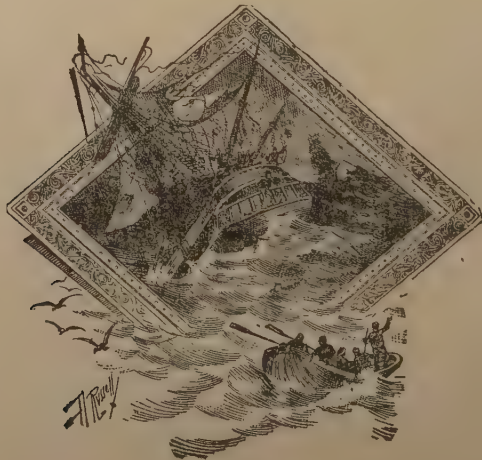
This performance adds to the already brilliant record of this fine battleship, and speaks highly of the skill and care with which her admirable efficiency has been maintained during a service unprecedented in the history of vessels of her class. The "Oregon's" **Brilliant Record.** "Brooklyn's" westerly blockading position gave her an advantage in the chase, which she maintained to the end, and she employed her fine battery with telling effect. The "Texas" and the "New York" were gaining on the chase during the last hour, and had any accident befallen the "Brooklyn" or the "Oregon," would have speedily overhauled the "Cristobal Colon."

From the moment the Spanish vessel exhausted her first burst of speed the result was never in doubt. She fell, in fact, far below what might reasonably have been expected of her. Careful measurements of time and

distance gave her an average speed from the time she cleared the harbor mouth until the time she run on shore at Rio Tarquino of 13.7 knots. Neither the "New York" nor the "Brooklyn" stopped to couple up their forward engines, but ran out the chase with one pair, getting steam, of course, as rapidly as possible on all boilers. To stop to couple up the forward engines would have meant a delay of fifteen minutes, or four miles, in the chase.

Several of the ships were struck, the "Brooklyn" more frequently than the others, but very slight material injury was done, the greatest being aboard the "Iowa." Our loss was one man killed and one wounded, both on the "Brooklyn." It is difficult to explain this immunity from loss of life or injury to ships in a combat with modern vessels of the best type, but Spanish gunnery is poor at best, and the superior weight and accuracy of our fire speedily drove the men from their guns and silenced their fire. This is borne out by the statements of prisoners and by observation. The Spanish vessels, as they dashed out of the harbor, were covered with the smoke from their own guns, but this speedily diminished in volume and soon almost disappeared.

The fire from the rapid-fire batteries of the battleships appears to have been remarkably destructive. An examination of the stranded vessels showed that the "Almirante Oquendo," especially, had suffered terribly from this fire. Her sides were everywhere pierced and her decks were strewn with the charred remains of those who had fallen, but the other Spanish vessels suffered almost equally, thus proving the great efficiency and accuracy of the American guns and the skill of American sailors in handling them.



LIFE AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.

BY DEAN C. WORCESTER,

(Member of the Philippine Commission.)

THE insurrection headed by Aguinaldo in the Philippine Islands having assumed proportions far beyond general expectation, with a possibility that it may not be speedily suppressed, interest naturally now centres in the character of the population which has come under the guardianship of the United States and in the opportunities which the occupation of this large and valuable territory offers to American enterprise. The McEnery resolution, passed by a small majority of the United States Senate,—the vote in its favor being less than one-third of a full Senate,—would have been much more important in its influence on the future course of the United States, but for Aguinaldo's attack upon our army at Manila. Had the Philippine insurgents yielded to American authority peacefully, after the passage of such a resolution by the Senate, they might have claimed that it was, in a certain sense, a guarantee of independence for the Philippines. As it is, the resolution amounts only to a declaration of policy, without any binding force upon the United States government.

The people of the Philippine Islands are not all savages. The majority are semi-civilized, a few are civilized in the full meaning of that term, and a considerable number are still in a savage state. Nor are the civilized confined to the island of Luzon, on which Manila is situated, for influences of considerable political and social development are to be seen in sections of all the five largest islands of the group. In my tour of the islands I visited the somewhat remote town of Damaguite, in southern Negros, which to my surprise I found to be a typical Visayan place of the better class. Its shops are kept by Chinese merchants. The population, numbering, perhaps, eight thousand souls, is composed chiefly of natives, with comparatively few half-breeds, and still fewer Spaniards. The soil near the town is fertile, and the people seemed prosperous. The public buildings are more than ordinarily imposing. The church and a convent, or priest's house, are in excellent repair, and the population generally seemed happy and contented, although instances of the most cruel oppression on the part of the Spanish rulers were frequently witnessed. Living costs little. The average Visayan with a

**Not All of Them
Savages.**

couple of bushels of shelled corn, or a measure of rice in the house, and a bit of dried fish for dessert, wisely lies on the floor, smokes his cigarette, thrums his guitar, and composes extemporaneous songs on current events. His wife does the cooking and brings the water. When the provisions give out, it will be quite soon enough to look for more.

The savages on the island of Negros may be described as good-natured people, who do no harm to others when they have no reason to fear harm to

**The Rich Island
of Negros.**

themselves. The Spaniards had been in the habit of shooting them, merely for amusement, and the so-called savages naturally resented this treatment. Negros, which is 4,670 square miles in area, is probably the richest island of its size in the archipelago. The fertile lowlands along the coast are extensively cultivated, although much good land still lies idle, and offers an opportunity to American settlers who have capital to invest in planting, and taste and health for that line of business in the hot climate of the Philippines. Fine tobacco is grown on some plantations, but sugar is the most important crop.

It is a mistake to suppose that all Philippine towns are dirty. In this respect, some of them are considerably superior to Cuba. Zamboanga, on the island of Mindanao, one of the oldest Spanish settlements, is large and clean. It has a pier extending out to moderately deep water, though large vessels have to lie some distance offshore. Spanish extortion has driven commerce from Zamboanga, but under good American government Australian and other vessels will no doubt call there again, as in former times.

The manner in which the Spaniards have treated the natives was illustrated during my stay at Zamboanga. There was a gray-haired old fellow about the hotel, who did some work in the stables. He chanced to pass through a room in which I was sitting, in company with several Spanish officers, and one of the latter ordered him to bring a drink. Although he was not a waiter, he set off on the errand; but he was old and slow, and, when he returned, the officer became angry because he had been gone so long, knocked him down, and kicked him in the ribs. I found the victim, later, dying in a manger.

**Examples of
Spanish Cruelty.**

It may be mentioned here, that the chief Spanish official at Concepcion, on the Island of Panay, caused delinquent taxpayers to be caught and tied to trees. Vicious dogs were then set upon the victims, and encouraged to worry them. The same official ordered the natives to concentrate in the towns, and made a practice of riding about the country and burning the huts of those who failed to heed his command.

Mindanao is next in importance to, and nearly as large as Luzon. It is probable that, notwithstanding the victories gained in Luzon, the Island of

Mindanao will witness prolonged difficulty in the establishment of American authority. The reason is that the Spaniards have held only small strips of the coast, while the remainder is inhabited largely by pagan and Mohammedan tribes. When General Weyler commanded in the Philippines, he sent an expedition against the Mohammedans. The Spaniards marched into the forests of Mindanao, the enemy retreating before them. Fever and starvation disabled 80 per cent of the Spaniards, and the mortality was terrible. Weyler remained safe on a dispatch boat, while his troops were perishing, and sent messages to Manila, announcing glorious victories.

These tribes remain unsubdued, and as most of them probably know no difference between a Spaniard and an American, it is likely that trouble will be encountered in bringing them to a recognition of American power. The experience of Weyler's troops will be a valuable lesson for American military commanders, and may prevent the loss of many American lives. Mindanao is an island well worthy, however, of being rescued from the control of non-producing savages. The soil, especially in the river and lake regions, is remarkably productive. Little is known of the mineral wealth, but it is certain that gold exists in paying quantities at a number of points. Diggings have long been worked by the natives near Misamis and Surigao. The scenery of Mindanao, also, is very fine. The largest known flower, measuring three feet in diameter, has been discovered there. There are several active volcanoes on the island. Extensive areas are covered with magnificent trees, and apart from the valuable forest products which Mindanao has in common with several of the other islands, gutta-percha is abundant in certain localities. The island is well watered, and its rivers are more important than those of Luzon. Such is the rich territory which, although nominally possessed by the Spaniards for hundreds of years, is as free from civilized control as were the forests of Yucatan when Cortez landed on the Mexican coast. The presence of precious metals in the interior will certainly insure a large immigration of the same adventurous class that invaded California in 1849, and aroused the land of gold from its siesta of centuries.

**Tribes That are
Still Unsubdued.**

When the natives of the Philippines shall have been won over to the peaceable acceptance of American supremacy, they will, according to trustworthy opinion, prove useful and faithful friends of the United States. One great need of the Philippine natives is education. The savages are, of course, without any literary training at all. The education of the semi-civilized natives consists of a little catechism and a few prayers, which they learn in their own dialect. The more fortunate get some knowledge of writing and arithmetic, with,

**Character of the
Islanders.**

possibly, a smattering of Spanish. Public school training will undoubtedly form part of the program of an American administration, and there is every reason to believe that it will have a redeeming and improving influence on the plastic native character.

THE FILIPINO INSURRECTION.

The White Man's Burden in the Islands of the Orient, Where Our Flag Has Been Planted.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

WHEN the Filipino insurgents fired on the American outposts at Manila, February 4, 1899, that hostile act forced the United States to take up the "White Man's Burden," placing upon us, as it did, a mighty responsibility, which we cannot with honor escape. Another war has been thus imposed without our seeking, in the prosecution of which our soldiers and sailors, our troop, war and supply ships are girdling the earth and sailing on every sea.

The United States has become an active world power so suddenly that many citizens do not yet realize all that has happened. A few plain facts will aid them. We are now maintaining more soldiers outside of our own borders than any country except England. This nation has now 60,000 troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, or on the way thither. England keeps 76,995 British soldiers in India and 38,522 in her colonies. France and Germany, which are the chief colonial powers after England, defend their colonies chiefly by means of native levies, and the numbers of soldiers sent from the home countries do not compare with those of England and the United States.

General Lawton, our best available fighting man, has been sent to the Philippines to end the war there. General Otis will then become Governor. There are now about 18,000 American soldiers in the Philippines, and recently three ships carried 6,000 more, so that General Lawton will have 24,000 men under him; and it is the purpose of the Administration to increase this force to 41,000 men.

Our Ships and Soldiers at Manila.

Admiral Dewey has twenty-three fighting ships under him and more than four thousand officers and men. Here is a list of his ships, prepared by the Navy Department March 1 :

Vessels.	Officers.	Men.	Marines.
Baltimore	36	275	36
Bennington	16	163	18
Boston	19	237	33
Buffalo	17	230	25
Callao	10	25	—
Castine	11	130	12
Charleston	20	250	36
Concord	13	163	18
Culgoa	10	40	—
Don Juan de Austria	10	111	—
Helena	10	151	15
Isla de Luzon	—	7	—
Isla de Cuba	10	129	—
Manila	11	56	—
Monadnock	26	175	—
Monocacy	12	129	18
Monterey	19	187	—
Olympia	34	377	36
Petrel	10	112	—
Princeton	11	114	12
Yorktown	14	163	18
Solace	10	125	27
Total	329	3,359	304

The "Oregon" will add 32 officers, 402 men and 60 marines, and the "Iris" 5 officers and 93 men. The "Buffalo" took out several hundred, but these do not affect the total, as her passengers were to replace men whose terms of enlistment had expired, and who wanted to return to this country. The American flag, for many years a rarity on distant seas, has become a familiar sight at all the stations on the world's great ocean routes.

At Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Suez, Perim, Colombo, Singapore, at Honolulu, at Apia, at Yokohama and Hong Kong, the Stars and Stripes and the blue uniforms of American soldiers and sailors are now looked for.

**Our Flag Seen
Around the World.**

In the procession from New York to the eastward there have gone out the armed transports "Grant" (with General Lawton on board), "Sherman" and "Sheridan," the gunboats "Princeton," "Castine" and "Helena," and the armed auxiliaries "Solace" and "Buffalo."

At this writing (March 10, 1899), the "Buffalo" and "Helena" have reached Manila. The "Sheridan" is near Gibraltar, the "Sherman" is in the Red Sea, the "Grant" well on her way across the great gulf of the

Indian Ocean, having coaled at Colombo, Island of Ceylon, off the coast of India. The "Solace," the "Princeton" and the "Castine" have passed through the Suez Canal from Port Said. The "Yosemite" and "Abarenda," bound for the far Pacific by the same route, are about to leave the Norfolk Navy Yard, and will fall in after the other vessels in the 12,000 mile-long procession. The auxiliary cruiser "Badger" is also on her way to the Pacific from the Atlantic, but is going by way of the Straits of Magellan.

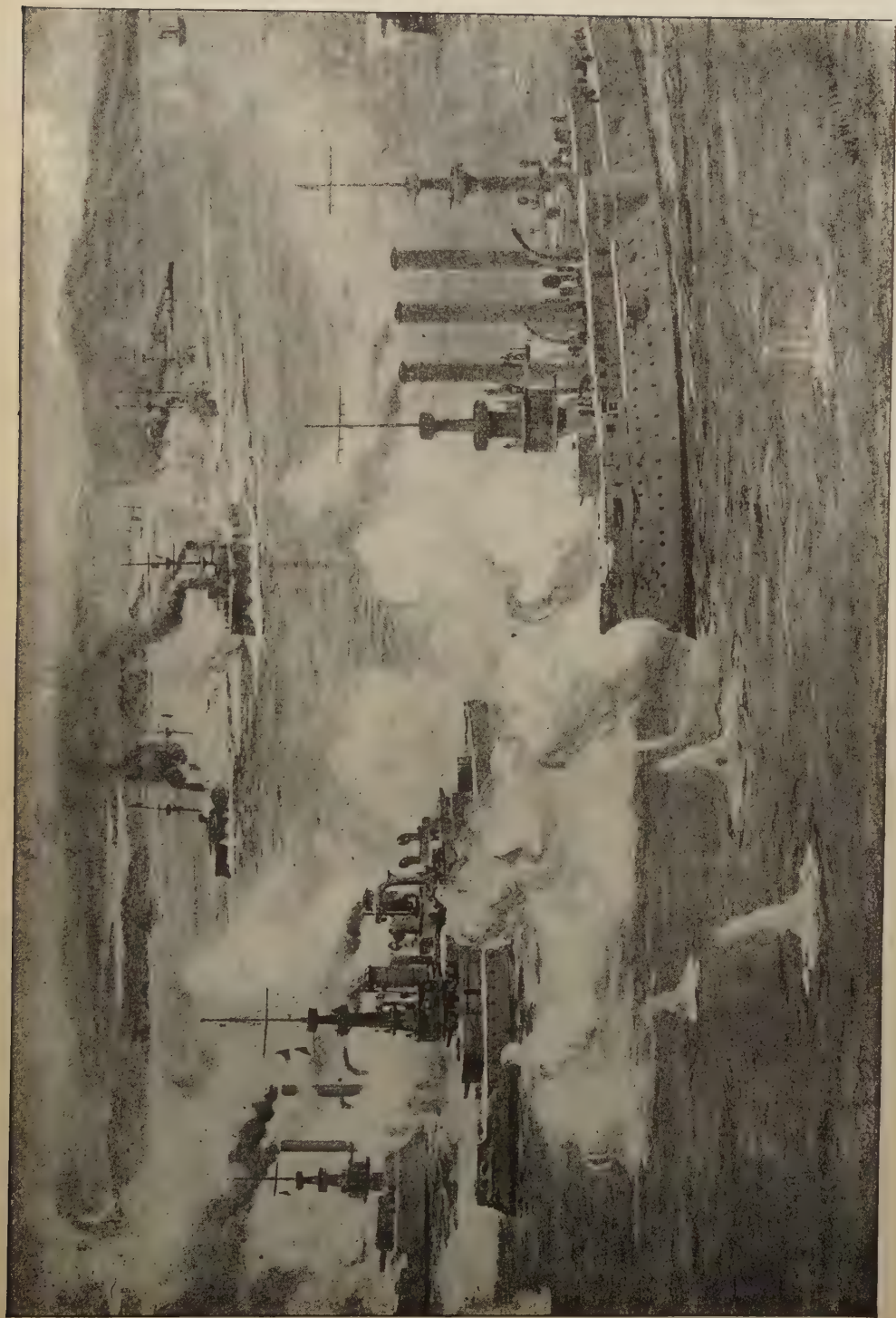
Out from the Golden Gate at San Francisco there has passed another procession of fighting ships bound for the same destination as those sailing along on the opposite side of the globe. The path across the Pacific may now be said to be "well worn," for across it have passed nearly all the vessels now at Manila, including the cruisers "Baltimore," "Charleston," "Olympia," "Boston," "Concord," the gunboat "Petrel," the monitors "Monterey" and "Monadnock."

The two second-class cruisers "Bennington" and "Yorktown," sister ships of the "Concord," have only just completed the long voyage by way of Honolulu and Guam, and the Pacific is still freighted with our regiments, bound for Manila, and our cruisers and gunboats protecting our interests, now for the first time of great importance, in the widely scattered islands of that ocean.

The big battleship "Oregon," for which Dewey cabled, is ploughing her way to the westward from Hawaii, on a long run which promises to give her another record as creditable as the one she made on her famous voyage around the Horn. At Honolulu, or near there, is the gunboat "Iroquois." Following the "Oregon" are the big armed colliers "Brutus," "Nero" and "Scindia," and the distilling ship "Iris," forming a veritable armada, of which the "Oregon" is the mountain of strength. The auxiliary and supply vessel "Celtic," which left San Francisco on February 18, cannot be far behind.

On the armed transports "Ohio," "Scandia" and "Senator," which are now nearly three weeks out from San Francisco, are nearly 4,000 soldiers of our regular army, who will find a hearty welcome from General Otis on the completion of their voyage, about March 15, if all goes well.

It has been pointed out how great a force of American soldiers is now maintained outside of the country. It is out of proportion to the forces maintained by other colonial powers. The system of raising native troops followed by those powers will have to be adopted by the United States. An officer of the Bureau of Military Intelligence at Washington has prepared a statement on the probable methods of organizing native troops.



CERVERA'S SQUADRON COMING OUT OF SANTIAGO HARBOR, JULY 3, 1898.



DRAGGING A BATTERY UP THE SLOPES BELOW SIBONEY.



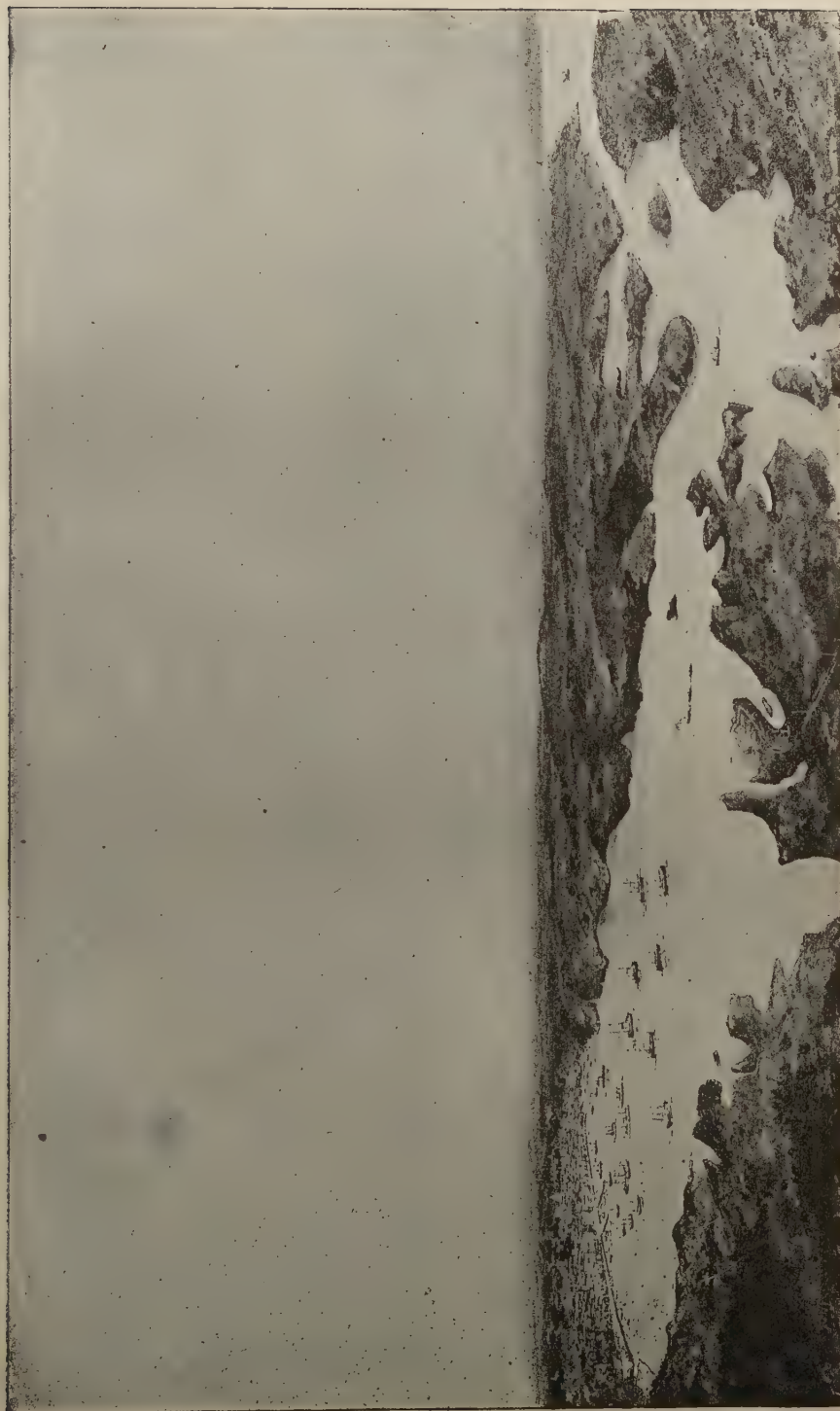
SHERIDAN'S DASHING CHARGE NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., AUGUST 12, 1862



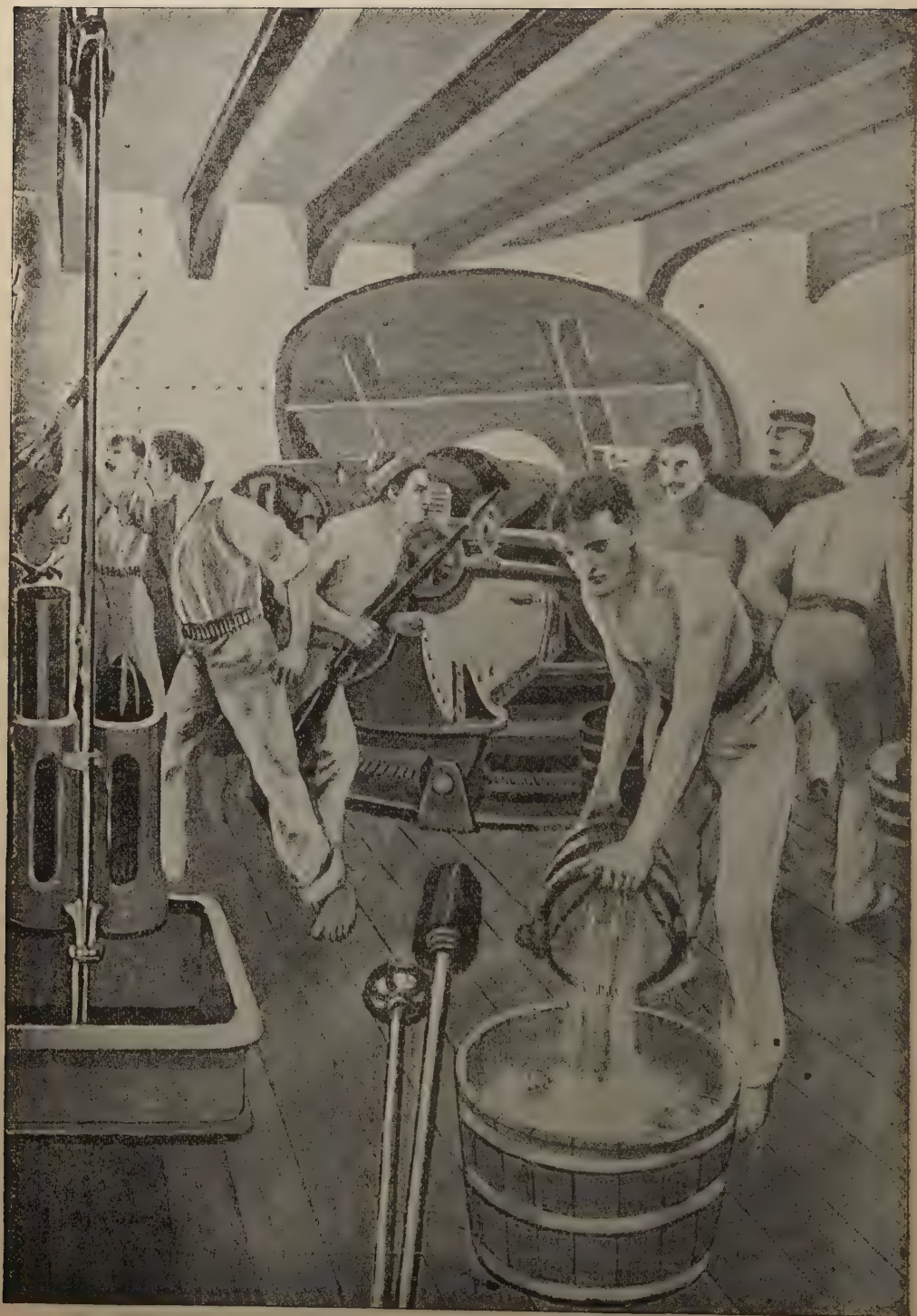
From the painting by Ralph Scott.

THE RECALL.

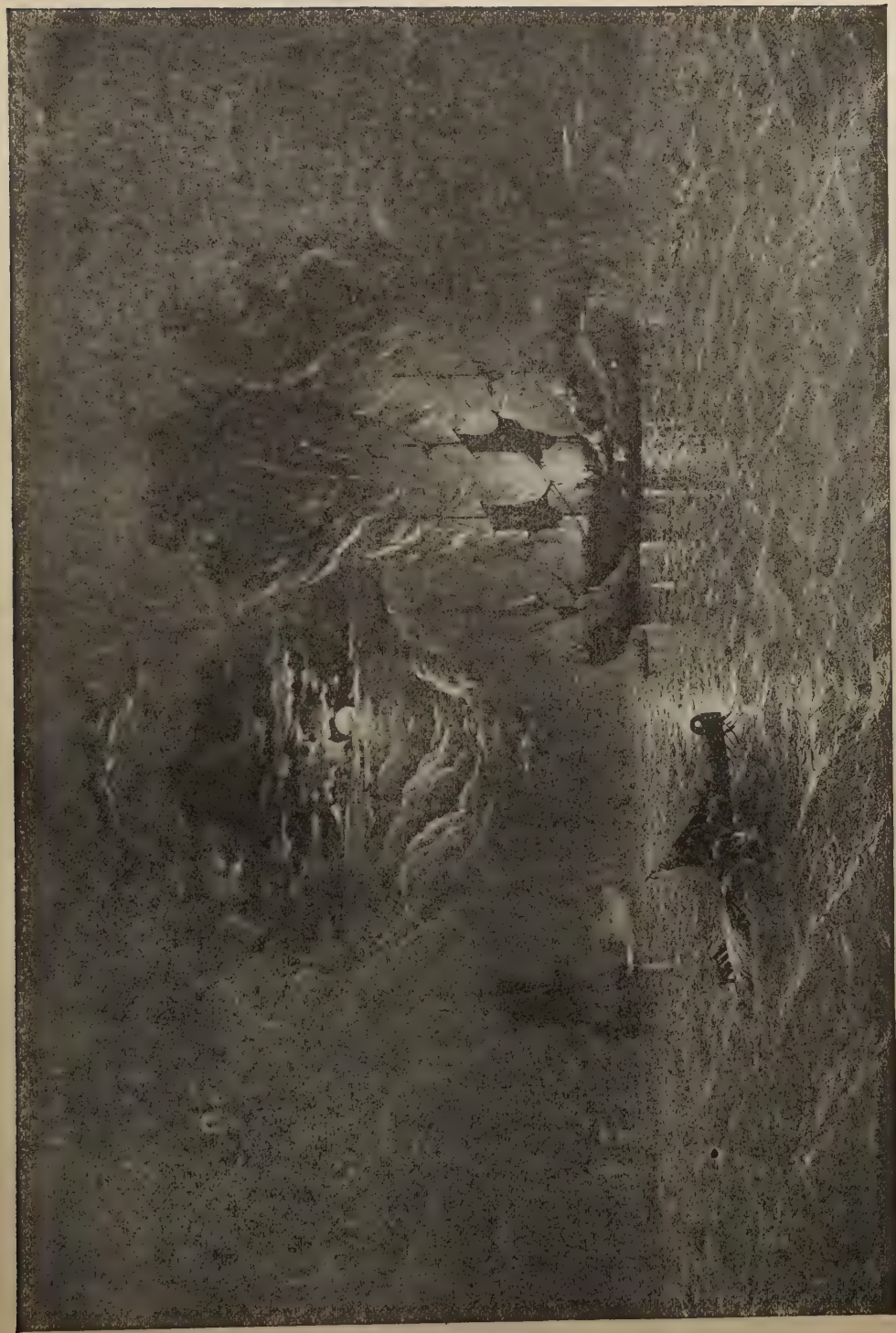
Heroic but pathetic incident in the battle of Spottsylvania, May 10, 1864.



THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA



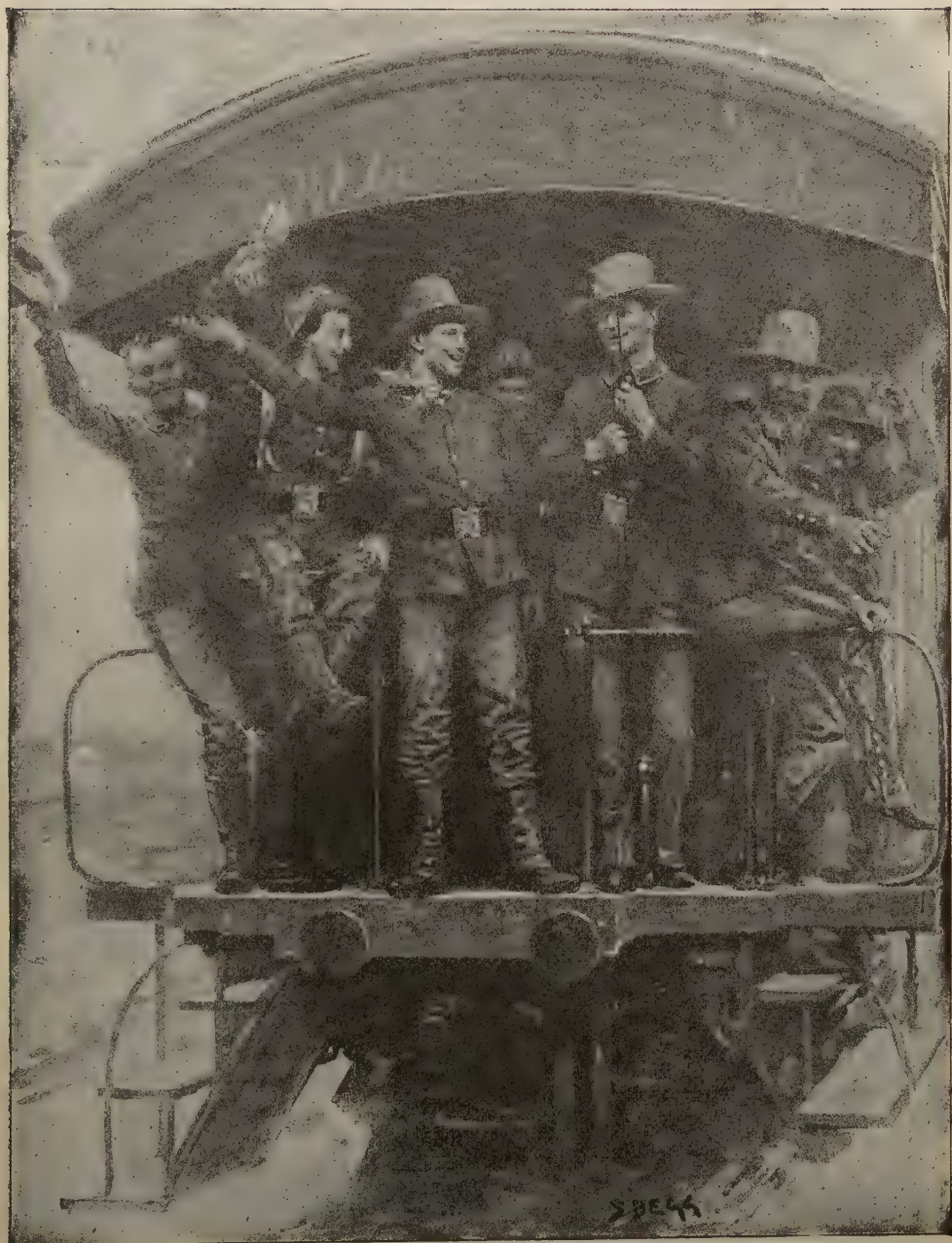
SCENE IN THE TURRET OF THE "OLYMPIA" DURING THE BATTLE IN
MANILA BAY, MAY 1, 1898.



TERRIFIC DUEL BETWEEN THE "BONHOMME RICHARD," CAPTAIN PAUL JONES, AND THE "SERAPI8,"
CAPTAIN PEARSON, OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, ENGLAND, NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 23, 1779.



CAPTAIN FRY OF THE "VIRGINUS" TAKING LEAVE OF HIS COMPANIONS BEFORE THEIR EXECUTION



OFF FOR THE WAR.



Mano Hinalda

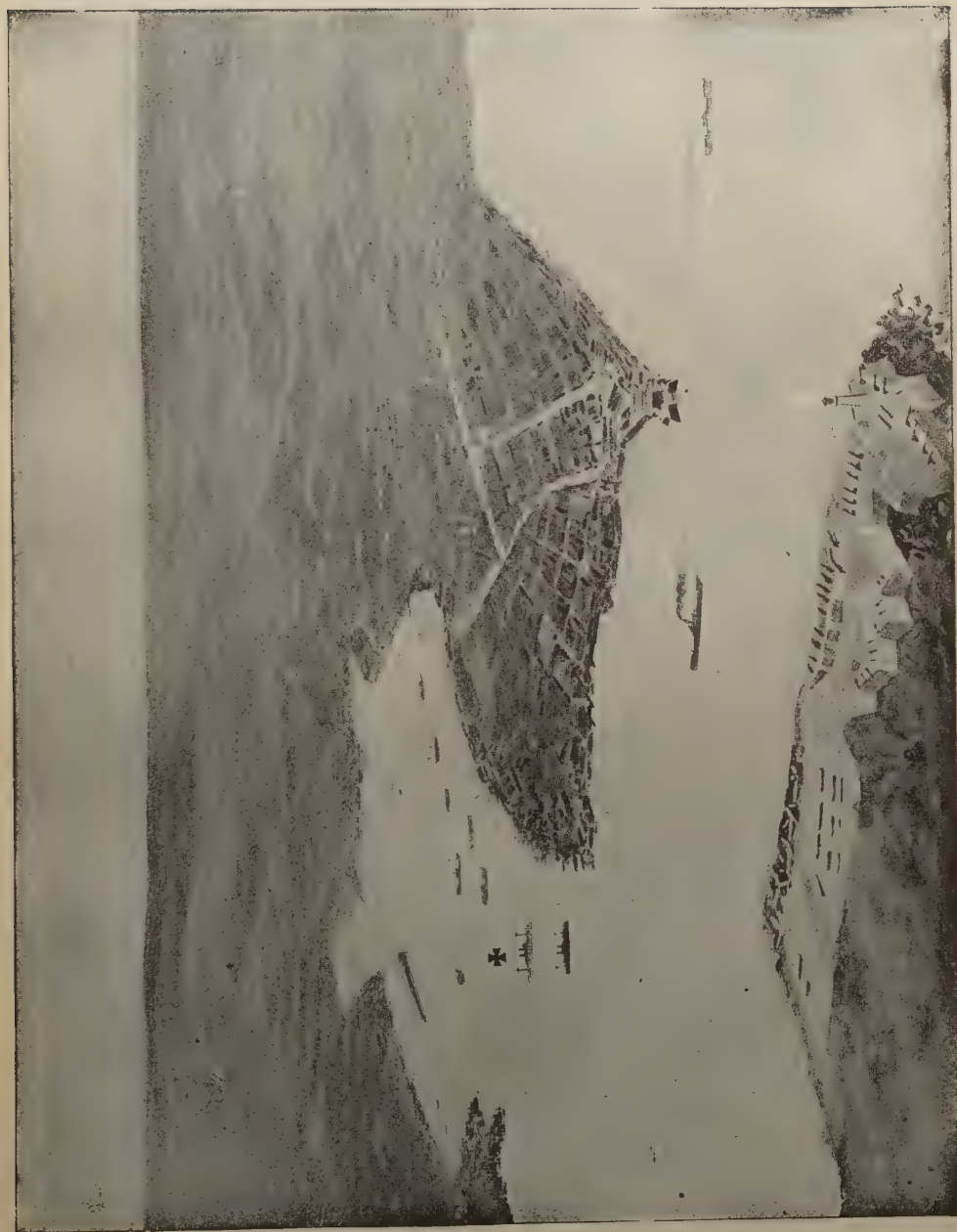


THE DASH OF WILCOX'S BATTERY AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863, WHICH WAS OPPOSED BY THE FIRST MINNESOTA REGIMENT. THAT LOST 80 PER CENT IN KILLED AND WOUNDED.



ADMIRAL CERVERA AND HIS PRINCIPAL OFFICERS—SURVIVORS OF THE SPANISH FLEET.

- | | | | | |
|--|--|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|---|
| 6. Lieut.-Commander Carlier,
"Furor." | 2. Commodore Paredes,
"Colon." | 1. Admiral Cervera,
"Teresa." | 3. Captain Eulate,
"Vizcaya." | 7. Lieut.-Com. Vazquez,
"Pluton." |
| 13. Lieut.-Com. Aznar,
"Teresa." | 12. Lieut.-Com. Marina,
"Colon." | 10. Lieut. Cervera,
"Teresa." | 4. Commander Roldan,
"Vizcaya." | 8. Lieut.-Com. C. Gonzalez Lanes,
"Colos." |
| 5. Lieut.-Com. MacCohon,
"Teresa." | 11. Lieut. F. Gomez Inaz,
"Teresa." | Lieut.-Com. Quiroga,
"Vizcaya." | | |



La Punta

Morro Castle

Fort Cadman.

was destroyed.

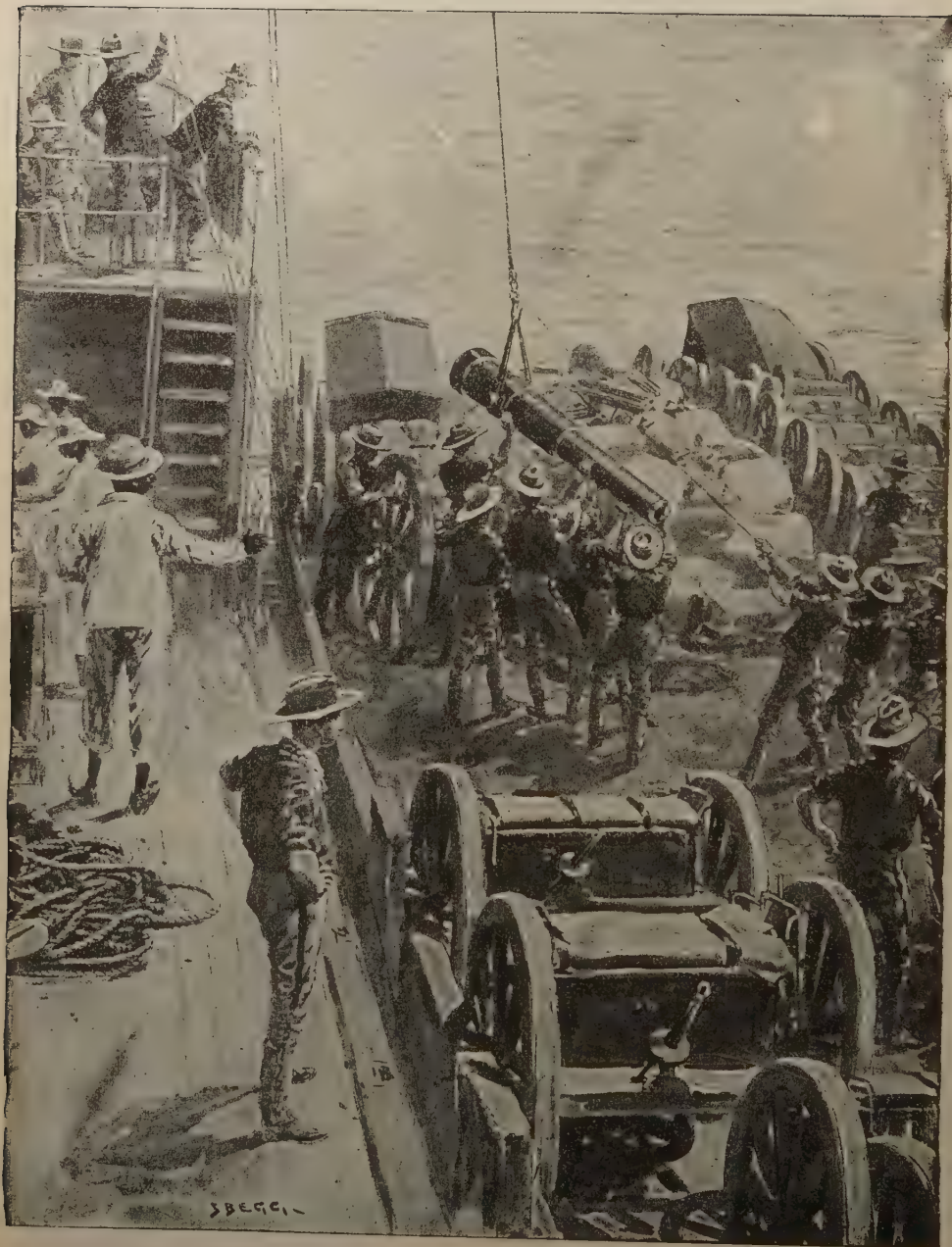
HAVANA HARBOR.



THE "ALBEMARLE" RAMMING THE "SOUTHFIELD." APRIL 20, 1863.



SHELLS FROM SAMPSON'S SQUADRON BURSTING IN THE STREETS OF SANTIAGO



SHIPPING SIEGE GUNS AT TAMPA FOR THE INVASION OF CUBA.

The question of recruiting native West Indians and Filipinos into our army service abroad is at present a very live one with the military authorities, who, with tables and plans, must anticipate in a measure any probable legislation affecting the army in these times of lightning transformation.

**How We Shall
Raise Native
Troops.**

England's task in raising an army in India was somewhat similar to that which is about to face us in our colonial possessions, for, though India is one country, while we have to do with peoples of various islands, widely separated, it is such a vast stretch that its army had to be organized under three heads—Madras, Bengal and Bombay—as ours would be divided into a Porto Rican, a Cuban and a Philippine army. In Porto Rico a native army would be a simple affair. The inhabitants of that little island are peace-loving and indifferent to revolutions, and would be easily moulded by good officers into a satisfactory and reliable body of rural guards. Firmness, tempered with kindness and justice, would be the chief factor of success. Cuba would be more difficult. The Cubans have had experience in fighting as members of the Cuban army, and their phenomenal success through happy-go-lucky methods has given them a high idea of their abilities as soldiers, and, therefore, they will not be so amenable to discipline, probably, and will not accept without question and grumbling a new system of tactics so entirely at variance with their own.

The Filipinos present such a difficult problem that it is hard to prophecy what success will come from our efforts to form a native force. The three principal tribes, scattered over the twelve hundred islands, are the Tagals, Visayans and Igorrotes, each totally different and sworn enemies for generations. Less promising material out of which to form good troops would be difficult to imagine at a first glance, but their very faults might, under wise administration, be transformed into soldierly qualities.

Their bravery, amounting to cruelty and ferocity under Spanish influence, might be developed into the courage of civilized nations, and the fatalism of their Asiatic neighbors, the Mohammedans, which seems to have a place in their character, with its doctrine of "What is to be will be," necessarily makes them indifferent to death. They are essentially crafty, but that is their misfortune rather than their fault, due to Spain's policy of suppression and oppression.

An eminent authority on the native troops of India has said that, without English officers, they are of little value, and the metaphor suggested by Sir Colin Campbell and quoted by Dr. Russell in speaking of the general relation of the European to the native soldier of India, would seem as applicable to this opinion as to the Filipinos and to ourselves. "Take a bamboo

and cast it against a tree, the shaft will rebound and fall harmless; tip it with steel and it becomes a spear which will pierce deep and kill. The bamboo is the Asiatic and the steel point is the European."

One lesson learned from the terrible Sepoy mutiny seems to be that it is better to make cavalry and infantry out of native troops who cannot be trusted implicitly than to give into their hands unlimited artillery. Before 1857 the native Indian army had 248

**No Artillery for
Natives.**

field guns and 348,000 troops, as against 38,000 European troops, with 276 guns. At the present time the proportion is quite different. The European troops are strong in artillery and the natives strong in infantry and cavalry. In artillery, the English have 12,306 men and 370 guns, against the natives with 896 men and 36 guns; while the native infantry is over twice as large and the cavalry four times as large as the European cavalry and infantry.

In the Philippines, cavalry would hardly be worth considering, the conditions of the country being such that horses are a hindrance rather than a help. Light artillery and Gatling guns will be the only part of the artillery arm used for the present. The native troops of India were made to use the musket to a certain extent, though they remained armed in the fashion of the country, as a general rule, with sword and lance. Probably the Filipinos would be given rifles, though of an inferior make to those used by the American army—Springfields, presumably.

Most of the natives of the Philippines know the use of a musket, but their tactics are so totally different from ours that it would be necessary for them to go through a process of unlearning before they could be taught our methods. The question of uniform would be more easily solved than any other, as it is the one thing in which we could follow Spain's example. Her colonial uniform was inexpensive, and suited to the climate, being made of a material light in quality, though sufficiently dark in color to keep some semblance of cleanliness. The English colonial uniform is the khaki worn by our troops in the late war, but the Spanish uniform seems cooler, lighter and cleaner.

England can again help us in the question of feeding a native army, for the Sepoys live on rice, which is the great food product in India as well as in the Philippines, although in the latter the supply does not always equal the demand. Sweet potatoes and ground nuts, and occasionally peas and potatoes, are also grown in the islands, and even wheat in the higher regions. From these simple elements we will form an inexpensive and satisfactory ration, meat not figuring to any extent.

The project of forming the natives of our new islands into a force to garrison them seems so reasonable and feasible that it is sure to succeed with the genius of America behind it, and a half century of European experience as a valuable lesson. We can profit enormously from Great Britain's mistakes in India and the most important and never-to-be-forgotten lesson of the Sepoy rebellion—that native troops should be officered by Americans, and the American and native troops amalgamated with our regular soldiers in such a manner that the horrible experience of 1857 can never be duplicated.

Our task is less complicated than England's in one great respect—that of the absence of caste in the inhabitants of Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines. Some of the most direct causes of the Indian mutiny came from the terror on the part of the Hindoos that their caste prejudices were to be interfered with. Possibly some time will elapse in the Philippines before the inhabitants will consent to enlist under our flag, but in Cuba and Porto Rico—especially in the latter—the plan seems simple enough, and the advantages manifold.

Great care should be taken, however, in the selection of recruits. They should be chosen not so much on account of their size and appearance as for their intelligence and promise, careful attention being given to their past records as far as possible. At first the native army in India was recruited only from the high-caste Hindoos and Mohammedans, and as soon as the lines were relaxed and men of lower castes and classes were allowed to come in, the entire army deteriorated.

According to a plan already outlined by the military authorities, the recruiting will be done at Manila, and each man's record will be carefully examined, so that no brigands or murderers get in. At first only a fourth of a company will be natives and three-fourths American regulars. After a while the bulk of the company will be natives, except the captain, two lieutenants, ten sergeants and fifteen corporals. By attention to duty a native will be able to become a non-commissioned officer.

**Plan of Recruiting
Native Army.**

The Philippines are a vast domain, and an intelligent man might spend a lifetime in studying them. The population of the Philippines is roughly estimated at 8,000,000. There are more than eighty distinct tribes of natives, each with its own very marked peculiarities. The number of islands is estimated at 1,200. Hundreds of these are practically unexplored by white men. There is no regular communication with them.

The islands extend from 4 deg. 45 min. to 21 deg. north latitude. They are wholly within the tropics. The mean annual temperature at Manila is 80 deg. Fahrenheit. There is no month of the year in which it

does not rise above 91 degrees. Malaria is very prevalent in some of the islands, notably in Mindoro, Balabac and portions of Palawan, Mindanao and Luzon; but there are many localities entirely free from it.

Malaria and bowel complaints are the most serious diseases for Americans in the Philippines. Smallpox is always prevalent in the islands, but as nearly all the natives have it in childhood there is no material for an epidemic. Cholera is infrequent, but when it has broken out has never been checked. Leprosy occurs, but is not common. There is a great deal of beri-beri in Balabac and Mindoro.

The civilized natives are nominally Roman Catholics. The Franciscan, Dominican, Austin and Recoleta friars own nearly all the cultivated land on the islands.

Manila, a city of 150,000 inhabitants and capital of the Island of Luzon, is celebrated for its earthquakes. In that of 1863, 400 people were killed, 2,000 wounded, and forty-six public buildings and 1,100 private houses destroyed. Other great earthquakes occurred in 1610, 1645, 1658, 1675, 1699, 1796, 1852 and 1880. In 1645, 600 people were killed. On account of the earthquakes, houses are not built more than two stories high. Galvanized iron is in great demand for roofs. Glass is not employed to any extent in windows, its place being taken by little squares of translucent oyster shell.

Iloilo, the second largest city of the islands and capital of Panay, has just been taken by our troops. The gunboat "Petrel" hoisted our flag without hindrance on the important Island of Cebu, in the Visayas group and the Island of Negros has sent in its submission.

The following is a list of the larger islands, with their areas in square miles:

Luzon	41,000	Leyte	3,090
Mindanao	37,500	Negros	2,300
Samar	5,300	Cebu	1,650
Panay	4,600	Masbate	1,315
Palawan	4,150	Bohol	925
Mindoro	4,040	Cantanduanes	450

The total land area is approximately 114,000 square miles.

There are some fine active volcanoes in the islands. One is Mayon, in Luzon, 8,900 feet high. Apo, in Mindanao, is 10,312 feet high.

The Philippines are peculiarly rich in what Mr. Kipling would call "the sullen, new-caught peoples, half devil and half child."

Of the eighty different tribes which compose the population the most peculiar are the Negritos. They are believed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the Philippines and are the lowest of existing human beings. * They are links between ordinary men and apes. They cannot count above five, do not build dwellings, and have only a semi-articulate speech. They practice little agriculture and live on fruits and roots, and on game which they bring down with their poisoned arrows. In appearance they are not unlike apes. They are a wretched, sickly race, of dwarfish stature, with thin limbs and protruding stomachs. Their skin is black and their hair curly. They linger only in certain barren or inaccessible parts. There are a few Negritos on Mariveles Mountain, near the mouth of Manila Bay, and in the vicinity of Cape Engano they are quite numerous.

Some of the remaining Philippine wild tribes are of pure Malay extraction, and others are apparently halfbreed races between Malays and Negritos. The Igorrotes, without clothes and armed only with bows and arrows, were conspicuous figures in the recent fighting with American soldiers. The word "Igorrote," which was originally the name of a single tribe, was extended to include all the head-hunting people in Luzon and later came to mean any wild tribe.

Head hunting is practiced by dozens out of the eighty Philippine tribes. The Gadannes practice head hunting only in the season when the fire tree is in bloom. It is said to be impossible for a young man of this tribe to find a bride until he has at least one head to his credit. Among other head-hunting tribes may be mentioned the Altasanes and Apsayaos. Not all of the wild tribes, however, are cannibals or head hunters. The Tinguianes of Luzon are amiable and peaceful.

**Head Hunters
and Cannibals.**

The civilized Philippine natives number five millions. They belong chiefly to three tribes, the Tagals, Ilocanos and Visayans. Professor Worcester, the leading American authority on the Philippines, has a favorable opinion of the civilized natives. The professor says:

"The civilized Filipino certainly has many good qualities to offset his bad traits. The traveler cannot fail to be impressed by his open-handed and cheerful hospitality. He will go to any amount of trouble and no little expense in order to accommodate some perfect stranger who has not the slightest claims to him. If cleanliness be next to godliness, he certainly has much to recommend him. Every village has its bath, if there is any chance for one, and men, women and children patronize it liberally."

The fiercest people in all the Philippine Islands are the Moros, who inhabit the Sulu Islands. These islands form a separate group to the south

of the Philippines, but the United States has gathered them in along with the rest. The Sulus are cannibals, head hunters and unqualified terrors. They are Mohammedans and are ruled by a collection of Sultans. A recent Spanish Governor proposed to collect taxes. The Sultan of Sulu, with other chiefs, waited on the Governor to pay the taxes. The Sultan held a bag of pearls in his left hand. With his right he drew a sword and split the Governor's skull from the crown to the backbone.

The Moro gentleman will cut a slave in two merely to try the edge of a new knife. The Moros believe that one who takes the life of a Christian thereby increases his chance of happiness hereafter. To be killed while fighting Christians means immediate transportation to the seventh heaven. From time to time it happens that a Moro becomes tired of life. Desiring to take the shortest route to heaven, he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, presents himself before a pandita and takes solemn oath to die killing Christians. He then hides a kris or barong about his person and seeks the nearest town. There he runs amuck, slaying every living being in his path until he is himself killed.

**Astonishing Customs
of the Natives.**

The Tagbuanas, of Palawan, are a curious half-breed race between the Negritos and Malays. These people catch fish by throwing a poison called macasla into shallow water. It causes the fish to rise to the surface, where they are then taken.

The pitcher plant, which eats insects, grows in the Philippines. Bats that live on fruit are eaten by the natives and much liked. There are enormous pythons in some of the islands. Dr. Worcester mentions killing one twenty-six feet long in Palawan Island. Cobras and other venomous snakes are common. Crocodiles cause considerable loss of life in Mindanao. There are no large carnivorous animals, such as tigers, on the islands. The Philippine house cats have a curious crook in the ends of their tails. Mosquitos and other insects are, of course, common. Pests of locusts occur every year. Fried locusts and a certain kind of water beetle are esteemed a delicacy by the natives.

The soil of the Philippines is amazingly fertile. Year after year crops are taken from the same ground without any thought of fertilizing. The most important products are sugar, abaca, or manila hemp, tobacco, rice, coffee, maize, cacao, yams, cocoanuts and bananas. Among edible fruits are the malodorous durian, which is very nutritious, mangoes, papaws, oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddocks, jack fruit, bread fruit, custard apples, lanzones, tamarinds and laichees.

Gold exists in paying quantities in Luzon and Mindanao, and there are vast quantities of iron and other minerals.

STORIES OF OFFICERS OF CERVERA'S SQUADRON.

Reports of the Spaniards How Their Vessels were Beaten by Schley's Warships.

BY CASPER F. GOODRICH,

(Commander of the Auxiliary Cruiser "St. Louis.")

AFTER the destruction of Cervera's squadron by Rear-Admiral Schley's warships, July 3, the surviving officers and men surrendered and were sent to Portsmouth, as prisoners of war, on the auxiliary cruiser "St. Louis." During the trip north the Spanish officers talked freely with Captain Goodrich of their tragic experiences, and these interesting descriptions, made in frequent interviews, the captain reduced to writing, which are herewith contributed, as follows:

I learned from Admiral Cervera that during his stay in Santiago he had received several telegrams from Madrid to leave port. On the second of July came the final message: "Leave port at once, no matter what the consequences, and engage fleet." This order was, as may be seen, imperative. Preparations were begun with a view to making the attempt during the following night, but for some reason the American battleships did not play their searchlights on the entrance that night as usual, and the wreck of the "Merrimac" could not be seen. As this hulk was at the turning point in the channel, it became almost impossible to go out. Admiral Cervera therefore decided to make the sortie early the following morning, after the American ships had withdrawn from their night blockading stations, and when they were, generally speaking, more scattered than at any other time of the day.

About seven o'clock on the following morning a signal was sent from the signal station near the Morro, that only the "Brooklyn" and the "Texas" were to the west of the entrance, and that the rest of the American fleet were scattered to the east. The squadron got under way at once and proceeded down the bay with the flagship, the "Maria Teresa," in the lead. She was followed by the "Almirante Oquendo," "Vizcaya," "Cristobal Colon," and the torpedo-boat destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor," in the order named. The wharves and docks at Santiago were crowded with people who had come down to see the ships off, and cheer after cheer arose as the pride of Spain's navy bravely sallied forth to meet a vastly superior enemy.

As only one ship could pass through the narrow entrance at a time, a definite battie formation was out of the question. The orders issued by

**How the Spanish
Ships Left the
Harbor.**

Admiral Cervera to the captains of his ships, therefore, were to proceed at full speed to the westward after clearing the entrance, and to concentrate their fire upon the "Brooklyn." He hoped to disable the "Brooklyn," which he considered the only ship that could overtake his vessels; then to escape to the westward, raise the blockade of Havana and take refuge in the harbor.

The leading vessel, the "Maria Teresa," passed the Morro about half-past nine o'clock, followed by the rest of the fleet in column. The details of the battle on board the "Maria Teresa" were told by Lieutenant Gomez, of the admiral's staff, as follows:

"After clearing the harbor we headed to the westward along the shore. We fired the first shot of the battle, aiming at the 'Brooklyn,' then about three miles away. The 'Texas,' 'Iowa' and 'Brooklyn' returned our fire, but their first shots fell short. As the distance between the ships decreased, the shells commenced to strike us and did great damage. First a shell exploded in the admiral's cabin, setting fire to the woodwork there. A signal was sent to the engine room to start the pumps, but the fire mains had been ruptured by an exploding shell, so that no water could be got to the fire. Another shell struck the main steam pipe, disabling the port engine, and the escaping steam killed every man in that compartment. One exploding shell killed or wounded eighty of our men. Our fire was directed principally against the 'Brooklyn.' The fire in the after part of the ship had driven the crews away from the after guns, and the rapid-fire guns of the American ships were playing havoc with our men and riddling the upper works of the ship. Having one engine disabled and the whole after part of the ship on fire, the vessel was headed toward the shore in search of a suitable place for beaching. The captain said to the admiral:

**Terrible Results
of the
American Guns.**

"My ship is in flames, my engines are disabled, my men have been driven from the guns and are being killed; ought I not for humanity's sake to surrender?"

"The admiral answered, 'It will be useless to fight longer.'

"The flag was hauled down and the ship run on the beach. The captain was struck and severely wounded just as the flag was being lowered. The fire was now raging aft so that there was great danger of the magazine being blown up at any minute. The admiral and those of the officers and crew still alive took to the water, the risk of drowning being preferable to the certainty of being burned or blown up. Many reached the shore, but some were drowned. Admiral Cervera stripped to his underclothes and plunged into the water. Two of the sailors secured ropes to a grating, and taking

the other end of the ropes in their mouths swam to the shore towing the grating, the admiral bearing part of his weight on it. The admiral's son, one of his staff, swam along behind his father and assisted as best he could. Had it not been for this assistance Admiral Cervera would undoubtedly have been drowned, as he is a very poor swimmer. While the men were in the water the Cubans on shore commenced firing at them until the 'Iowa' put a stop to that atrocity by throwing a shell among them and scattering them."

Captain Eulate, of the "Vizcaya," speaking of the battle, said: "When the order to leave port was given we all realized that we were going out to meet disaster, and that we were being sacrificed on the altar of Spanish honor. My officers and men fought like true Spaniards to the end, but it was useless. I was fighting four ships, any one of which was superior to my own. My poor 'Vizcaya,' she was a splendid ship, but now she is only a wreck. I have lost everything except honor." Continuing he said: "When the 'Maria Teresa' headed for shore I passed her, and I had the 'Brooklyn,' 'Texas,' 'Iowa' and 'Oregon' all firing at me. The firing from these ships was terrific; shells were bursting all around us. My ship was set on fire by a shell exploding in my cabin. My engines and pumps were disabled, and I could not fight the flames. My men were being killed and wounded in large numbers. A shell finally exploded in my forward magazines and I was forced to head for the shore. When I went into action, I had flying at my masthead a large embroidered silk flag, which had been made and presented to the ship by ladies of the province of Vizcaya. When I saw that my ship would be lost, I had this flag hauled down and burned, and hoisted another ensign in its place. My flag was shot away twice during the engagement, the last time just as the ship grounded. The boats of the 'Iowa' picked up those of my officers and men still left alive, carrying them to that ship. When I went on board the 'Iowa,' I took off my sword and tendered it to Captain Evans, but he refused it, saying that I had fought four ships and that I could keep my sword. That was the proudest moment of my life."

The captain of the "Oquendo" committed suicide and the second and third officers were killed during the engagement. The following description is from the paymaster of the "Oquendo:"

**Suicide of
the "Oquendo's"
Captain.**

"When we came out of the harbor we were fired on by the 'Iowa,' 'Texas' and 'Oregon.' Our fire was mostly directed against the 'Texas,' for we had seen the splendid shooting done by her in the attacks on the batteries. From the first the firing was terrific and great damage was done. The after part of the ship was set on fire by bursting shell and could not be put out. Finally, fearing that the magazines would explode and everyone

be lost, the ship was beached and the flag lowered. The mortality on the ship was great, over half of the crew being killed and wounded."

Captain Moreu of the "Cristobal Colon" by far the ablest officer in the fleet gave an account of his ship. He did not open fire at first, but moved inside the other vessels. When the "Vizcaya" headed for the shore, he passed her and then opened fire on the "Oregon," "Brooklyn" and "Texas," which ships had taken up the chase. He ran to the westward close to the shore. The heavy guns intended for this ship had never been mounted, and when asked where they were, the captain shrugged his shoulders and said: "Perhaps in the pocket of the Minister of Marine." Finally, when about fifty miles from Santiago, he was headed off by the "Oregon," and the "Brooklyn" and "Texas" were both closing in on him. He saw that it was useless to continue, and so beached his ship and hauled down his flag at 1.20 p. m. There was no serious damage done to this vessel, and but one man killed and sixteen wounded. All the officers and crew were taken off and put on board the "Resolute."

Lieutenant Diego Carlier, in command of the destroyer "Furor," and Lieutenant Pedro Vasquez, in command of the "Pluton," tell the same short story. They were literally riddled by the rapid-fire guns of the "Oregon," "Iowa" and "Texas." Their boilers were struck and exploded, one after the other, in rapid succession. A large shell struck the "Furor" almost amidship and exploded, nearly tearing her in two. She sank almost immediately. The steering gear on the "Pluton" was shot away, and she ran into shoal water and sank. These vessels each carried seventy-two men. But twenty-two were saved from the "Pluton" and but seventeen from the "Furor." Among the killed being Rear-Admiral Villamil. The officers all expressed themselves as amazed at the rapidity and accuracy of the fire of the American ships.

Admiral Cervera sent me this letter after his arrival at Portsmouth:

CAPTAIN CASPAR F. GOODRICH, *U. S. M. S. "St. Louis":*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging by these presents, in my own name and also in that of all captains and officers on board this ship, that we consider ourselves under the greatest obligation to you for the many kindnesses and excellent treatment which you and all the officers under your command have shown to us during this passage. I must also mention the careful and most valuable medical assistance which has been given to our wounded and sick men. Your kind feelings went as far in this respect as to order them to be put in one of the saloons of the ship in order to provide more effectually for their comfort. I know nothing which does not agree with what I have just written, the case of D. Enrique Capriles being wholly unknown to me, since neither you nor he has spoken to me about it. I thank you again for the delicate and manifold acts of kindness by which you have endeavored to alleviate the sore burden of our great misfortune. I assure you that I shall never forget them, and I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

PASCUEL CERVERA,

Rear Admiral.

**A Courteous Letter
of Thanks.**

Following is the list of the officers of the Spanish fleet who were brought to the United States by the "St. Louis:" Rear Admiral Pascual Cervera, Commodore Jose Paredez, Captain Antonio Eulate, of the "Vizcaya," and Emilio Diaz Moreu, of the "Cristobal Colon;" Commanders MacCronhon, Adolfo, Contreas and Manuel Roldan; Captains of Marines Frederich Baleato and Eugenio Espinoza y Leon; Lieutenants, first class, Diego Carlier, Xavier Quiroga, Piedro Vasquez, Pablo Marina, Enrique Capriles, and Carlos Gonzales Llanos; Chief Engineer Juan Cuenca; Lieutenants Cerman Suanzes, Antonio Magaz, Fernando Lengo, F. Bruquetas, and Jose Maria Pazos, A. C.

GLORIOUS STRUGGLE OF OUR ARMY BEFORE SANTIAGO.

Storming Through Jungle Up the Hill That Led to San Juan.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

THE battle of Santiago, which was fought between the American troops and the Spaniards on Friday, July 1, reflected credit upon both armies—upon the Americans because they stormed trenches that should have been impregnable, and upon the Spaniards because, with inferior numbers, they made a stubborn and desperate resistance, proving their boast that when engaged with an army fighting after the European fashion they would render a good account of themselves. That they showed themselves to be a match for American soldiers is not to be admitted for a moment, however. A generous foe can say no more of them than that they knew how to die. General Hawkins, being asked after the battle whether American troops could be driven from such intrenchments as those in which the Spaniards fought, answered with an emphatic "No!"

Between Siboney on the coast, the base of operations, and Santiago, lay, a little to the north of a line drawn between the two, the fortified village of Caney. It was judged necessary to reduce this place lest the enemy should threaten our rear. The nominal garrison of Caney was 800. General Shafter sent Lawton's division, the Second, of 6,000 men, against Caney, while Kent's, the First, and Wheeler's cavalry division were to proceed up the valley road and attack San Juan Hill, on which were the main land defences of Santiago. Lawton's division, having reduced Caney, was to co-operate with Kent and Wheeler at San Juan. It was believed that Caney

would soon fall before a brisk assault, but it stood off Lawton's division, assisted by Capron's battery of four guns, all day. Caney may be dismissed for the present while a description of the movement on San Juan is attempted.

The battle in this part of the field was opened by Captain Grimes' battery, which was posted on a hill above El Pozo ranch house, a dismantled building with a tiled roof and a rusted bell. General Joseph Wheeler's cavalry division, consisting of the Third, Sixth and Ninth, under General Samuel S. Sumner, and the First, Tenth and First Volunteers (Rough Riders), under Colonel Leonard Wood, General Young being disabled by illness, was distributed through the woods on the hill and outside the range of the enemy's expected fire, as well as could be judged. The morning was hot with a tropical intensity, the cocoanut palms of the valley being wreathed in vapors, while the sky was copper blue. At twenty minutes to 7, "Aim! Fire!" said Captain Grimes in tones clear and firm. Grimes has the air and spectacles of a college professor, and his face is severe but kindly. "Bang!" went the black tube, and everybody on the hill strained his eyesight at the house on San Juan, which was really a farmhouse and not a blockhouse, to see what damage would be done. Everybody was disappointed, including Captain Grimes, who tried again, with the same result. Several shots were fired before some one looking through a field glass announced that a hole had been knocked through the roof of the house. As a matter of fact, our battery was throwing solid shot and shrapnel on the crest of the hill to find the enemy, and not to demolish the innocent-looking farm building on top of it.

In the bright sunshine the exercises of our guns were spectacular and exhilarating. War might be hell to the other fellows, but it was pleasant enough to us and worth a good price for a front seat. Occasionally the boom of Capron's guns came to the ear from the right, and smoke rose to mark his position. In the middle valley was the spacious Ducrot house, looking cool and stately with its guardian palms. Bounding the valley paradise on the north, abruptly rose to a great height a verdant range of peaks. Scanning the floor of the valley sailed the buzzard waiting for the carnage. Grimes' guns had boomed ten times, and there was a pleased and interested look in every eye and a smile on many lips, when there came a muffled report from San Juan, and soon a peculiar singing, long-drawn-out hiss cut the air and the spectators forgot the marksmanship of Grimes' guns in a hasty hunt for cover. The Spaniards were replying with shrapnel from a 5-inch gun. Their shell came

**Grimes' Battery
Opens the Fight.**

**A Hasty Hunt
for Cover.**

over the brow of the hill and burst into a hundred fragments like a rocket. It was a good line shot, but high. Officers hurried their men to right and left and made them lie down in the bushes. Nobody ever learns to listen to the music of shrapnel with longing, for the thought of being torn to pieces is abiding. But Grimes' voice was as clarion-like as ever, and it was comforting to hear the little man say "Aim! Fire!" as steady as a clock.

Meanwhile, amid the din of guns and the cruel hiss of Spanish shells, the dog mascots of the regiments ran about in the tall grass and pushed aside the bushes with wagging tail and sparkling eye, while the birds in their leafy bowers sang on. Prostrate men in the brush, to whom the passing of the hissing shell was a procession of warnings of sudden death, tried to get interested in the slipping of lizards up and down decayed stumps, but afterward they could not remember the color of the lizards. Suddenly the Spanish fire ceased, but Grimes continued to say "Aim! Fire!" and it was remarkable how indifferent everybody was to the effect of American shells on Spanish nerves.

Our guns fired ten rounds after the Spaniards stopped, and it was said that we had knocked one of their pieces off its carriage. Two of our artillerymen had been killed and three sergeants and a corporal of the battery wounded. Several troopers of the Rough Riders had been hit, and a corporal of the Third Cavalry had a bad leg wound. In a dip under the hill twelve Cubans had been torn by the shrapnel.

Strung out on the valley road to the right and east of El Pozo, Kent's division was lying and awaiting the signal to advance. Two reasons have been suggested for the cessation of firing by our battery. One is that we could not afford to draw the

**Why the Fire
Was Suspended.**

Spanish fire in the direction of advancing infantry, and the other that the Spaniards, having our range perfectly, were knocking over too many of our gunners. The first reason is sufficient. Smokeless powder was used by the Spaniards, and we had no means of knowing whether they had sustained any damage. Wheeler's dismounted cavalrymen were ordered off the hill and to the front, and Kent's infantry to support them. His division was brigaded as follows: Sixth, Sixteenth and Seventy-first (New York Volunteers), General Hawkins; Second, Tenth and Twenty-first, Colonel Pearson; Ninth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth, Colonel Wikoff.

As our men advanced they were met by cross-fires poured from wooded eminences on both flanks, which could not be seen from the road or even by the skirmish lines. Every little mound, every inch of country was known to the enemy. They knew where our troops must be deploying and where a volley fired by them would strike with effect. When the Americans had to

cross a clearing it seemed as if the Spanish rear was concentrating all its fire upon our marching and dodging men. Credit must therefore be given the Spaniards for knowing and availing themselves of what may be termed the casualty value of the country through which their foe was advancing.

The Americans, on the other hand, were in a continuous ambush while pushing on toward San Juan. Where the volleys came from and why the

**We Were in
Continuous
Ambush.**

bullets reached them in such showers they could not realize, and do not know to this day. It was like being shot at in the dark and yet seeing men falling like tenpins.

Is it remarkable that in such a deadly labyrinth commands got mixed up, orders went astray, and one regiment found itself ahead of another; that at El Pozo had been in the van?

The division had been feeling its way along for two hours when the word was passed along to halt, and there seems to be an impression that it was the intention to go into camp on the plain below San Juan and within range of the Spanish batteries and even of the trenches. There were really only two things to do, to retire or to storm the trenches. A retreat would have demoralized the army and postponed the taking of Santiago indefinitely. An advance was ordered again in a short time and the troops went doggedly on, driving the Spaniards back and into their trenches. At last the foot of San Juan was reached and the emergency developed the indispensable hero. He was Brigadier-General Hawkins, a tall, well-knit old man, with white mustache and pointed, short beard. With him were the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry. The other regiment of his brigade, the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, was not yet up. This fine old soldier rode out in front of his regulars and, drawing his sword, pointed to the hill and called upon them in ringing tones to follow him.

Then he turned and set his face to the enemy, who had marked him for slaughter and were volleying viciously. The Sixth and Sixteenth dashed

**Storming
the Trenches.**

forward with a cheer in which the old rebel yell could be distinguished. Withering was the fire on them, and men reeled and dropped down in their tracks. There was straggling, as there always is in a charge up a slope, but the body of men moved on and up and would not be denied. Volley after volley was blazed at them until the trenches yawned and the Spaniards in them could be individually seen. Our men fired as they ran forward—fired at Spanish faces, peering and strained. In another moment it was all over, for the enemy scrambled out of the trenches and ran without a look behind. Gallant old General Hawkins did not get a scratch, but his losses were heavy. Lieutenant Garry Ord, son of the distinguished general of that name,

and a lieutenant of the Sixth, had been killed by a wounded Spaniard after he had bidden his men to spare the fellow, and Lieutenant Michie of the same regiment had fallen, too. Before the end of the day the Sixth lost one hundred in killed and wounded, and the casualties of the Sixteenth were also serious. To General Hawkins belongs the honor of taking the key of the position and the heart out of the Spaniards.

The fortunes of the Signal Corps' war balloon must here be touched on. Early in the day it was sent up with Colonel George M. Derby and Major J. H. Maxfield in the car, and it kept pace with the advance of the division, to the embarrassment and indignation of the men, who say that it indicated their line of march and drew the Spanish fire. The balloon, at any rate, soon became a target for the enemy's gunners, riflemen and sharpshooters, and bullets and shrapnel flew thick around it. Twenty times it was pierced, and the occupants gave themselves up for lost. The great bag was brought down, however, to the bed of the creek, and there abandoned for the time. Later a detail of twenty men was sent to drag it from the water, but they had to retire under heavy fire. In the end the remains of it were saved.

**The War Balloon
a Target.**

At 3.50 occurred the second thrilling episode of the day. Under the brow of the main hill a council of war had been held, a further advance being the subject of it. The majority opinion seemed to be that it would cause too great a loss of life, and was not to be thought of. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the First Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), argued that the only way to take the top of the hill, which was marked by the two houses previously mentioned, was to rush it. "I will lead the way if you will let me," he said. There was no answer, and, judging that silence gave consent, Roosevelt sprang to the front and shouted to those immediately near to follow him. There is some conflict of opinion as to who fell in behind in that reckless charge up the hill. Colonel Roosevelt believes that his command alone answered his call, but others say that two companies of the Seventy-first and a company of the Twenty-fourth (colored) also ran for the summit. On the way Colonel Roosevelt shot down a Spaniard in his path. There is no disposition to detract from the achievement of the Rough Riders, but the evidence is that others joined them in the charge. Captain Paget, of the British Navy, who saw it through his glasses from El Pozo hill, was amazed and delighted, and his tribute to the intrepidity of the American soldier could not have been warmer than it was. He voiced the opinion of every English correspondent on the field. Phil Robinson vied with Paget in his admiration. Before the mad rush of Roosevelt and his men the Spaniards

**Final Charge Led
by Roosevelt.**

fell back to the next hill. There they hung. Roosevelt, delirious with the excitement of battle, called for another charge. Five men responded and

**"Follow Where
I Lead."**

three of them were at once shot down. He ran back and said in his nervous way: "I didn't think you would refuse to follow where I led." "We'll follow you," was the shout,

they swarmed along after him and the hill was taken.

Soon after four o'clock Best's battery was withdrawn, and it rumbled into a place of safety. The Spanish fire had been too hot for it. All the afternoon the opposing lines had been volleying at each other without a moment's cessation. Such unintermittent firing had seldom, if ever, been heard. It was terrific, and the memory of it will always remain with those whose ears ached with it. Imagine an exploding string of giant fire-crackers miles and miles long, and you get some idea of it. At 4.45 the banging, crackling and sputtering ceased, and a stillness fell on the valley which was like the end of all things.

Before reverting to the work laid out for Lawton's division on the right it should be mentioned that Grimes' battery on El Pozo hill and the Spanish guns back of San Juan had a second duel, but a briefer one than the first. Neither battery did much damage.

**The Fighting
at Caney.**

Lawton's orders were to take Caney, a small town defended by a stone fort and a blockhouse on a hill above it. After reducing the place he was to march on Santiago. It is no secret that General Lawton expected to dispose of Caney at one blow. General Chaffee, an officer who had been in a way a rival of Lawton, was to have the honor of capturing Caney, and Lawton was to get his share of the laurels in an attack on Santiago. He may have indulged the hope of reaching the Spanish defences ahead of Kent and driving the enemy back on the city. However that may be, both Lawton and Chaffee thought Caney would be a rotten nut to crack. The start was made at dawn, and report says the march was made as rapidly and quickly as possible to prevent a hasty exit of the Spaniards from Caney, for there would have been no glory in capturing an evacuated town. The Spaniards, as it turned out, had no notion of running away. Estimates differ as to how many Spaniards there were in the place. The enemy says 600, the Cubans 1,000, and American army officers put the garrison at 1,500 to 2,000. Whatever the number, it fought to the death for nine hours and held Lawton at a time when he might have been useful before Santiago. The Spaniards did not come out to give us battle; they fought mainly in trenches surrounding the fort and blockhouse and in those buildings. From a hill 2,375 yards from the stone fort Captain Capron, father of the young officer of the Rough

Riders who was killed at Guasimas, opened the attack with a shell fired at 6.35 a. m. at a body of Spaniards who were falling back to the trenches. One of his early shots went through the roof of the stone fort. The infantry was thus distributed: Chaffee's brigade of the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth Regiments advanced on Caney from the east. Colonel Miles' brigade of the First, Fourth and Twenty-fifth was to attack from the south, and Ludlow's, consisting of the Second Massachusetts Volunteers and the Eighth, and Twenty-second Regulars, was sent round to make an approach from the southwest. General Chaffee rode up **"Do Something for Your Country."** and down behind his firing line encouraging his men.

"Now, boys, do something for your country to-day," he frequently said. Chaffee did not think the Spaniards would hold out very long. Ludlow's men made slow but steady progress through a tract of woods, running from bush to bush and shooting at a Spaniard whenever they could see one.

The Second Massachusetts Volunteers of this command behaved splendidly, exposing themselves freely and displaying fine marksmanship. Miles' brigade had to make up a good deal of ground to get well into the fight, but it came up in time to take its share of the assault, when the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-second Regulars were lying in the road for a breathing spell. The Fourth and Twenty-fifth of Miles' brigade were fairly fresh, and they moved up on the blockhouse northwest of the town.

Meanwhile the Spaniards, shooting from their trenches and from loopholes, kept up a galling fire upon our men wherever they showed. They fired a tremendous amount of ammunition, but without taking very good aim. They seemed to think that the **The Spanish Aim Was Bad.** Americans could be driven back by a continuous fusillade, whether they suffered much damage or not. Company G and half of Company C of the Twenty-fifth Infantry (colored), led by Lieutenant Moss of bicycle fame, had the honor of storming and taking, in two rushes, the blockhouse. Many Spaniards in it were killed, and the survivors made a rush for the stone fort in Caney under a hot fire. A company of the Twelfth Infantry, which I accompanied, was in the advance and ran up and took possession of the stone fort after Capron's shells had made a wreck of it and all but three of its defenders had been killed. These, bespattered with blood and exhausted from the tremendous strain of their defence, were glad to surrender. The Spanish flag was hauled down, and the American colors went up and floated out bravely. I was struck in the shoulder by a ball that came through a loophole, but my wound while painful, was not serious.

During July 1 Brigadier-General Duffield, in command of the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteers, a battalion of the Thirty-fourth Michigan, and about 2,000 Cubans, had not been idle. His orders were to move along the little railroad on the coast and make a feint on Aguadores, a fortified town at the mouth of the San Juan River, two miles and a half from Morro Castle. At Aguadores was a garrison of 4,000 Spanish troops, and Duffield, with the aid of the "New York" and the little "Suwanee," was to engage them and prevent the dispatch of any reinforcements to the Spanish army before Santiago. Our war vessels bombarded the Aguadores fort during the morning, but did little damage to it beyond knocking down the flagpole. The Spaniards selected Duffield's advancing force as their target. The first shell fired by them killed seventeen Cubans on the hill above the railroad. Another shot mowed down two files of fours in the Thirty-third Michigan, killing two men and wounding the others. A third shell burst in the Cuban contingent and killed six more. Duffield fired several volleys into the fort and the engagement ended there, the Spaniards making no effort to co-operate with the intrenched army on San Juan.

**Duffield's Fight
on the Left.**

**Terrible Destruction
of a Spanish Shell.**

The Cubans with Kent did no fighting, or perhaps it would be correct to say they had no fighting to do. Lawton was to have had the assistance of several thousand Cubans, but the solemn truth is they kept well out of danger and fired all their ammunition harmlessly into the air, afterward sending for more.

On the night after the fierce fighting on San Juan our soldiers dug trenches on the ridges they had captured, working without food or rest until dawn, when the Spaniards were observed to be in an inner line of intrenchments about 600 yards nearer Santiago, which was a mile and a quarter distant from the indomitable fringe of Americans. Generals Wheeler and Kent had pitched their headquarters tents in a hollow under the ridge, where they could give orders and transact business without being interrupted by flying bullets. But even in that apparently secure place a shot from a sharpshooter in the woods on the plain was sometimes heard some time after the battle had ceased.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICA.

THE America which the closing days of the nineteenth century see is strikingly different in area and influence from that which the opening years of the century saw. A hundred years before the Spanish-American peace treaty was signed in Paris on December 10, 1898, the United States occupied a comparatively small spot on the earth's surface. It was surrounded on three sides by powerful and unfriendly nations. As at present, its northern boundary was Canada. Its western line was the Mississippi River and its southern border was Florida. At that time Florida comprised not only the present State of that name, but also a strip of territory extending westward to the Mississippi River, along the southern line of the present States of Mississippi and Alabama. Florida, throughout its entire length, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, belonged to Spain, and Spain held the whole of the territory of that river.

Thus England was on the United States northern border, as at present, while Spain shut it off from the Gulf of Mexico and from the vast empire west of the Mississippi. The American who, a hundred years ago, went down to St. Augustine, Pensacola, Mobile or New Orleans, found himself in Spanish territory. The American who crossed over to St. Louis, or any other point on the western side of the Mississippi, would also find himself under the Spanish flag. Even Natchez was held by Spain, contrary to the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States signed in 1783, until 1798. In the latter year Spain moved her boundary line a short distance below that city. Moreover, England held Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, Mackinac and other points in the United States on the northern frontier until after the Jay treaty was signed in 1796, and then it was exceedingly slow in evacuating those posts. The United States a hundred years ago had no rights which any of the great nations felt bound to respect.

The imperial dimensions of the United States to-day make a striking contrast to its comparative diminutiveness a hundred years ago. By the successive acquisitions of Louisiana in 1803, Florida in 1819, Texas in 1845, New Mexico and California in 1848, and Alaska in 1867, the area of the United States at the beginning of 1898 was, approximately, 3,603,000 square miles. Then came the annexation of Hawaii, with 6,640 square miles and 110,000 population; Porto Rico, 3,670 square miles and 810,000 people; and the Philippines and the islands which come to us with that group, 115,000 square miles and 10,000,000 population. With these acquisitions

**The Expansion
of Our
National Domain.**

there were made in 1898 additions of 125,310 square miles to our area and 10,920,000 to our inhabitants.

The United States had an area of 828,000 square miles and a population of about five millions at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It will start out in the twentieth century with an area of 3,770,000 square miles and a population of 90,000,000. Only the British, the Russian and the Chinese empires cover a larger space on the world's map than the United States. Excluding colonies, China alone, of all the world's nations, exceeds the United States in dimensions and inhabitants.

The domain of the United States at the end of 1898 passes through all the zones from the frigid to the torrid. It sweeps from a point far to the north of the Arctic Circle to a point far to the south of the Tropic of Cancer and extends almost down to the Equator. The resident of Alaska sees the North Star up near his zenith. The inhabitant of the Philippines catches glimpses of the Southern Cross. The person who travels westward from the eastern verge of the United States of to-day to its western boundary line will make a circuit of almost half the globe. Except for a few days in mid-winter, the sun is shining on some part of the United States through every hour of the twenty-four.

MUST DIE FOR THE FLAG.

Only Hope of Salvation For One Man Who Fought at Manila.

BY AN OLD COMRADE.

This is the story of a man who fought against his country twice, and is now fighting for it in the Philippines.

I am glad there was one more fight. Unless he was in the hospital it has given one man an opportunity to feel that he has done something for his country. You will not expect me tell you his name, and under the circumstances I must not even mention his command. When I first knew him he was a boy, scarcely more than seventeen years old. His father, a slave owner in Missouri, was a Southern sympathizer and afterward a Southern soldier. He was one of Shelby's men, and was wounded in a skirmish. He was popular in the army, and, unlike most of our men, he always had plenty of money. After he was wounded he employed a nurse and insisted upon following his men until Shelby positively forbade it. Then his son was sent for, and he undertook to take his father home. The

State swarmed with soldiers of both armies. The journey to the home of the wounded man in Calloway County was tedious. The father and son and nurse were halted a few hours before the journey was finished. The wounded man declined a summons to surrender and several shots were exchanged. The excitement caused the death of the wounded man. The man in command of the Union cavalry permitted the son to take the dead body home. The wife of the Southern soldier did not know his fate until she saw his body on an improvised stretcher, being carried up the lane leading to her house. The shock killed her. The daughter of the house, two years the senior of her brother, lost her reason at the dual burial, and in less than a year she died.

The son and brother gave the remaining slaves their freedom, and as soon as he could he joined Shelby, who was then in Texas. The South was whipped then. But a few skirmishes were fought, and in every one of them that boy acted like a fiend. He went with us to Mexico. He returned with those who came back, and I don't mind telling you now that he became a black flag follower until that, too, at last trailed in the dust.

Once, and only once, he went to his old house. He found it destroyed. The ruins were overgrown, and he employed a stranger to show him the graves of his father, mother and sister. The property had been confiscated, and later sold for unpaid taxes. The boy, then a man, said he did not want to regain the home-
By the Graves of
All He Held Dear.
 stead, if he could. He spoke an oath which few men, I reckon, ever spoke in this country. In the hearing of a lawyer who told me about it, he raised his right hand and said :

"I don't want to own anything in such a — — country as this."

He went away. His history from that time until the spring of 1898 is a mystery to me. He came to my house the day after the news of the loss of the "Maine," and we talked over the situation in Cuba. He was as immobile as he always was. I said that I was sorry I had but one arm; that I would like to go once more to war. I said that I would like to fight for my country united. He looked at me as a man looks when he is at enmity with the world and its Creator, and for a moment he lost his old control. As he was leaving he said to me :

"Jim, I'm glad you've but one arm, 'cause we might meet. I am going to Cuba to join the Spaniards. I am not even with this — country yet."

I cannot explain to you the feeling his talk stirred within me. I had fought against the country once, but I can truthfully say I never cursed it. And he was the first man I ever did hear curse it, and I knew how earnest

he was. Still I tried to reason him out of his determination. I knew it was useless, but I could not have him go without an effort to dissuade him. That was the last I saw of him until the soldiers began coming back from Cuba last summer.

I was in San Francisco when the transports were loading with soldiers and munitions for Manila. I could give you the date and the name of the transport and the command, but it wouldn't do. Two days before the sailing I was at the camp where a lot of Western boys were waiting for the word to leave. I knew some of them. When I was leaving one followed me, and when we were alone he asked, "Jim, do you know me?"

Well, never mind how I came to recognize him. I went home with him and stayed all night. He told me the story of his part in the war in Cuba. It was terrible. Several times I asked him to stop talking. One thing he told me I can never forget.

"Jim," he said, "whenever I did anything I shut my eyes. But I always cursed. But somehow it seemed as if I was pursued. Nowhere could I get an hour, not a minute of rest. I was getting revenge, but at what a price!"

Then he told me how he quit the Spanish, and how he went into a camp of our soldiers as a cook, and then to the hospital as a nurse. And then he came back, enlisted and sailed for Manila. I see that his regiment covered itself with glory. I know he was there if he could stand. He said to me as I told him good-bye:

"Jim, my only hope of salvation is to die for the flag I have cursed."

I have not seen his name among the killed or wounded, so I can have no doubt he is still fighting for the flag that he expressed a hope to die for.



Iron Suspension Bridge
over
Pasig River Manila.

THE OCCUPATION OF HAVANA.

Impressive Ceremonies Attending the Transfer of the Cuban Capital to the American Army.

UNDER the terms of the protocol of August 12, and the peace treaty of December 10, 1898, Spanish sovereignty should cease in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and by particular agreement made with the American evacuation commissioners December 27, Spain should lower her flag from Morro Castle, and from the governor-general's palace, Havana, and surrender the city to the representative of the American Government, the date of which transfer being fixed for January 1, 1899. The ceremonies attending this important event were very impressive, although slightly marred by acts of Spanish hauteur, which, however, are almost pardonable when the awful humiliation involved is considered.

Captain-General Castellanos failed to make good his promise to meet the moment with fortitude, for after the general program of surrender had been agreed to, the Spaniards violated their promise by lowering the crimson and gold flag that floated above the palace two hours before the time fixed, and disappearing with it. As noon approached it was learned that no other flag had been provided and when Major Butler protested he was met with shrugs that meant everything or nothing. Then as the Spanish and American officers gathered in the reception room of the palace for the final ceremonies, it was seen that while the Americans were in full dress uniforms the Spanish wore fatigue uniforms without side arms. However, they suffered in comparison for their lack of courtesy. The Americans, physically giants anyway, led by Brooke, who towered above Castellanos as an oak over a weeping willow, had their stature increased by their togger. Had it not been for their discourteous conduct the Spaniards would have had general sympathy instead of what approached contempt.

After the ceremony General Castellanos, instead of bidding his friends good-bye, led an immediate and tearful procession to the water front, where he took a launch for the steamer "Ribat," vowing he would never again set foot on Cuban soil.

**A Sorrowful
Procession.**

In spite of these incidents the ceremony was impressive and one never to be forgotten by those who saw it. A cordon of United States troops of the Tenth Infantry kept all without passes two blocks from the palace, in front of which six companies were marched. Drawn up along

directly in front of the palace and facing the American soldiers were two companies of the Leon battalion, with Colonel Raffael Salamanca in command.

Just at half-past eleven o'clock Major-Generals Wade and Butler, with their staffs, rode down Obispo street, and as they wheeled into the palace plaza the Eighth Infantry band with Jacob Haest, who is six feet and six inches tall, as drum major, struck up the Royal March of Cadiz in which the Spanish bugle corps joined. Next to arrive were Major-Generals Brooke and Ludlow and staffs in carriages. As they stepped to the street "The Stars and Stripes Forever" was played. Next to arrive were Generals Chaffee, Humphreys, Davis and Keifer, who were honored with a fanfare from the Spanish trumpeters.

Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the morning and of more moment was the arrival of the Cuban generals, Rodriguez, Menocal, Vidal, Lacret, Cardenas, Agramonte, Medarse, Valiente and Jose Gomez.

**A Dramatic
Incident.**

The Americans had been saluted by the Spanish officers as they arrived and greeted by Spanish trumpets. The Cubans received no salute. No blare of trumpets announced their appearance. From the Americans, however, they received every courtesy and the Second Illinois band played in their honor a medley which sounded much like the Cuban national hymn. Last to arrive was Major-General Fitzhugh Lee with his staff and guard, making a most imposing appearance as they encircled the palace.

By this time it was approaching the hour of noon. General Brooke had sent word to Major Butler not to insist upon having the Spanish flag raised. Generals Brooke and Wade led the procession up the wide but broken marble steps running from the central court of the palace to the reception room on the second floor. Following them were Generals Butler, Lee, Ludlow, Humphreys, Chaffee, Davis and Keifer, and then the staff officers and the invited guests.

General Castellanos advanced and shook hands coldly with Generals Brooke and Wade. The Spaniards were gathered in small groups at the south end of the room, General Castellanos being supported by his two sons and aides and Colonels Girauti, Benitez and Galvez, with a few others of lesser rank. The Americans made an imposing group at the north of the room. After their positions had been taken General Lacret marched into the room with his associates of the insurgent army. They were given a position of vantage at right angles to others and half facing them. Behind the American generals stood Acting British Consul Jerome, who has represented the United States in Havana. With the Spaniards stood French Consul

Martin. He was the only one in the group in full dress uniform. It was noted, as places were taken, that Marquis de Montero, a member of the Spanish Evacuation Commission, was absent.

Promptly as the big clock in the palace struck the first note of the twelfth hour came the thunder of cannon from Cabanas across the harbor. Three distinct echoes followed, so that the second gun sounded before the first had ceased to reverberate. A Spanish bugle sounded a note in the court-way below, and Captain-General Castellanos, pale to sallowness, advanced, meeting General Wade in the centre of the room.

There was a moment of hushed expectancy and all listened for the strangest words ever pronounced within those grim walls that had known Spanish power and glory and were now to know Spanish humiliation. While his conduct had been petty for a man in his position, there is no doubt that General Castellanos felt deeply. For a moment he was absolutely unable to proceed. Tears rolled down his stern old face, and when he spoke his voice was broken with emotion. He spoke in Spanish and beautifully, as follows:

GENTLEMEN :—In compliance with the Treaty of Paris, the agreement of the military commissioners of the island and the orders of my king, at this moment of noon, January 1, 1899, there ceases in Cuba Spanish sovereignty and begins that of the United States. In conclusion, I declare you in command of the island, with the object that you may exercise it, declaring to you that I will be the first in respecting it. Peace having been established between our respective governments, I promise you to give all due respect to the United States Government, and I hope that the good relations already existing between our armies will continue until the termination of the evacuation of those under my orders in this territory.

At the conclusion of his speech Captain Hart, attached to the American Commission, advanced, and, taking from General Castellanos a roll of manuscript, translated that which the Spanish captain-general had just said. Captain Hart is almost as large a man as General Brooke, and he presented a heroic figure acting as the instrument through which the transfer of sovereignty was made. He was pale, too, but his voice was unbroken, and as he read every one within the room heard his voice.

At the conclusion of Captain Hart's reading, General Wade turned to General Brooke and in a dignified manner announced as beautifully as possible that the command of the American forces in Cuba henceforward rested with him. General Brooke spoke feelingly, Captain Hart translating, accepting the responsibility and expressing the good will of the American government and the people for Spain.

In the meantime a signal had been given and Major Butler raised the Stars and Stripes over the palace, which ceased at that moment to represent Spanish power and oppression. As the flag floated in the breeze two bands

stationed in the plaza played the "Star Spangled Banner," while the troops presented arms in salute. From thousands of throats a song of welcome came and whether it was heartfelt or not, which the future only can tell, it was certainly long and loud.

Thunders of salutes from the harbor still continued to roll over the city, and from every available staff the American flag was unfolded to receive the plaudits of the people, who, during the morning had remained within doors, but who were now pouring into the streets literally in thousands.

General Castellanos had informed the Americans that he would be happy to receive anyone who might come to pay his respects, but at the last moment his heart failed him. As the simple ceremonies closed the officers fell to the right and left, opening a passage to the throne room, along which Castellanos and his aides passed. Immediately strapping on their side arms they filed solemnly down to the plaza, which they crossed, accompanied by General Clous and Captain Hart, to the harbor front, where they took launches for the steamship "Ribat," which latter took General Castellanos to Matanzas.

As they departed the American troops all stood at attention. No voice was raised in exultation, the grief of the conquered being respected. As the party approached the water front a woman appeared upon the balcony of a building, shook out the Spanish flag, and in shrill tones cried "Viva Espana."

General Castellanos and his aides halted, saluted their flag, and with tear-broken voices gave three feeble "Vivas." As they entered their launch they were sobbing as though broken-hearted. General Castellanos' last words after bidding good-bye to General Clous were that he should never again set foot on Cuban soil, but should live while at Matanzas and Cienfuegos on board the "Ribat."

After the withdrawal of the Spanish officials General Lacroix made a brief speech in which he pledged the loyalty of the Cuban troops and people in giving every assistance to the American forces in establishing in Cuba a free and independent government. General Brooke responded, evading the delicate reference to Cuban independence.

"I have been sent by my government," he said, "to establish in Cuba that order which has been unknown in the island for years. To do this it is necessary that I shall have your support. In you I place the greatest trust. From you I expect extraordinary assistance. From the people I expect co-operation."

**General Brooke's
Request for
Co-operation.**

As the Cuban generals withdrew, representatives of the Ayuntamiento were presented to General Brooke, who signified his desire that they should act in full accord with the American plans as made

public by him. The faculty of the university appeared in full gowns and pledged their heartiest support to the new order of affairs. General Brooke thanked them and expressed a desire that their work should proceed without interruption.

The most spectacular incident within the palace was when the bombards, Havana's firemen, dressed in full uniform, crowded in the reception room unexpectedly and gave three rousing cheers for "Los Americanos!" They captured General Brooke's heart and the genial old general shook hands all round with them.

A hurried inspection of the palace was made, showing that the Spaniards before their departure had stripped the rooms of everything save the broken lot of furniture. The pictures had been taken from the walls with the exception of a portrait of Spain's boy king, which still graces the walls of the throne room. Early in the afternoon Captain Mott placed a guard about the palace, closing it to the public.

General Lacret, who acted as spokesman for the Cuban officers, assured the United States Military Governor that everything in the power of the Cuban military officials would be done to help the Americans to restore Cuba to a condition of peace and prosperity. This speech was translated by Captain Page, of Virginia.

It was scarcely half-past twelve o'clock when General Brooke and his staff left the palace for the Hotel Inglaterra. Cominodore Cromwell and Captains Sigsbee, Berry, Cowles and Foss, of the United States squadron, arrived a few minutes after, too late to pay their respects. The only woman who witnessed the scene in the salon was Mrs. John Adams Fair, of Boston, who was ushered into the palace by mistake. When she was about to retire Colonel Gelpi, the captain-general's chief of staff, begged her to remain. All the other ladies were assigned places in the balcony of the barracks overlooking the plaza.

The parade of the United States troops showed the feeling of the Cuban element of the population. The march was from El Vedado, along the Achia Del Norte, the Prado and Central Park to Cerro and Quemados. About every fourth house displayed some decoration, a palm branch, a bit of red, white and blue bunting or a flag. There was no general expression of public rejoicing, though Major-General Lee, who rode at the head of the column on a gray charger, received a personal ovation along nearly the entire route. Major-General Brooke, Major-General Ludlow and the other generals reviewed the corps, standing on a bench in front of the Hotel Inglaterra and surrounded by their staffs.

**The Parade of
American Troops.**

Every man in the last company of the One Hundred and Sixty-first Indiana infantry, as he entered Central Park, drew from under his uniform a small Cuban flag and waved it. The Cubans went nearly wild with cheers and excitement, and General Lee sent Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., to order the Indianians to put away the flags, which they did. It was reported that the entire company was under arrest. General Lee turned in after the column passed, the crowd pressing close around his horse, shaking his hand and making other demonstrations of affectionate interest. His orderly was heavily burdened with flowers for the general.

When Lieutenant Lee, son of General Lee, with Lieutenant Jones and Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore, of the army; Ensign Webster, Boatswain Hill and Gunner Applegate, of the cruiser "Brooklyn," representing the navy, entered Cabanas, they found no Spanish flag flying from the staff and the halyards were tangled. Two sailors from the "Brooklyn" rove off new halyards, and Lieutenant Lee requested the Spanish officer in charge, Lieutenant Cache, to hoist the Spanish flag, that the Americans might salute it. Lieutenant Cache was about to do this when the governor of the fortress said it would be unnecessary. Then, on a signal from the "Brooklyn," the sailors fired twenty-one guns at Cabanas, after which Lieutenant Lee, who was in full dress, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, the Spaniards firing twenty-one guns in salute, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cavestany handing the keys of the fortress and an inventory of its contents to the American officer.

At Morro Castle, Lieutenant Wade, son of General Wade, raised the Stars and Stripes, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Mersoig hauled down the Spanish flag amid cheers. About noon a Cuban produced a spectacular effect by letting loose a big Cuban flag from a kite string high over Morro Castle, where it flew all the afternoon. The United States Military Commissioners cabled to President McKinley at 12.30, and in reply General Wade, president of the commission, received the following:

**President McKin-
ley's Message.**

I congratulate the commission upon the successful termination of its mission, and the peaceful occupation of Cuba by the United States.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

General Castellanos was escorted to the wharf by Generals Clous and Chaffee. As he stepped into his launch he wept. Crowds of Spaniards, men and women, all dressed in black, gathered upon the sea wall and silently watched the fleet pass out. There was not a shout, not a handkerchief waved. Men and women wept together.

GALLANT CAPTAIN LEARY.

How He Defended the Flag and Defended American Interests
at Samoa.

CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY has been appointed by President McKinley governor of the island of Guam of the Ladrone group and departed for his far-off post of duty on the auxiliary cruiser "Yosemite," February 1, 1899.

Guam is the principal island of the Ladrone, which were formally under the general government of the Philippines. There is but one town in all the Ladrone, San Ignacio de Agaña, and that is situated on Guam. The population of the Ladrone only amounts to about ten thousand souls. It consists of descendants from the original inhabitants, called by the Spaniards Chamorros; of Tagal settlers from the Philippines, and of a mixed race formed by the union of Spaniards and Chamorros.

Captain Leary is well known in navy circles as a brave and efficient officer and a man of remarkable executive ability. He hails from Maryland, and entered the Naval Academy in 1860. During the civil war he was attached to the blockading squadron off Charleston. During the Spanish war it was again his fate to be engaged in blockading duties, and he was placed in command of the "San Francisco," Commodore Howell's flagship. Previous to his command of the "San Francisco" he was the commander of the ram "Katahdin." In 1888 Captain Leary was in command of the "Adams" at Samoa during those troublous times, and performed a deed there that deserves to live in song and story.

History repeats itself even in Samoa, and the same cause was behind the troubles in 1887-88 as is behind them to-day—the desire of Germany to bring about German control.

Maliotoa Laupepa, who had been recognized as King of all Samoa by an agreement between Germany, Great Britain and the United States in 1881, was deposed from Samoa by a German warship in 1887, on a flimsy pretext of having insulted the German Government. Tamasese, a rebel, was set up in his stead. A civil war then broke out between Tamasese and Mataafa, the chief of the loyalist party and a relative of the exiled king.

While this war was raging, in 1888, there were but two foreign warships in Samoan waters—the "Adler," a German vessel and the "Adams,"

Samoa in 1888.

a small and obsolete man-of-war, commanded by Captain Leary, then bearing the rank of commander. The "Adler" was by far the more powerful ship, but the strength of the United States Navy has never been in the superiority of her ships, only in the superiority of the officers and of the men behind the guns.

The two captains had several interchanges of courtesy. On one occasion the "Adler" steamed past the American ship, and at her foremast was a native chief, bound with stout cord to the mast. The German saluted as he passed, but no answer came back from the American ship. Soon the German came to a standstill and a boat was dispatched to ascertain why the American had not answered the salute. Upon this, Captain Leary sent back to the Teuton this characteristic reply: "The United States does not salute vessels engaged in the slave carrying trade."

**Some Incisive
Messages.**

Soon afterward Captain Leary again had occasion to pay his respects to the captain of the "Adler." While the war was raging between Tamasese and Mataafa, the German captain made his war vessel a sort of tow boat for Tamesese's war canoes, and trained his guns upon villages occupied only by women and children. Many villages were entirely destroyed. Captain Leary sent this just, if incisive, remonstrance to the "Adler's" captain: "Such action, especially after the Tamasese party had been represented as a strong government not needing the armed support of a foreign power, appears to be a violation of the principles of international law, as well as a violation of the generally recognized laws of humanity." Still another vigorous protest was sent later when the crew of the "Adler" fired upon a canoe filled with unarmed natives. But Captain Leary did more than protest; he performed a gallant action, which has been but little commented upon, and which has never received the recognition that it deserves.

On the evening of November 14, 1888, a messenger came to Captain Leary from Mataafa with the information that the German warship was, in the dawn of the following day, going to bombard a stronghold which Mataafa had established on land under American protection. That night Captain Leary quietly got steam up without attracting the German's attention, and had his anchor chains muffled. All hands were called to quarters before dawn. At daybreak the "Adler's" anchors came up, and she made for the threatened fort. Silently the anchors of the "Adams" came up also, and to the amazement of the German the Yankee craft put after him with a full head of steam, and darted in between him and the shore. Captain Leary cleared his ship for action and the German followed suit. A shot from either ship would

**Leary Upholds
the Flag.**

now have precipitated war between the two nations. When opposite the threatened fort the German dropped his anchors, and the Yankee did likewise, taking care to get between the "Adler" and the shore. Captain Leary then sent this note to the German captain :

"I have the honor to inform you that, having received information that American property in the Latogo vicinity of Laulii, Lotoanun and Solo Solo is liable to be invaded this day, I am here for the purpose of protecting the same."

The crews on the two ships stood at their guns for hours, but the German captain made no attempt to fire upon the fort. Finally he started on a cruise down the coast, but Captain Leary followed him and would not be shaken off. The two ships came at length into harbor again, and the American had gained his point of preventing the German from firing upon the fort. Captain Leary upheld the honor of his country's flag at a time when our government seemed to take but a half-hearted interest in Samoan affairs. He was far from cable communications, and on his own responsibility thus bravely defied and held in check a warship far superior to his own. For his brave and determined stand Captain Leary received the thanks of the Legislature of Maryland, his native State, but the government took no action in the matter.



The Old Cathedral
Cavite.

OUR DEWEY, AS VIEWED BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

A Man to be Ranked with the Greatest in War, and the
Best in Peace.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD FRASER,

(Of Her Majesty's Imperial Forces.)

IN the first week of our arrival at Manila, on the "Empress of India," I was introduced to Admiral Dewey by the British Consul, and had the honor of dining with him on board the "Olympia" at the customary Saturday evening banquet.

It was a unique affair. Admiral Dewey occupied the seat of honor, but, despite his efforts at cheerfulness, he appeared to be like a man on whom a deadly lethargy had fallen. His face was ashen and his skin seemed to be drawn over it like wrinkled parchment. His hair was white as snow, and was thin and straggling, particularly over the forehead. As he nervously handled his wineglass, the contents of which, I noticed, he scarcely touched, I could not help observing that his hand was thin and claw-like, the skin presenting the same unhealthy appearance as that upon the face.

An officer sitting next to me said that the admiral had changed terribly in a few brief months and had lost nearly twenty pounds in weight. This same officer said that Dewey was about sixty years old. I thought I was looking at a man past threescore and ten. Of course, when I saw him then it was after a fatiguing day's work in a broiling sun, and this may have accounted for his almost entire lack of energy and apparent indifference to the gay scene around him.

**Effects of Work
and Anxiety on
the Admiral.**

An officer on the right of the admiral, whose name I forget, took the part of chairman, and the usual toasts were right merrily made. The banquet broke up at an early hour, and we all, including the admiral, retired to the smoking-room. It was while in this room that I had my chat with the great naval officer.

He asked me a few questions about myself, and I hazarded some questions in return as to his health, the prospects of the close of the war, and its ultimate result. He said that his health was none too robust, but that

when at work he scarcely noticed his indisposition. Climatic influences, he observed, were against his noble boys. "It makes my heart bleed," he said, "when I see my men dying like dogs while waiting for some decisive action which I am sure will end this war as we would wish." This was during the period of uncertainty at Washington. When I intimated, as delicately as I could, that possibly it would not be unwise on his part to take a rest for a month or two in some less dangerous climate, he replied almost roughly:

"Tut, tut, Captain; my work is not finished here yet. It's at a stage when I believe no other man can handle it. If I thought otherwise I should perhaps feel prompted to take a rest."

What Admiral Dewey told me in private conversation in regard to the prospects of a close of the war I do not feel justified in divulging.

For a few brief minutes he talked animatedly on military life in India as I had experienced it, but collapsed like a man of straw just before the time of breaking up. A respectful, and, it seemed to me, almost pitying silence fell on the long room as he slowly rose, and, bidding all a courteous and quiet good-night, left accompanied by his aide. Turning to an officer—I believe he was Lieutenant Smithson, of San Francisco—I remarked on the admiral's enfeebled condition. He said, "Yes, we have all noticed it, more particularly during the past month. Some of the boys say he never sleeps, and I verily believe it. I hope to God that the war will soon end, or that it will, at least, get in such shape as to permit Admiral Dewey to take a rest. In his resting moments he appears to me like a man not long for this world."

**Worn Down, but
Will Not Ask for
Vacation.**

During my stay at Manila, I learned much about this remarkable man, whose never-ceasing activity is a marvel even to officers who have been with him for years. I was told that he rose with the sun, and after a cold bath, waded through piles of correspondence with his secretary. This strain was usually kept up till 8 a. m., when he took a light breakfast. At 9 a. m. he usually held an hour's consultation with his chief officers, and then came the terrible strain of the day. The "Olympia's" largest steam launch was ordered out, and, accompanied by a few officers, his tour of the fleet and harbor was made under the then broiling rays of the sun. This tour generally lasted till noon, when the return was made to the flagship for lunch. A rest of two hours followed, although the officers say the admiral never availed himself of this, but worked over plans in his private cabin. At 2.30 his first visit was made to the shore, where unceasing work followed until dusk. Sometimes the admiral was induced to take a hand at whist, when his return to the ship was made in the evening, but latterly he refused to join even in this recreation, and generally closeted himself with his private

secretary until late at night. Six hours' hard work in a tropical climate is considered a good day's work. I was told on the best authority that Admiral Dewey works sixteen hours a day; during the anticipated trouble with Germany he never slept for two days and two nights. Everything, I was told, down to the minutest detail that went on in the fleet, was personally supervised by Admiral Dewey. In the first big battle his foresight was simply marvelous. His thoroughness has resulted in wonderful success. As a naval strategist I, as a military man, can only class him with time-honored heroes like Nelson and Drake.

Dewey exercises a wonderful influence over every one with whom he comes in contact. He is fairly worshiped by the army and navy alike, and his appearance on shore always gives rise to an ovation.

I believe that Admiral Dewey can thank his exceeding temperate habits for the fact that he is now alive. He smokes very little, drinks hardly anything and eats sparingly, his diet being chiefly fruits. In manner he appeared to me quiet, unassuming and always courteous. The terrible strain imposed on him makes him appear absorbed, but that he is not without humor may be judged from several anecdotes I heard in regard to him. About the end of January he was shown a copy of the *Manila Times* with the following extract translated from the *Republica Filipina*: "A splendid demonstration of the Cavite women, without distinction of class or age, unanimously requested with enthusiasm to be permitted to take the place of the men if the men perish in the struggle against the Americans for the defence of the independence of the Philippines. They say that, irrespective of the weakness of their sex, love of their country will make them strong and will animate them to keen combat against the Americans."

Admiral Dewey laughed heartily when he read it and exclaimed to the officers around him: "Boys, I will have to send all the single men on the fleet ashore to marry these women or we are undone." Then, turning to the chief officer of the "Olympia," "Kindly call for volunteers."

Shortly after it was announced that Hobson would join the forces at Manila, the boast previously mentioned was made that the Cavite women would fight with the insurgents against the Americans. After reading the communication Admiral Dewey handed it to one of his officers, with the dry remark, "You won't have to leave here yet awhile; we'll put Hobson on shore duty at Cavite."

Admiral Dewey, I was told, has been very kind to newspaper men. A fresh young reporter on the *Manila Times* insisted on an interview with him in regard to the reported threatened attack by Aguinaldo. The admiral

was very busy and returned the interviewer's card. "Must see you or I'll lose my job," came back the reply on a card. "Confound the man for his persistency," said Dewey, but granted the scribe a two-minute interview.

On the occasion of one of the skirmishes, the soldiers in Manila who wished to get to the outskirts forcibly impressed carriages on the streets to get there speedily. The matter was reported to Admiral Dewey. He thought a short time, then said: "Most of the boys must have been educated to cab driving. I don't care to interfere with early training when it has been good. In fact, I won't."

An amusing incident was related to me by an officer who stood beside Admiral Dewey when it occurred. During the fight, when the insurgents were being mowed down after a particularly villainous attack on the Americans, Aguinaldo sent out a flag of truce. It was not a particularly clean flag, but a keen-sighted man might have perceived that it was white or had been. Dewey's attention was drawn to it. Shading his eyes with his hand he looked at it long and earnestly, and then turning to an officer said: "I am told that I am getting old. I must be, as I can see no white flag." The fight went on and resulted in the utter rout of the insurgents, who, without a moment's warning, had commenced it.

If Admiral Dewey ever reaches America's shores a live man I will never again say anything against hero worship.

AN INTERRUPTED BATH.

A Startling Incident of the Landing of Our Regulars at Guantanamo.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling, in the early days of his war correspondence for the *Calcutta Gazette*, wrote his amusing tale of the capture of the fanciful stronghold of Lung-Tung-Pen by a detachment of naked British soldiers, led by a naked "orfer boy," no one dreamed that this piece of strange fiction would be converted into stranger truth by the first body of regular United States troops landing at Guantanamo Bay, near Santiago de Cuba. Yet such was the case. One of the New York marines, in his first letter home, writes:

"We had raised the Stars and Stripes and pitched our tents, and we were mighty glad to get a chance to wash off in the surf. Everybody was in the best of spirits, and glad to rest from the work of hauling timber up 'Chilcoot

Pass,' as we called the blazing hot trail over which we had to lug our supplies up to the camp. Suddenly, at half-past four in the afternoon, just as the boys were splashing about and squirting water all over each other, there came the ping, ping, ping of rifle-shots from the foot-hills, and a number of Spaniards appeared in the underbrush at the head of the lagoon.

"The bullets whistled through the air, and for the moment startled the guards. It was only for an instant, however. Almost instantly they returned the fire with rapid volleys. As soon as the shots were heard the men came running from the camp ground and the shore to the aid of their comrades. Many of us who had been swimming did not have a shred of clothing on, but this made no difference. We dashed from the water, seizing our cartridge-belts and rifles as we ran, and made for the camp.

"There was no undue excitement or panicky feeling, so far as I could see, however, nor did any of the men fire without orders, though it was awkward, of course, to push through the underbrush with bare skin. We know now what fighting in the Cuban jungle means. When the skirmishers returned from the woods they were simply black with the mosquitoes that covered them, and their legs, arms and bodies were jabbed with burrs and cactus needles."

SECRETS OF SPAIN'S RED BOOK.

A Summary of the Diplomatic Correspondence Not Intended for Public Eyes, but Which are Revelations of Surpassing Interest Concerning Spanish Conduct of the War.

It has long been a custom of Spain, as it is of some other countries, to print the diplomatic correspondence that passes between its representatives and other governments on matters of vital importance to the nation, for submission to the Cortes. The book is strictly a secret one, and re-publication of any part of it in the kingdom is prohibited under severe penalties. A copy of this exclusive publication, which has just been issued in two volumes of two hundred pages each, reached the United States through a secret channel, and a summary is here printed, which embraces the archives of the Spanish Department of State in reference to the Spanish spy system in America, the cutting of cables and the peace negotiations. In all these reports there is a plain tone of hopelessness and even despair.

Spain did not yield her island empire gracefully. Isle by isle the Americans wrested the sovereignty of them from her in the negotiations. Compelled to offer the independence of Cuba when she sued for peace, she held to Porto Rico. When this was torn from her she stuck to the Philippines. There is a piteous note sounding in all the correspondence. Spain never had a show. We had her State ciphers, and when the Spanish Government, after travail and heartburning, authorized Cambon, the French Minister, to make the first tentative advance, and warned him that the honor of Spain was involved in his secret instructions, we had a copy of the instructions, and Cambon, when he went to McKinley, was startled to find the President already knew the last details of his mission.

Another revelation of these messages that will astonish Americans is that Spain seriously contemplated an invasion of the United States until her fleet was destroyed.

**A Threatened
Invasion of the
United States.**

The famous Red Book of Spain contains all the orders of the government from the beginning of the late war till the close of hostilities, and much light is thrown on hitherto dark subjects.

It shows the inside workings of the plan to have M. Cambon, the ambassador of France at Washington, sound the American Government as to its terms of peace. It brings out a curious fact, that when Cambon presented his instructions to President McKinley, after having been put to great trouble to have them deciphered out of the private cipher of the Department of State for Spain, the ambassador found that the American President had been apprised of the instructions in advance of the ambassador, and knew the contents of the letter of instruction even down to the minutest details.

The intense astonishment of M. Cambon got into his report to the Spanish Government, and this is also in the Red Book.

The book shows that Spain was early aware of the fact that government messages to Cuba and Porto Rico over the cable lines were being intercepted and read by Americans—taken out of the sea, as it were.

On this ground the Government of Spain held long conferences with the Mexican and Columbian governments, protesting that the cables to those countries were being used

**Spain's First Defeat
Was the Cable
Destruction.**

by the Americans, in violation of the rules of international law. This interruption of communication with her colonies was the first hard blow that Spain received, and the messages of the ministers show that it was a very hard blow indeed. Spain tried to stir up trouble between France and the United States because of the cutting of the French cables, and made formal complaint to the French Government. She also tried to excite other European nations against the United States, because this government proceeded

to take prizes of Spanish ships before the formal declaration of war. The opening chapter of the Red Book begins on April 20, 1898, when the president of the Helvetic Confederation proposed to the Government of Spain that she make adherence to the additional article of the Convention of Geneva of October 28, 1868.

After the protests to foreign governments of the illegality of the American way of making war, the Red Book reproduces all the frantic messages in regard to keeping up communication with the colonies. To be cut off from communication with Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines was a nightmare in Spain that was fulfilled in reality before the war was many weeks old. Here are some samples :

MADRID, *April 27.*

POLO Y BARNABE, Toronto:

I am very much troubled because of the lack of adequate and prompt communication between us and the Antilles. If the Americans should cut the cables our position would indeed be bad. I ask your Excellency how, in your opinion, may the evident intention of the Americans be thwarted.

GULLON, *Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

Polo's reply follows :

TORONTO, *April 28.*

You can communicate with Cuba, sending telegrams to consul at Kingston. He can load small boats, which would carry correspondence to Santiago from north coast of Jamaica. I have sent Consul Castro and Vice-Consul Bringas to Kingston so that our consul there may have much needed help.

POLO.

MADRID, *May 3.*

Enemy has cut cable Manila; transmit news necessary without regard expense.

GULLON.

This is the reply that came back :

HONG KONG, *May 7.*

Difficult to freight steamer; afraid of Americans. Ask assurance of value to ship to provide against capture.

NAVARRO.

MADRID, *May 5.*

Answer if communication can be restored with Manila via Bolinao; send messages there by foreign ships, and forwarding from Bolinao over land lines.

GULLON.

HONG KONG, *May 18.*

Have asked Governor-General of Philippines if telegram from Bolinao to Manila is safe means of transmission. Looks less difficult by Labuan, Singapore.

NAVARRO.

HONG KONG, *May 27.*

I cannot transmit messages through north coast of Luzon, there being no wires between Aparri and Manila.

NAVARRO.

SINGAPORE, *May 29.*

GULLON:

Compatriots from Iloilo say Manila cable cut by Americans 23d inst.

MARINAS.

SPANISH CONSUL, Hong Kong:

MADRID, *May 30.*

Inform by cable if any way to communicate with certainty with Philippines. Try service by neutral ships, which may conduct message to Lingayen, Aparri or any port on north coast Luzon, whence land line to Manila.

ALMODOVAR.

SPANISH CONSUL, Singapore:

Try service neutral ships to any port on south coast of Luzon, thence land line to Manila.

SINGAPORE, *June 1.*

Received cable. Have worked day and night, but without result. Captains are afraid that they may be taken prizes by Americans. Have found one who inspires confidence and will carry Spanish pilot familiar with Philippine coast. Will not give positive answer for four days, as expects arrival of ship owner. He asks \$200 daily; steamer capable of eight knots an hour.

MARINAS.

SINGAPORE, *June 12.*

Ship owner arrives. Englishman. Refuses to freight ship. Says too small to risk bad weather. Really sympathizes with Americans.

MARINAS.

KINGSTON, *July 7.*

Cable broken. Communication with Cuba impossible. Americans extraordinarily alert. Watch all movements of boats. Captains report impracticable to dodge blockade. Risk too great.

KINGSTON, *July 7.*

ALMODOVAR, Madrid:

Americans hold cable. Have cut out loops around coast of Cuba and have possession of the line between Santiago and Mole St. Nicholas. Communication absolutely closed.

After discussing the rupture of communication with the colonies the Minister of Foreign Affairs informs the Cortes of the work of the secret service. He says: "Though our secret service was as well organized as was possible, yet the work was conducted under great difficulties and sometimes did not produce the desired results. The secret service officials of the United States were unusually vigilant, and had a great force employed in the work. Nearly all foreigners were under espionage and it was necessary to employ either natives or men of kindred blood whose knowledge of customs and manners of the people was perfect, and who to a certain extent could disarm suspicion. But the American officers seemed suspicious of every one who manifested or appeared to manifest any disposition to make discoveries along any line. The service of these aliens was not always satisfactory, as they worked not through patriotic and high motives, but through low and sordid desires to make money. Of course, with men of this character it was not easy to produce good results, but despite these difficulties our corps, under the able direction of Senors Du Bosque and Sobral, gained some very valuable information concerning things that would have been of wonderful value if an invasion of the

United States had been decided on. This information would probably have been utilized but for the misfortune that befell us in the very beginning of the conflict. We possess now a complete assortment of drawings of fortifications,

Valuable Information Secured by Spanish Spies. barracks, arsenals and navy yards. We derived from Lieutenant Caranza estimable statistics of the strength and spirit of the enemy, his means of offence and defence.

Accurate topographical maps of the strategic parts of the country were obtained, and the vital points in the railroad systems of the country were duly marked. Senors Du Bosque, Sobral and Caranza are deserving of the highest praise for the services that they rendered, as the performance of each little duty connected with their work meant personal risk. Not only were the Americans very much alive to the exigencies of the moment, but the Canadian authorities, police and people, did not disguise the fact that they sympathized with their neighbors and aided the American authorities to the full extent of their power."

It will be a surprise to most Americans that Spain began to seek a peaceful settlement as early as July 8. On that date the Minister of Foreign Affairs sent the following dispatch to Ambassador Leon y Castillo, at Paris:

See the Secretary of State for France and ask him to have the French Ambassador at Washington see the President of the United States and sound him gently as to the terms on which a suspension of hostilities might be agreed on. You should act with haste in this matter, but not with apparent haste or anxiety, as such action might prejudice our cause. You should be very discreet in this undertaking, as the Americans are tired of the war and would like to retire. They must not be given the impression that we are discouraged or that our resources are fast ebbing.

The proposed peace negotiations remained at a standstill until July 20, when the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs sent the following dispatch to the ambassador at Paris:

Press the cause and insist on having an early reply. Be quick, but do not appear in too much of a hurry.

On July 21 the Ambassador wired back:

The Secretary of State has obtained the consent of the President and the proposition will proceed with due diligence.

On July 22 the French Secretary announced that a message had been sent to Ambassador Cambon at Washington.

Directly after, the Spanish Prime Minister sent instructions to Cambon by way of Paris, and on July 24 received the following dispatch from the Ambassador at Paris:

French Ambassador at Washington cannot decipher instructions because he has not the key.

On the same date a cable was sent to the Spanish consul at Montreal ordering him to send key to the State Department cipher to Cambon.

This message flashed back from Montreal :

Have sent key No. 74 by confidential source to Cambon.

On July 26 the following dispatch was received from the Spanish Ambassador at Paris :

Secretary of State informs me that Ambassador Cambon has presented his instructions, and that the American President had full information concerning the document. He welcomed the French Ambassador and remarked that he was aware of the mission on which he called and was familiar with his instructions. This the ambassador found to be quite true upon close conversation with President McKinley. Cambon is reported by the French Secretary to have been much chagrined and disappointed by reason of the untimely knowledge of the American President. It might be well to investigate how this information came to reach Washington so soon, as in it might be found an explanation of other leaks in the news service of the government.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs sent the following confidential note to the Ambassador at Paris, to be handed by him to the Secretary of State, to be in turn transmitted to Ambassador Cambon, with the instruction that it be considered sacredly confidential.

A marked headline, "Very Confidential," precedes the letter which follows :

In explanation of the telegram of this evening concerning the disposition of the Spanish Government in order to coincide with the President of the United States in the preliminaries of the peace negotiations, it is convenient for Your Excellency to understand the thoughts and views of this government, so that you may be able to maintain yourself with ease and dignity in the conversation you must sustain with the President. You, of course, must have a complete knowledge of our purposes.

**Spain's Hopes of
Saving Porto Rico
and the Philippines.**

In the war with the United States it is necessary to distinguish the purposes of the war and the methods employed in its conduct. The end was the separation of Cuba from the Spanish Crown. The incidents of the war have been the attacks on the other colonies and dependencies of the Spanish nation. Upon the first Spain is willing to accept any solution which the United States may be pleased to offer.

Absolute independence.

Independence under the protectorate of the United States.

Or,

Annexation to the American Republic, preferring the policy of annexation to the United States, because that government will be better able and more disposed to protect the lives and property of the Spaniards resident in the island.

Any other solution which the United States may require as consequence of war, you will understand, or any other pretensions which the United States may assume toward territory other than Cuba must be through deeds of arms which shall constitute a transitory occupation, or through expenses incurred by the campaign. In the matter of Cuba this government reserves nothing. I admit the principle of indemnity within reasonable bounds, but I wish you to put forward the proposition that Spain should not be held responsible for unnecessary expenses as well as for certain action of arms committed during the war. It must not be lost sight of that

**Principle of Indem-
nity Admitted.**

the Spanish nation did not provoke the war. And even if the fortune of war has been against this nation, I understand that our territory other than Cuba is not to be considered as the spoils of the victor.

I will be very grateful to you if you inquire into the probable attitude of the President on the question of Porto Rico and the Philippines. If the ideas of the President are in conformity with those of this government, we beg you to hasten the demand for the suspension of hostilities, which this government desires to obtain for the sake of alleviating hunger in the West Indies and to prevent further massacres in the Philippines. If you and the President can put yourselves in accord the armistice can be immediately proclaimed.

Try to avoid anything which would produce any unpleasant feeling should the matter have to be considered by an international congress.

The most rapid plan would be that each government should nominate a commission to confer in some neutral city, and the most eligible place, I believe, would be Paris.

I congratulate you on the skill, industry and intelligence you have thus far shown in the conduct of the negotiations, and I promise you that the gratitude of this nation will be in just proportion to your ability and merit.

ALMODOVAR DEL RIO.

The next note from the Spanish Ambassador to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid had this gloomy forecast:

Ambassador Cambon states that he has understood from authentic sources that the hostilities will continue with vigor till peace is a reality, as the American Government and the people are afraid of the diplomatic delays which may be practiced on them by Spain. They fear that Spain may take advantage of these delays to recover some of her lost force and recover some of her lost ground.

Following is a translation of the message sent to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs by Ambassador Cambon :

WASHINGTON, July 31.

SEÑOR DUKE :—As I announced to you in my previous telegram, the President invited me to make observations on the petition formulated by the United States. I insisted on the distinction which should be made between the question of Cuba, initial **Only Through His** cause of the Spanish-American conflict, and the new question which has **Emotions Was** resulted from the operations of the war. In reference to Cuba, I answered **McKinley Moved.** that Spain is disposed to make all the necessary concessions to bring about peace; Spain persists in feeling for the island the dangers of a premature independence. The Americans recognize this, because the general commanding the American army of invasion would not permit his Cuban allies to enter the city of Santiago. . . .

Passing to Article No. 3, I said that this was put forth for the especial purpose of endangering in Spain the success of the peace negotiations, and this would be especially true if between the words intervention and government of the Philippines the word "possession" be inserted, which would put in doubt from the instant of its introduction into the document the sovereignty of Spain.

"You will observe," said the President, "that my petitions in referring to the first two articles do not admit of discussion. I leave to future negotiations the care and consideration of the Philippine question. If the American forces retain their position it is because of the obligation I owe to the residents and the foreign population."

Seeing that the President was firm in his determination not to modify the third article, I made a play upon his emotions, and he was visibly moved, and disregarding the opposition of Secretary Day, the President ordered that the word "possession" should be stricken out and replaced by the word "disposition." This does not prejudice the result of the negotiations.

When the President had made the desired change in the article, he spoke very familiarly with me, and expressed much sorrow that Spain had not sued immediately for peace after the battle of Cavite. The conditions, the President said, would be different, and the war could have been brought to a close without the very great loss which Spain must now suffer.

The President told me that if Spain declined to agree to Article 3 she would have to submit to still greater loss, and he begged of me to make this clearly understood at Madrid.

Obedying your instructions, I made the attempt to secure the immediate suspension of hostilities. . . . The best that I could do was to secure from the President the promise that hostilities would be suspended as soon as the Government at Madrid should make known its willingness to accept the American terms. He desired to know if I had authority to act for Spain in the matter of suspension of hostilities, and I answered yes.

The conference lasted for two and one-half hours. I have done my best to deserve your confidence, and have done my utmost to defend the interests of Spain.

With sorrow that I could not obtain greater concessions, but fearing that the determination of the American Government to humble Spain cannot be swerved, I am, your obedient servant,

JULES CAMBON.

Up to this time Cambon represented the Government of Spain through the French Government, but from this date on he was the direct representative at Washington of the Government of Spain.

Ambassador Cambon tried to do as Duke Almodovar del Rio cabled him, and this is his report of what happened :

I have informed the President that the Spanish Government considers the demands of the American Government as excessively rigorous. They consider the necessity of ceding Porto Rico as a war indemnity a very great hardship. I told him that this island had never been in dispute between Spain and the United States and had not been an element in the conflict. I asked him to accept other territory as compensation.

**President and
Secretary Day
Seemed Disap-
pointed That Spain
Accepted Terms.**

As I expected, Mr. McKinley showed inflexibility, and repeated that the Philippine question was the only one which had not been already settled in his mind. I took up this point and begged the President to state to me his intentions as far as possible concerning the Philippines. On this point I said that the terms of the United States as written might be construed to mean that Spanish sovereignty in the Philippine archipelago was at an end. Mr. McKinley answered: "I will not leave you in error on this subject. The commissioners of the two countries will determine the Philippine question—will settle the question as to which shall be the governing nation there." He said "that the Government of Spain could rest assured that up to the present time I have formed no conclusion on this matter and have formed no resolve against Spain."

This cablegram concluded with this sizing up of the situation by the Ambassador :

I have said before that the President of the United States will remain firm in his position, and taking into consideration that Your Excellency asks my personal opinion, I cannot do less than persist in the assertion that each new symptom of vacillation or delay will bring about a more serious condition and bring more rigorous terms.

JULES CAMBON.

The birth of the protocol is described in a message from Cambon to the Duke under date of August 10:

The President and his Secretary of State appeared to be much disappointed that Spain accepted the terms, it seeming to be apparent that they thought that Spain would reject the terms that America might have greater excuse for forcing the war to the

Rejection of Spain's end.

Proposals.

After a long silence Mr. McKinley said: "I asked of Spain the immediate cession and evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico. Instead of sending to me a categorical reply I am given a general note. The Spanish Government declares that it cannot give the answer I desire until the Cortes has been consulted. I cannot consider such a proposition."

All my observations were futile. The President was firm. Seeing that he was at the point of ending the interview and breaking off peace negotiations, I begged him to tell me what security he could offer Spain as to his sincerity. He replied: "There is only one way to conclude this series of errors and delays, and that was to draft a protocol which should include the conditions demanded by the United States and to which Spain must agree if she be sincere in her protestations of desire for peace."

The protocol will be shown to me to-morrow, and there is no doubt that the terms will be strict and rigorous, and I am persuaded that the President cannot be induced to modify the American pretensions.

I tell you frankly that if Spain does not accept the protocol promptly she need expect no lenity from the victors. They are determined upon the utter humiliation of Spain, and the success of their arms encourages them to believe that they can obliterate the kingdom.

CAMBON.

The protocol was signed immediately and Spain named her commissioners.

Then follow in the Red Book the cablegrams which show the frantic efforts of Spain to hold the Philippines and its plea for permission to use the Spanish troops there against the Philippine rebels. The downfall of these hopes is chronicled in a cablegram from Cambon.

The Red Book contains the full text of the protest which the Spanish Government made in which Spain seeks to prove that Admiral Dewey's communications to the War Department concerning the

**Spanish Protests
and Charges Against
Dewey.**

condition of the families of Spanish prisoners were false. An attack is made against Admiral Dewey in the allegation that his conduct proves him to be an accomplice of the Tagals. Spain insists that it is in possession of authentic reports which contradict those received from Admiral Dewey. These prisoners held by the Tagals are subjected to barbarous and cruel treatment by the natives and their condition becomes each day more pitiable. Spain cites news received by American newspapers which corroborate its own reports.

The protest recites that the official relations existing between the American admiral and Aguinaldo, chief of the Tagal insurgents, are

suspiciously close. It maintains that most of the Spanish prisoners are held in territory over which American troops exercise authority. The charge is made that Admiral Dewey himself turned over to the Tagals certain Spaniards taken prisoners of war.

The note begs that in the name of humanity the American Government cause the liberation of the prisoners.

Secret telegram No. 133, on page 175 of the Red Book, is an interesting one from Blanco, Governor-General of Cuba. The dispatch was sent to the Minister of the Colonies on October 7. It follows:

The president of our commission informs me that he fears the Americans do not quite correctly understand the meaning of the word evacuation. It is the opinion of the Americans that evacuation means that not only the military and naval forces in Cuba, but the civil functionaries as well, shall divorce themselves from the island. Our commissioners have sought to enlighten the Americans as to the true definition of the word evacuation, but without success. I asked your opinion as to the best plan to enlighten the Americans. The Americans make the following statement: "The word evacuation as used in the protocol means that not only the military officers, but that the government officials employed in the civil administration shall leave this island." The Americans are very stubborn on this point. They also make the violent pretension that they shall keep all the artillery and particularly that mounted in the forts. They are distressingly firm in the pretension. We are at a loss as to how to influence them. There is no limit to their avarice.

**Blanco's Struggle
with the Evacuation
Commission.**

BLANCO.

Those chosen officials of Spain whose privilege it has been to inspect this royal publication, have privately expressed the opinion that much of the important correspondence carried on by Spain with other governments during the war was not incorporated in the book.

During the war the government gave out suggestions of intrigues with other governments with the aim of curbing the imperialism of the United States. It was suggested that a defensive and offensive alliance had been considered between Spain and Austria. This correspondence does not appear in the Red Book. This has awakened comment in Madrid, that the Spanish Minister either deluded the people with the glittering idea of a foreign alliance, or purposely suppressed correspondence of vital importance to the people of Spain.

THE COURAGEOUS ACT OF ENSIGN GILLIS.

And Also Some of the Gayeties of War When Danger is Greatest.

THE amazing deeds of valor and execution by Dewey, Hobson, Schley and the army heroes at Santiago and Manila, are well preserved in permanent pages of history, but there was another whose deed was no less courageous but who has failed to receive the large measure of recognition that he deserves. Ensign Gillis was executive officer of the torpedo boat "Porter," which performed many daring exploits in Cuban waters, but the greatest was that which may be thus described:

One dark night Admiral Cervera sent a destroyer out from Santiago harbor, and, whatever happened to the destroyer, the next morning some German torpedoes were floating around. "One," said Captain Fremont, of the "Porter," "was coming straight for my little boat. Do you know Gillis? Has nothing in his composition but plain nerve. I have to watch him all the time; but this time he was too quick for me. The torpedo was coming slowly; if it touched our side there would be nothing more for any of us except a bed under water. He had his shoes off and his coat before I knew it. 'Don't do it, Gillis; she's got her war nose on.' 'I'll unscrew it, sir,' said the boy, and over the side he went, threw his arms around the torpedo, headed it away from us, and then began feeling for its business end. Well, the air-cock opening, the torpedo dived from the ensign's arms to the bottom."

It was a consoling as well as encouraging feature of our war with Spain that our soldiers and sailors, while doing their grim duty in the face of the most serious obstacles, yet retained all the native Yankee humor for which our race is justly famous. When the North Atlantic squadron was still stationed at Key West, the resourceful blue-jackets of our monitors found diversion in organizing a unique series of bicycle races, held upon the cleared decks of those deadliest of naval fighting monsters. Later, when the blockade was established and one Spanish prize after another was caught in the meshes of Admiral Sampson's drag-net, the mirth of the whole fleet was aroused by the amusing capture of the Spanish auxiliary cruiser "Panama" by the light-house tender "Mangrove," the homeliest and most insignificant vessel of the fleet, and by the ludicrous capitulation of the Spanish captain and his crew to a single American ensign armed with a chaplain's revolver. Another similar contribution to the gayety of nations was when the British

man-of-war "Talbot" had to show her colors in mid-ocean, in response to a solid shot across her bow from an infinitesimal Yankee tug, advancing upon the mighty cruiser as if to engage her then and there.

A later exhibition of American drollery was in the form of a fac-simile program of farewell exercises held on board the flag-ship off Santiago de Cuba on the night before Lieutenant Hobson took the "Merrimac" into the jaws of death. One of the heroes who went with Hobson upon his perilous mission asked that the band on board the flag-ship that evening might play "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Going him one better, the bandmaster arranged for the following elaborate program of specially selected pieces:

ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK,"

FLAG-SHIP NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

Muster.—"Iowa," "Texas," "Oregon," "Dolphin," "New York,"
 "New Orleans," "Massachusetts," "Marblehead,"
 "Mayflower," "Brooklyn," "Harvard,"
 "Porter," "Vixen."

Newspaper Fleet.—Three Boats.

Collier.—"Merrimac."
 (Farewell.)

"ON GUARD" OFF "SANTIAGO DE CUBA."
 "SCHLEY" Men with the strength of "SAMPSON" in the
 "MERRIMAC."

A TRUE NAVAL DRAMA—the real old McCoy.

LATEST SONG TO-NIGHT:

"Are you going to come out to-night? If so, step lively; we're
 going to lock the door."

PROGRAM OF MUSIC.

MARCH "For Love or War." ARONSON
 OVERTURE "Bronze Horse." AUBER
 WALTZ "Jolly Brothers." VOLLSTEDT
 "Surprise Medley." BRAHAM
 "The Song That Reached My Heart." JORDAN
 QUADRILLE "The Rialto" DEWITT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1898,

HONORING A DEAD FOE.

How the American Troops Sought Out and Buried the Spanish Hero of El Caney.

WHEN the complete history of the Spanish-American war comes to be written, a prominent place must be reserved for the description of an incident that shines out from the smoke of battle and the strife and carnage of conflict like a star in a cloudy sky. The incident was the military funeral given the body of the Spanish general, Vara del Rey, in Santiago last November, by the American governor, General Leonard Wood. In its thorough courtesy, simple yet earnest, it is unexcelled in history. What greater pathos can be found than in the spectacle of the aged general, Valderrama, going, cap in hand, from his ship in Santiago Bay to the palace, and, addressing General Wood, saying :

“Señor, we have come for our dead.”

And General Wood, bluff, dignified, courteous to the last degree, the beau ideal of a soldier, with what cordiality did he grasp General Valderrama's hand and reply :

“Sir, we are at your command. General Vara del Rey was a brave man, and we honor his memory. His body shall be found and given all the military courtesies in our power.”

General Wood forthwith made the visitors his guests of honor, and deputized his personal aid, Lieutenant M. E. Hanna, to look for the body. When General Vara del Rey fell, fighting at the head of his men at the famous defence of El Caney on July 1, he was buried on the field by General Lawton, and his grave duly marked. Four months later, when the party of Spanish officers, escorted by Lieutenant Hanna and a detail of the Fifth Regular Infantry, began the search, the marks had totally disappeared, and there was nothing left among the scattered graves to indicate in which rested the remains of the brave Spanish general. After a long search without success, Lieutenant Hanna sought the good offices of a Cuban who stated that he could locate the spot without trouble. He led them to a place just outside of the town, and said that the Spaniard would be found there. Then he walked away. After digging for some time, a mass of decaying bones was turned up—but they were the bones of a mule. Enraged at the

deception and the insult directed at his guests, Lieutenant Hanna went to the alcalde, or mayor, of the town, a Cuban.

"Alcalde," he said, sternly, "by whose will do you hold your office?"

"His excellency, General Wood's will, señor," was the reply.

"Then, as you value your position, find me a guide who can lead us to the grave of General Vara del Rey. You know where it is. Every Cuban in El Caney knows where it is. If we do not find the body within three hours you will pay the penalty."

The trembling alcalde hurriedly sent for a native, who listened to the alcalde's orders with evident reluctance, and finally denied that he knew the spot. Lieutenant Hanna acted promptly. Producing a revolver, he aimed it at the Cuban and exclaimed sternly :

"Show us General Vara del Rey's grave at once, you scoundrel. You know where it is. Lead us there or I'll blow your head from your shoulders."

The man was upon his knees in a jiffy. He alternately cried with fear and begged for mercy. The affair ended with the party setting out, with him in the lead. A short distance from town, in a field near the road running to Santiago, three mounds were found.

"It is one of those, señor," said the frightened guide. "Which, I do not know, but I am sure you will find the Spaniard in one."

He was guarded while the nearest grave was opened. It contained the body of a Cuban youth. The earth was filled in again and the next disinterred. When the features of the occupant came to light General Valderrama crossed himself and exclaimed with emotion :

"It is he. It is my poor compatriot, General Vara del Rey."

The identification was complete, and little time was lost in transferring the body to the handsome casket brought from Spain. On the outskirts of Santiago the party was met by a battalion of the Fifth Infantry and the regimental band. A procession was formed, and the march through the town began. Lieutenant Hanna, Captain Borden and General Valderrama rode at the head, followed by the band and a battalion of American soldiers. Then came the hearse, an imposing affair, and bringing up the rear were a number of Spanish officers, who had accompanied the general. The band played a dirge, and, as the cortege passed the palace, General Wood and staff stood at attention with bared heads. To many of the Cuban spectators this display of honor and courtesy was remarkable and entirely uncalled for. They regarded General Vara del Rey as a Spaniard, therefore an enemy, and, it is unpleasant to relate, they lost no opportunity to revile his memory and his remains.

The cortege proceeded to the wharf, and the coffin was taken on board a Spanish steamer for transmission to Spain. "You belong to a grand nation," said General Valderrama to Lieutenant Hanna, as he bade him good-bye. "We will never forget this day. The saints be with you and your people."

CHARACTER OF THE FILIPINOS.

A Race of People who are Not Amenable to the Arts of Civilization.

BY A. C. BUELL, OF CRAMP'S SHIPBUILDING COMPANY.

THE keynote of the singularly frank and lucid speech of the President at the dinner of the Boston Home Market Club was: "Conciliation of the Philippine natives." Almost simultaneously an interview with General Otis was published here, in which that able and gallant soldier was represented as saying: "No one understands these natives." These two utterances, from such widely different points of view and from such sources of highest authority, suggest a problem to which but little attention has yet been given, at least but little attention based upon real knowledge of the conditions which must be met.

Unquestionably the President's idea of "conciliation" springs from a humane impulse, and embodies a hope based upon the application of the Philippine natives of optimist theories in anthropology. Equally unquestionable is the sincerity of General Otis, who, speaking bluntly, from observation and experience on the spot, and unencumbered by theory of any kind, says: "No one understands these natives."

Judged by the standard of any other race of savages with which the forces of the United States have hitherto had to deal, the curt remark of General Otis is true. The Philippine natives are partly of the Malayan race and partly Papuans or Negritos, the Malays predominating numerically, physically and mentally. So far as our task in enforcing sovereignty over the islands is concerned, it may be considered that the Malays form the only serious factor.

Composition of the Philippine Natives.

The Malay, generally speaking, is one of the five great sub-divisions of the human species, according to the old ethnographers, and like the other great subdivisions, Caucasian, Mongolian, American and African, presents

numerous type, various somewhat in characteristics according to location and environment, but there is much less diversity of type in the Malay than in any of the other four great races. The one supreme and unvarying characteristic of the Malay, wherever found or under whatsoever conditions of existence, is that he is a savage, and not only that, but always and everywhere a gloomy, sullen, saturnine savage, utterly insensible to the logic of civilization and wholly impervious to its arts.

During the four centuries of Spanish occupation, considerable amalgamation has occurred, the result being, according to standard authorities, that about 15 per cent of the whole population, say 1,250,000, are "mestizo," or mixed breeds, in which Spanish fathers have given the names of that language to half-breed offsprings of Malay mothers, the Spanish women seldom or never allying themselves with Malay men. These "half-castes," or "mestizos," are the real "Filipinos," according to the strict Spanish meaning, though the word seems to have been adopted by the American and English newspapers as descriptive of the population as a whole.

**Result of
Amalgamation.**

The effect of this cross-breeding of the Spaniard with the Malay savage is a general type in which the notorious national vices of the former have been engrafted upon the racial, traditional and hereditary savagery of the latter. If there ever was anything in the so-called "civilization" of Spain that could possibly improve, elevate or enlighten a savage race by contact and admixture, it has always been conspicuously absent from any results apparent in the Philippine Islands. On the other hand, the amalgamation has accomplished nothing except to add to the racial distrust, jealousy, treachery and murder mania of the Malay; the characteristic bigotry, bombast and duplicity of the Spaniard at his worst, the net result being, beyond doubt, the worst development of the human species on the face of the earth.

**An Admixture of
Vicious Traits.**

The American Indian, the African, the Mongolian, even the fierce nomads of Central Asia, have been known to respond in some degree to the arts of civilization, and to yield somewhat to the precepts of enlightenment. But in all the history of his contact with the white man, not one instance is recorded of the civilization of the Malay, either as a pure-blood or as a half-caste. He has at times been subdued or temporarily held in check, but it has been done only when the white man succeeded in "out-savaging him at his own savagery," as the English do in the Straits Settlements and India, and the Dutch in Sumatra, Java and the Timorean group.

But though sometimes subdued, or held in check, the Malay has never been "conciliated" by anybody in the proper sense of the term. No matter

what means have been employed to cow him or constrain him, or to repress his ferocious instincts, he remains at bottom the same wild animal, the same untamable beast of prey in human shape, ready for a new outbreak the instant he thinks the vigilance of his conqueror relaxed, or the heavy hand lifted for a moment from his neck.

The English system of blowing Oriental fanatics from the muzzles of cannon, and the Dutch system of emasculating them, are based, not upon a refinement of cruelty, as is often supposed, but upon a deliberate selection of exemplary punishment, calculated to appeal most effectively to the superstition and sense of horror of those with whom they have to deal. In all the Oriental creeds, Musselman and Pagan alike, the doctrine is universal that no man whose organs have been mutilated can enter the kingdom of heaven. This effect is produced by both the English process of blowing from the cannon's mouth, and by the simpler and more direct surgery of the Dutch.

In the estimation of the Oriental Moslems and Pagans it, therefore, amounts to eternal punishment. Simple death, either in battle or by ordinary modes of execution is not dreaded by these people. But they do dread and shrink from mutilation or defilement of the body, which in their creed is held to deny all hope of happiness in the next world. In short, nothing in the punitive way can appeal to the Malay sense unless it be something, that from his point of view, is more horrible than the devices of his own savagery.

**Death is Not
Dreaded, but
Mutilation
Horrifies.**

A quaint instance in proof is related in an old scrapbook of "Anecdotes of the Whale Fishery," compiled by one of my Nantucket ancestors. Along in the '20s, '30s, '40s and '50s of this century, the last years of the whaling industry, whaleships operating in the Indian and West Pacific Oceans used frequently to recruit their crews in the Malay Islands. These recruits were principally drawn from Timor, the easternmost island of the Javan archipelago, because that island lay in the track of whalers passing from one ocean to the other through the Straits of New Guinea, and its harbors—Coupang, etc.—were the best in that part of the world.

The Malay of Timor has long been noted as the most perfect specimen of his race, physically and mentally, and he is the best seaman of any race not Caucasian. Early in the '30s the whaleship "Phoenix," of Nantucket, Captain Gardner, having spent a season in the Indian Ocean, ran up through the narrow seas of New Guinea, bound for the Japan whaling ground. The crew being reduced by sickness, Captain Gardner touched at Coupang and shipped nine Malays, most of whom had already sailed in American or

English whalers. They soon proved to be an exceptionally hard lot, one in particular being almost constantly refractory. Finally, one day the first mate, William Starbuck, of Nantucket, chastised this Malay with a rope's end. Well aware of the treacherous and revengeful character of his customer, Starbuck kept his weather eye on the man. One day not long afterward, while the first mate's watch was washing down decks after cutting up a sperm whale, the Malay, seeing Starbuck's attention directed to something aloft, whipped a short "creese knife" from his shirt and darted a stab at the mate's back. The knife found its mark, but glanced along a rib without penetrating the body. Quicker than thought Starbuck whirled around, seized the Malay's right wrist with one hand and his shoulder with the other and threw him to the deck. Starbuck had two loaded pistols in his belt and might easily have blown the Malay's brains out. But he knew the breed too well for that. To kill him in that manner would only invite vengeance from the other Malays. It was necessary to give him something that in the Malay estimation would be more horrible than sudden death. So "Bill" Starbuck, a giant in strength, took the Malay's right arm, placed his knee against the elbow and deliberately broke it backward, "the bones and tendons," says the old scrapbook, "of the doomed limb snapping like so many pine twigs as the joint yielded to the Samson-like strength of the pitiless mate. With one long howl of rage and anguish the Malay quivered convulsively and fainted. Rising to his feet Starbuck ordered a couple of buckets of water thrown over the quivering wretch and walked away, remarking, "The mud-colored devil will have to stab left-handed hereafter."

**How Starbuck
Subdued a Malay.**

"The Malay came to out of his faint," pursues the old book, "but he never recovered. An attempt was made to straighten the arm and put it in splints, but the torn flesh and broken bones and tendons were past healing. The shock proved too much for the victim's system, and gangrene soon set in. The wretched Malay lingered for about four weeks in horrible agony and then died. It was fearful discipline, but nothing short of it would have sufficed. During the rest of the voyage, about fourteen months, the other eight Malays were as docile as rabbits. None of them wanted their elbows broken across Bill Starbuck's knee!"

The lesson of this anecdote is of historical value just now. Unlike General Otis, Bill Starbuck understood the natives. He knew how to "conciliate" them, though his method was doubtless radically different from that contemplated by our President. The reason why the other eight Malays in the "Phoenix's" crew were conciliated was because Bill Starbuck, from

their point of view, was a fiercer and crueler savage than any Malay ever dared be, and because his exhibition of physical prowess had stricken them with awe and terror.

The prospect of dealing with such savages in the hope of educating them up to the point at which they may comprehend the meaning of government by the consent of the governed, is not an inviting one. At present they have no conception of any meaning to the word "government," except as a synonym of organized plunder or systematic rapine. In dealing with such a race it is much easier to "take up the white man's burden" at the wrong end than at the right end.

The captain of the "Phoenix" was Paul Jones Gardner, youngest son of Henry Grafton Gardner, who served five years in the Revolution under Paul Jones, and was acting gunner of the "Bon Homme Richard" when she took the "Serapis" in 1779, while Bill Starbuck, then not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years old, was a grandson of Owen Starbuck, who was quarter gunner in the "Ranger" under Jones when she took the "Drake" off Carrickfergus in 1778.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

A Hero of the Blue and the Gray.

BY AN OLD COMRADE.

BORNE to the battlefield one day on a litter because he was too sick to walk; climbing a tree another day like a schoolboy, in order to get a better peep at the enemy's Santiago intrenchments; incessantly on the go among his troops and officers, and filling up the few gaps of spare moments with first-class newspaper letters lauding the gallant work of his boys in the field—such are some telling snap shots at "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. He is a "steam engine in pantaloons," they say, and carries his sixty-three years as easily as he would a bamboo cane. By the side of the mammoth Shafter, nearly a 300-pounder, the little general's one hundred and fifteen pounds of very spare meat and small bones make him look like a pocket edition of a warrior.

Next to General J. E. B. Stuart, Wheeler was by odds the best and nerviest cavalry leader on the Confederate side. He was one of the gallant "batch of Confederate devils," as Sherman called them, who made the latter's

march to the sea such a thorny enterprise. He so distinguished himself that in 1865 he was appointed a lieutenant-general, and at the close of the war was in command of the cavalry operating with the forces of General Joe Johnston.

The infantry of the Union armies in the West were more familiar with the names of Wheeler, Forrest and Morgan than with the names of any other Confederate generals. "They were nearly always where we didn't want them to be, and they gave us lots of trouble," says a retired Union major. "I never forgave General Wheeler for his raid around our army at Stone River. Just as we were having all we could attend to in front, Wheeler left the extreme right of the Confederate Army, made a dash to the rear of Rosecrans' army, captured and destroyed wagon trains, captured hospital trains with our wounded, burned everything burnable, evaded our own cavalry columns and in two days reached the left wing of the Confederate army, as one of the boys put it, fresh as a daisy."

**The Dashing Raids
of General Wheeler.**

Wheeler was born at Augusta, Ga., and graduated at West Point in the class of '59. When the break came between North and South he resigned his commission in the United States army and was appointed colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry. He commanded a brigade at Shiloh. Next he was transferred to the cavalry, and in 1862 was placed over that arm of the service under Braxton Bragg, in the West. A major-general in 1863, he led the Confederate cavalry on the bloody and stubborn battlefield of Chickamauga. "The recognition of Joe Wheeler in the uniform of a United States general," said one of his old soldiers recently, "impresses all those who shared for years the hardships, privations and dangers which he underwent as a Confederate cavalry leader, as one of those incomprehensible events that the whirligig of time brings about."

General Wheeler as he appeared during the Civil War was youthful, almost boyish, except for a heavy silken beard; neat and dapper in dress, as gentle mannered as a woman, refined in expression, never indulging in oaths or rude speech. I have seen him blush to the roots of his hair at the recital of some objectionable story or coarse remark of some rough officer, whom he valued for his zeal and courage.

It was when the battle was joined, however, that Wheeler was seen at his best. Then it was that the little general, mounted on his big black charger, seemed to grow to the full stature of a cavalryman. The whole man, who but an hour ago was the suave and courteous gentleman, became the alert and dangerous antagonist, regardless of bursting shells and singing bullets, looking intently for the opportunity to charge the columns opposing him.

**The Impersonation
of Daring.**

he gave his orders, in his lisping speech, there was method and deliberation that comprehended the situation. The celerity of his movements and his restless activity gave his command but little repose. If it were not an attack that he was planning he was organizing a raid to burn bridges or tear up the railroads in the rear of the enemy. So that to ride with Wheeler was to live in the saddle, to sleep in the saddle, to be here to-day, but far away to-morrow. General Wheeler is a much older man now ; his locks are white, but he is still vigorous and active, as keen for attack in his blue uniform upon the enemies of the Stars and Stripes as he ever was upon those of the stars and bars when he wore the gray.

The little general is a bunch of alert, indefatigable nerves and fibres. He never rests. As a member of Congress from Alabama for seven terms he used to serve lazy members as a horrible example of industry. You never found him in the cloak room with his feet cocked up, taking it easy. He kept five secretaries on the go all the time hunting down facts and figures for speeches, and they found so much game in roaming through the department archives that "Fighting Joe" seldom let a day pass without firing some of his ammunition on the floor. They say he spreads over more space in the *Congressional Record* than any three men in the House. Alabama is kept flooded with his franked speeches and documents of that alluring character that burst in such a Johnstown avalanche from the government printing office. It is told that as the general was riding about his home district one day he overtook a mail carrier on foot. He took the fellow up in his buggy and

**An Anecdote of
His Generosity.**

asked him why he did not have a horse. "I did have one," he said, "but old Wheeler sent down so many documents from Washington that it killed him in trying to deliver them." And it is added that the carrier soon afterward received a present of a new horse. The story may be mythical, but when a member repeated it to the general he laughed and admitted that the statement was founded on fact.

When the trouble with Spain began this fighting ex-Confederate was among the first to offer his services to the President, and they were at once snapped up with the hearty, unanimous approval of the nation. He was very proud, they say, when he got into the blue at Chickamauga Camp, among the scenes where he had fought so fiercely against the flag he is serving now. Restless till he got to the front, impetuously brave in action to-day, as he was a generation ago, respected and revered as soldier and gentleman by his entire command, and thoroughly enjoying the fullest confidence of the President and Congress, what finer object lesson can be found of the new-born patriotism that has thrilled and welded the country, than this hero of the gray leading regiments on the Cuban hills in the blue!

HEROES IN THE HOLD.

WHILE unlimited praise has been given to the gallant man who stood on the bridge of the fated "Merrimac," and to his companions who were at their perilous posts of duty on the upper deck, on that memorable morning in Santiago harbor, let us not forget the heroes in the "stoke hole."

If Lieutenant Hobson and his associates were brave, what is to be said of the sublime courage of the engineer whose hand was at the throttle, and the firemen who shoveled coal into the blazing furnaces as the good ship sailed into the jaws of death? Here were heroes, indeed—heroes of song and story, of romance and rhyme, such as might inspire poets to the loftiest flights and the pen of the historian with glowing imagery.

On the bridge stood a man who played in the great lottery for the grandest prize of life. Whether he lost or won, enduring fame was his. Success meant the listing of his name on the roll of immortality along with those of Dewey, Schley, Paul Jones, Decatur, Perry and Farragut. What a laurel wreath of everlasting glory for one single act in the great drama of war! But down in the hold, twenty feet below the surface of the rolling billows, in ominous darkness relieved only by the light of flickering lamps, no sounds save the drone of the engine, the creaking of the hull and the swash of the lashing waves came to tell aught of what was transpiring above. Nothing but the soul of valor to inspire such men! No place for them on fame's eternal camping ground. Nothing but the self-same spirit of Jim Bludsoe to keep "her nozzle agin the bank" till all but himself were safe on shore. The man with his hand upon the valve and his keen ear intent upon the warning bells, the men, grimy, sweating, blackened, furiously piling coal into the yawning, roaring furnaces—neither knowing when the dread explosion would come that might send them, torn to fragments and scattered upon the four winds, to their fearful doom—these were the real heroes of the "Merrimac."

They knew there would be no lasting reward for them, no glorious heritage which they could transmit to their children, no renown such as would envelop the leaders at Thermopylæ, at the Alamo, or the cool and daring lieutenant on the bridge above them. To them it was duty, plain and simple, humble and obscure, with the full knowledge that the reward must be the consciousness of duty well performed. No substantial promotion, only a fleeting notoriety, no pointing to the way where glory waits.

All honor, say we, to the intrepid engineers and the firemen of our war ships! Long may their memories be preserved by their admiring countrymen! All honor to men whose only reward is the consciousness of duty well performed!

SONG OF THE BATTLESHIP STOKERS.

BY KATHARINE COOLIDGE.

HEAVE on the coal, to win the goal
 Of a blasting ocean war!
 By pits of hell stand sentinel,
 As the deadly cannon roar.
 The engines beat in blanching heat,
 Our battleship ploughs her course,
 Up there they fight in cool daylight,
 While we feed the monster's force.

Over the sea, our battery
 Will lay waste the upper world;
 And far from fame we feed the flame,
 As the bursting bombs are hurled.
 We cannot know the ebb and flow
 Of the battle's rushing tide,
 But hear the boom of unknown doom
 Where the thundering warships ride.

Each moment passed may be our last,
 For the crashing bomb-shells fly,
 And fires of fate reverberate
 In the wide, smoke-laden sky.
 In lurid night we feed the fight,
 As the belching cannon roar.
 Heave on the coal, to win the goal
 Of our country's ocean war!

HOW IT FEELS TO BE UNDER FIRE.

A Realistic Description of a Bloody Engagement by One Who Participated.

BY JOHN G. WINTER, JR.

MR. WINTER, who is barely twenty-one years of age, comes from a fighting family; his grandfather, thrice removed, was on the staff of General George Washington; his father served under Fitzhugh Lee, and also under General Wheeler, in the Civil War, and, singularly enough, he has two sons, one of whom served under General Lee and the other under General Wheeler during the war with Spain. The young Santiago hero was graduated from the University of Virginia, and had the distinction of being the best all-round athlete of that institution. Previously, he was graduated from the military academy, where he and his brother, who was valedictorian, were two of the four who took first honors. Young Winters was with the Rough Riders in front of Santiago, and was severely wounded before Siboney, on the first day of July.

It is of an ever memorable experience that I write, one which the whole nation felt much interest in, but to me it is one specially to be remembered for reasons I will presently give.

Our march toward Santiago was by regiment in line of battle; F troop, which was on the extreme left, took position on the brow of a low hill. Except for the troops next to F, I soon lost track of the movements of the other men. Then came the most unique experience of my life, and one I shall never forget; both lines opened fire, and Mauser bullets began to whistle around our heads. The Spaniards were on a hill and in a sunken road immediately opposite to us, and in a position of no disadvantage. They had several machine-guns, which were quickly put in action, and then the men began to drop. You have never been under the fire of a gun shooting 300 times a minute; this is one of the first battles in civilized warfare in which it has been used. When the bullets strike the ground they all appear to do so at once, and as if they were strung out in a row. One man in my squad was struck in three places simultaneously. It would be difficult—almost impossible—for me to describe clearly my feelings during the first part of the engagement. I felt very much as if I was shooting doves, and held my carbine in the same position, advancing slowly, excited, and impatient for the order to "Fire at will." For the first half-hour I loaded, aimed and shot as fast as my hands and eyes could work, but after a while the first

excitement of the fight passed off, and I worked more calmly and methodically. I cannot say whether or not my shots had any effect, but for the most part I directed my fire toward a kind of blockhouse in which there were a large number of Spaniards. At one stage of the fight the enemy made a movement toward our right, and the troops on the left, considerably scattered, were ordered to march "by the right flank, double time." It was not until this moment that I realized the horror of war. There was a man named Irvine in our troop with whom I had been thrown a good deal. We had become as close friends as an acquaintanceship of several weeks could make us, and we had been fighting together a good deal. In executing the order just mentioned he was a little in front of me and to one side, both of us running; there were a number of dead around, and several wounded that had not been taken to the rear, and the sight of them stirred me greatly;

**A Comrade's Head
Shot Off.**

but as I looked at the man in front of me the breath left my body for the moment as the whole top of his head flew up in the air, his skull blown to atoms by an explosive bullet. He fell heavily with a thud, and I ran on past his body, but I knew at last the meaning of the phrase, "The art of war." He was the only man that I saw killed; it was but a short time before the enemy were run out of their position, retreating toward Santiago. We lost about sixty killed, wounded and missing, a little less than 10 per cent, and the Rough Riders buried 105 Spaniards. A fitting end to the battle was the burial of our own dead; they were all put in one grave. The men were grouped with bared heads around the grave, while the chaplain read a chapter from the Bible; then all sang "Nearer, My God to Thee." "Taps" were sounded over the grave, and the services ended with prayer.



WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

TO eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost isles are
free,

And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go;
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered
"Here!"

For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of the people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships
come in!

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM IN WAR.

The Loyalty that Guards with Unconquerable Courage the National Banner.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

WHATEVER Spain may think as to her honor, whether it be satisfied or not, it is clear that neither in courage nor in intelligence are her navy and army capable of coping successfully with the sailors and soldiers of the United States. These have added new names to the list of our national heroes, and new glories to our constellation of victories. It has been the fashion to say that long years of peace and commercialism have sapped the spiritual virtues of our people, and that so engrossed have we been in the arts of money-making, so corrupted, have we become in consequence of the partnership which interested persons have succeeded in establishing between the government and private business interests, that the war spirit and the war courage have gone out of our blood. It was the habit of the superficial diplomats which the continental nations of Europe are accustomed to send to Washington to sneer at us, as the French have sneered at the English, as a nation of "shopkeepers," and immediately before the breaking out of the present war these gentlemen filled the drawing rooms of the capital with the prediction that there would be no war, because the Yankees were too fond of money to fight.

**The Prophets of
Cowardice.**

But the prophets of cowardice are now seeing their mistake, just as the French ought to have recognized their mistake long ago on the field of Waterloo.

The American people in arms are fighting as they have always fought, and as they will probably continue to fight whenever they make or accept war. In this war they have already given abundant evidence of a wonderful morale, a steadiness of heart, a coolness of head, and, above all, of a fervid patriotism. On sea and land these men of arms of ours have gone into action with the dash, the discipline, and the cautiousness of old campaigners. Only once has there been a question raised as to the self-possession or self-restraint of any of our men who have met the enemy, and that in the battle of Sevilla Heights, where there may have been a little recklessness and a too eager push forward, not at all surprising when we consider the freshness

of the command and the eagerness shown by both officers and men to fight. But, on the other hand, there was so much glory won in that hard struggle by and for those who were in it, for the American name, for all of us, that the excess of enthusiasm, if there was any, is worthy of mention only to forestall a criticism that might be invited by what would appear as too liberal praise to such minds as often miss the splendor of a perfect night in their analysis of the revelations of a spectroscope. We owe this explanation to the "Rough Riders" who fought in those fearful woods where bullets rushed from mysterious shadows, because we would not by any apparent minuteness of ignorance on our part have their demerits discussed by critics who might be silent were they warned in advance that slight spots on a glorious life are invisible, not only to the generous, but to the truly appreciative eye. From Manila to Guantanamo and Sevilla Heights our sailors and soldiers have done their duty in obedience to skillful and altogether worthy officers. Dewey's entrance into the harbor of Manila was itself one of those splendid examples of intelligent and brave temerity that mark the men capable of them as the geniuses of war. The deed of courage which was performed by Hobson and his men is but a conspicuous example of the conduct of our sea and land forces on every occasion that has been presented to them. The cable-cutting at Cardenas and elsewhere, the reconnoissances under fire, the eagerness manifested by every one of our fighting souls—all these, physical, intellectual and spiritual, make the sinking of the "Merrimac" part of a great drama which lifts up the heart and head of every American citizen.

**An Example of
Brave Temerity.**

For, believe as we may have done concerning the wisdom of the war, this eager courage to carry the flag into the heart of an enemy's country, to plant it above his sinking ships and his crumbling forts, this rush after the colors to the very death, this recklessness of life, this wonderful enthusiasm and joy in battle, are the phenomena of a deep and abiding patriotism, of a love of country as strong and as hot as that which ever possessed any people in this nineteen-century-old world. We will go further than this, for our belief is that this love of country is more generally felt, more widely distributed, here than in any other land in the modern world. The American citizen, whether he be born of English forebears or not, whether he be born here or elsewhere, is defending his own political power, is vindicating his own right to exercise political power, when he arms himself for the defence of his government. This heterogeneous race of what our delightful and courteous foes call "Yankee pigs" is not so heterogeneous when the real meaning and character of the republic are considered. We may not be men of one blood, but

**The Fusing of Many
Races Into One.**

we are men of one mind. We may have been born under despotisms or constitutional monarchies or pretended republics, but we live in a true republic, we possess a democracy, and it is as certain as that men will continue to be governed, that our democracy will remain regnant, because both those who are the offspring of the men who established it on the basis of the English democracy, and those who have come under its benignant power, who grow in grace by means of its kindly developing force, will always insist on its maintenance.

These people of different origins have a common purpose and a common destiny, and each man thinking himself worthy of the company of kings is not only more self-respectful and more self-confident than subject people, even when these have the most glorious traditions for the nourishment of their national pride, but necessarily has also more respect and love for the government of which he is part, which has been so rich in performance for him, and is so rich in promise for his descendants. This nation does not receive its character from the parents of its citizens, but from the institutions which have filled the world with the glory of English-speaking peoples; which have brought liberty into the cottage, and have applied the limitations and restraints of the golden rule to the palace; which have put the people's happiness above the prince's profit; which have established a common justice for the ruler and the ruled; and which have prospered humanity by unshackling the genius of the individual. These institutions and the aspirations that are born of them make America and Americans; and when the government, which is the creature and defender of these institutions, demands the service of its people, it addresses the patriotism of men who love it as they love themselves and their families. The old world never made a greater mistake than in supposing that the republic does not have the love of its own rulers because the grandfathers of many of the rulers were not born here. Its cynics and its false prophets are learning the truth now—learning that the patriotism of America is such that, when the direful occasion comes, the citizen becomes an energetic, courageous and intelligent soldier, the like of whose associated qualities cannot be found in European armies. This is the great truth shown by the war, a revelation which may work wonders in a world ready for almost any teaching of democracy. And all who love America for the virtues which are hers, and for the virtues which she breeds, will never wish her less of patriotism in war, but always more of the patriotism resting on the broad foundations of her peaceful and habitual achievements.

**A Patriotism
Sufficient For Any
Emergency.**

SONG OF THE 13-INCH.

BY J. H. BATES, JR.

I COME of a fighting race.
 You should see my family-tree,
 With never a break when you come to trace
 From "Mons Meg" down to me—
 From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,
 That shook to his bombarde song,
 When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—
 To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide,
 And my belly lean and long."

I grin with the grin of death
 That spins from my iron lips—
 Bluff joy, with a roar of my pregnant breath,
 To bite at the steel-clad ships—
 To bite at the ships in the lust of blood,
 As I whip them over the sea,
 And fence them in with the spouting scud,
 And scatter them over the littered flood,
 Till they dip their rags to me.

I hunger—ere yet I teach—
 Feed me not of the loam—
 I feed to the snap of the locking breech
 That slides the greased shell home.
 That slides it home—then, in mad desire,
 I speed it far and true,
 While my mouth is ringed with the dripping fire,
 And the crumbling cities feel my ire,
 As I search them through and through.

I come of a fighting stock.
 On the word of my father Thor!
 'Tis well for my friends—but the foes that mock,
 I whelm in the throes of war—
 I whelm in the throes of war, and they fall,
 Fleets and cities and men.

SOME THRILLING DREAMS.

Yet my time may come—let it be a call,
To the wildest, wickedest fight of all,
Far out, beyond all ken!

Shivered, crippled and spent,
Twain on a hopeless sea,
Dying, each firm in a fell intent,
Grim, set on victory—
Grim, set, to the end. In the waning light
As the last, last daylight dies,
The flare of the holocaust's awful blight,
Or the cold, gray water's gulping night,
And—the clean-swept billow's rise.

I come of a fighting race.
You should see my family-tree,
With never a break when you come to trace
From "Mons Meg" down to me—
From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,
That shook to his bombarde song,
When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—
To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide.
And my belly lean and long."

SOME THRILLING DREAMS.

Sleep Visions of Soldiers Anticipating a Fight.

BY FREDERICK REMINGTON.

AT the place far from Washington where the gray, stripped warships swung on the tide, and toward which the troop-trains were hurrying, there was no thought of peace. The shore was a dusty, smelly bit of sandy coral, and the houses in this town are built like snare-drums; they are dismal thoroughly, and the sun makes men sweat and wish to God they were somewhere else.

But the men in the blue uniforms were young, and Madame Beaulieu, who keeps the restaurant, strives to please, so it came to pass that I attended

one of these happy-go-lucky banquets. The others were artillery officers, men from off the ships, with a little sprinkle of cavalry and infantry, just for salt. They were brothers, and yellow-jack—hellish heat—bullets, and the possibility of getting mixed up in a mass of exploding iron, had been discounted long back in their schoolboy days, perhaps. Yet, they were not without sentiment, and were not even callous to all these, as will be seen, though men are different and do not think alike—less, even, when they dream.

"Do you know, I had a dream last night," said a naval officer.

"So did I."

"So did I," was chorused by the others.

"Well, well!" I said. "Tell your dreams. Mr. H——, begin."

"Oh, it was nothing much. I dreamed that I was rich and old, and had a soft stomach, and I very much did not want to die. It was a curious sort of feeling, this very old and rich business, since I am neither, nor even now do I want to die, which part was true in my dream.

"I thought I was standing on the bluffs overlooking the Nile. I saw people skating, when suddenly numbers of hippopotami—great masses of them—broke up through the ice and began swallowing the people. This was awfully real to me. I even saw **Swallowed by Hippopotami.** Mac there go down one big throat as easily as a cocktail.

Then they came at me in a solid wall. I was crazed with fear—I fled. I could not run; but coming suddenly on a pile of old railroad iron, I quickly made a bicycle out of two car-wheels, and flew. A young hippo, more agile than the rest, made himself a bike also, and we scorched on over the desert. My strength failed; I despaired and screamed—then I woke up. Begad, this waiting and waiting in this fleet is surely doing things to me!"

The audience laughed, guyed, and said let's have some more dreams, and other things. This dream followed the other things, and he who told it was an artilleryman:

"My instincts got tangled up with one of those Key West shrimp salads, I reckon; but war has no terrors for a man who has been through my last midnight battle. I dreamed I was superintending two big 12-inch guns which was firing on an enemy's fleet. I do not know where this was. We got out of shot, but we seemed to have plenty of powder. The fleet kept coming on, and I had to do something, so I put an old superannuated sergeant in the gun. He pleaded, but I said he was old, the case was urgent, it did not matter how one died for his country, etc.—so we put the dear old sergeant in the gun and fired him at the fleet. Then the battle became hot. I loaded soldiers in the guns and fired them out to sea, until I had no more

soldiers. Then I began firing citizens. I ran out of citizens. But there were Congressmen around somewhere there in my dreams, and though they made speeches of protest to me under the five-minute rule, I promptly loaded them in, and touched them off in their turn. The fleet was pretty hard-looking by this time, but still in the ring. I could see the foreign sailors picking pieces of Congressmen from around the breech-blocks, and the officers were brushing their clothes with their handkerchiefs. I was about to give up, when I thought of the Key West shrimp salad. One walked conveniently up to me, and I loaded her in. With a last convulsive yank I pulled the lock-string, and the fleet was gone with my dream."

"How do cavalrymen dream, Mr. ——?" was asked of a yellow-leg.

"Oh, our dreams are all strictly professional, too. I was out with my troop, being drilled by a big fat officer on an enormous horse. He was very red-faced, and crazy with rage at us. He yelled like one of those siren-whistles out there in the fleet.

"He said we were cowards and would not fight. So he had a stout picket-fence made, about six feet high, and then, forming us in line, he said no cavalry was any good which could be stopped by any obstacle. Mind you, he yelled it at us like the siren. He said the Spaniards would not pay any attention to such cowards. Then he gave the order to charge, and we flew into the fence. We rode at the fence pell-mell—into it dashed our horses, while we sabred and shouted. Behind us now came the big colonel—very big he was now, with great red wings—saying, above all the din, 'You shall never come back—you shall never come back!' and I was squeezed tighter and tighter by him up to this fence until I awoke; and now I have changed my cocktail to a plain vermouth."

**A Fat Colonel
With Red Wings.**

When appealed to, the infantry officer tapped the table with his knife thoughtfully: "My dream was not so tragic; it was a moral strain; but I suffered greatly while it lasted. Somehow I was in command of a company of raw recruits, and was in some trenches which we were constructing under fire. My recruits were not like soldiers—they were not young men. They were past middle age, mostly fat, and many had white side whiskers after the fashion of the funny papers when they draw banker types. I had a man shot, and the recruits all got around me; they were pleading and crying to be allowed to go home.

"Now I never had anything in the world but my pay, and am pretty well satisfied as men go in the world, but I suppose the American does not breathe who is averse to possessing great wealth himself; so when one man

said he would give me \$1,000,000 in gold if I would let him go, I stopped to think. Here is where I suffered so keenly. I wanted the million, but I did not want to let him go.

"Then these men came up, one after the other, and offered me varying sums of money to be allowed to run away—and specious arguments in favor of the same. I was now in agony. — it! that company was worth nearly a hundred million dollars to me if I would let them take themselves off. I held out, but the strain was horrible. Then they began to offer me their daughters—they each had photographs of the most beautiful American girls—dozens and dozens of American girls, each one of which was a 'peach.' Say, fellows, I could stand the millions. I never did 'gig' on the money, but I took the photographs, said 'Give me your girls, and pull your freight!' and my company disappeared instantly. Do you blame a man stationed in Key West for it—do you, fellows?"

"Not by a dinged sight!" sang the company, on its feet.

"Well, you old marine, what did you dream?"

"My digestion is so good that my dreams have no red fire in them. I seldom do dream; but last night, it seems to me, I recall having a wee bit of a dream. I don't know that I can describe it, but I was looking very intently at a wet spot on the breast of a blue uniform coat. I thought they were tears—woman's tears. I don't know whether it was a dream or whether I really did see it."

"Oh, confound your dreams!" said the doctor. "What is that bloody old Congress doing from last reports?"



A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.

The Awful Sensations of a Naval Encounter Graphically Described.

BY A FORMER NAVAL OFFICER.

THE feelings of the men and the scenes in the hour of battle on a modern warship present a large field to the imaginative. As the enemy is perceived on the horizon the ship is cleared for action; boats and everything wooden that might cause the terrible splinters are cast overboard, and the men are summoned to quarters. The gigantic monster of steel throbs like a living heart as ponderous engines drive her through the foam-capped waves. The swash of waters as the leviathan plunges onward with a fearful energy, the sharp commands of the officers, the rush of men to their positions, stand out in memory forever afterward.

All eyes are on the little speck in the distant horizon, each moment growing larger and larger, whose outline, barely traced at first, finally looms up grim and foreboding. Silently she approaches, plowing straight ahead, as if no opponent barred her path. Three miles separate them now. The silence grows oppressive; the strain is fearful; great beads of sweat stand out on the foreheads of the men in the turrets, immovable as statues beside the gigantic guns. Silently, speedily and majestically the antagonists approach each other. But two miles separate them now.

Hark! A terrific roar resounds over the billowy waves; the approaching ship is blotted out in an instant by a cloud of smoke. We breathe freer; the strain is over now; the battle has begun. Like pieces of machinery the men in the two broadside turrets move to their respective duties. A fearful shock shakes the gigantic ship from stem to stern; a roar that deafens bursts forth; a cloud of stifling powder permeates the decks; a great sigh of relief goes up from every man; we are answering shot with shot now. The blood rushes feverishly through the veins; which fill up as if to burst, the eye shines clear and fierce, and a strange ecstasy steals over every man. The swash of the waters, the sharp words of command, the torrid breathing of the engines suddenly breaks forth again—only in a flash to be drowned by constant roar. The smaller guns have opened; we have approached within a mile; the sharp crack of the rifles of the sharpshooters is not perceptible in the general din, but we feel, with a strange confidence in ourselves, that they are there.

**The Roar of
Big Guns.**

Mechanically each man works on at his post. A shock, slight but perceptible, runs through the ship. We have been struck, a great shot has plowed its way through the vessel. Bleeding men are hurried to the hospital; the dead are cast aside to make room for the living. A shell strikes the armor and explodes, doing little damage; another follows and enters the ship; men fall with a startled cry, then lie silent; others writhe in terrible agony. The men at the light, unprotected guns are ordered to desert them; the men behind the armor are safe enough as yet—bruised and blackened, but safe. All the unprotected armor of the ship has been blown to pieces now; the wreckage of the top-hammer is slowly blocking the guns; fire begins to break out here and there; the water is pouring in through large rents in the hull.

Deep down in the ship are the heroes who only know that the battle is raging by the roar of the guns. Suddenly the electric lights go out; a shot has disabled the dynamo, and ill-smelling oil lamps alone pierce the fearful darkness. It becomes suffocating and the men gasp for air; inferno can be no worse. They know the funnels have been shot away, but the torrid, fetid atmosphere must be endured the best it can. Even in the heat of battle we notice now a slacking in the speed of our vessel. A feeling of anxiety seizes us, and the begrimed features about us seem to increase the uncertainty. How long have we been fighting? Only an hour.

The devastation grows more appalling; we are not answering the enemy gun for gun now. The ammunition supply is growing dangerously small. What, a great monster like this only able to carry ammunition for two hours of battle? Question treads on question in the mind; doubt piles on doubt. How long have we been fighting now? Only thirty minutes longer. Why, we are scarce moving now. This is fearful; we feel that it cannot last much longer; we begin to wish it was all over; only discipline keeps us in our places. Why don't we do something—anything to end this terrible suspense?

**The Horrors of
Battle Smoke.**

The smoke begins to clear away. Ah, there she is, that terrible instrument of destruction. She is going to ram us, sink us as we lie helpless in the trough of the sea! How big she is, how grim and forbidding. Are we to stay here and drown like rats in a trap? "Steady, men, steady," reverberates through the ship; the word of command alone holds those trained to obey. Strange, almost nude, begrimed, hardly human figures rush out of the ship's depths, take a frightened glance at the giant now scarce two hundred yards away, then leap into the waves in a vain endeavor to save themselves.

THE EAGLE'S SONG.

Why do I stay here? Only discipline keeps me here, a discipline that cannot last a minute longer; the minute that means my life. No, I will go down with the ship; a sailor's grave will be mine. I would rather die like a hero than a coward. There she is now. Why doesn't she strike us? She can't miss us now.

What was that? Are we sinking? A great shock runs through the ship; she is lifted on top of a wave, and, tossing wildly, goes down, down, down. Why don't we sink? The air clears.

Is this death? Am I drowning? Is it a dream? Where is that grim, foreboding spectre? I can't see her. Gigantic and all powerful, she has disappeared entirely; there only remains a handful of men struggling for life on the waves.

What's that you say? Torpedo? A deep-drawn sigh of relief; a feeling that life is indeed dear creeps over you. Numbed you hear the jubilant voice of the junior officer. "The old man was just laying for her; he's a sly old sea-dog."

And somehow you vaguely feel that a great naval battle has been fought and won.

THE EAGLE'S SONG.

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

THE Lioness whelped and the sturdy cub
 Was seized by an eagle and carried up
 And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
 And slept for a while on an eagle's breast,
 And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
 "To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"

The Lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest,
 From the lofty crag where the Queen birds rest;
 He fought the King on the spreading plain,
 And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
 He held the land as a thrifty chief,
 And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf.
 Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
 Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore,
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry lived with the Northern one.

Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the Union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word—Refrain!
And the lion cub's twain sing the eagle's song:
"To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"
For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight
Shall guard the Flag with the word "Refrain"
Now that the two are one again!

Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships!
And "Well done, Sam!" from the mother's lips!



THE PEACE TREATY.

Full Text of the Agreement which Concluded Our War with Spain.

THE Spanish-American war was practically terminated by the surrender of General Toral's forces at Santiago de Cuba on June 17 (1898), but the terms of final adjustment of all disputes were referred to commissioners, appointed by the respective governments of the United States and Spain, which held their sessions in Paris, where their labors were completed on December 10; and on the fourth day of January following the peace treaty, as agreed upon, was submitted to President McKinley and by him referred immediately to the Senate for action, and ratified by that body on February 6.

The full text of this important instrument is as follows :

The United States of America and Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, in the name of her august son, Don Alfonso XIII., desiring to end the state of war now existing between the two countries, have for that purpose appointed as plenipotentiaries:

The President of the United States—

William R. Day, Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, George Gray, and Whitelaw Reid, citizens of the United States;

And Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain—

Don Eugenio Montero Rios, President of the Senate; Don Buenaventura de Abarzuza, Senator of the Kingdom and ex-Minister of the Crown; Don Jose de Garnica, Deputy to the Cortes and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; Don Wenceslad Ramirez de Villa Urrutia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Brussels, and Don Rafael Cerero, General of Division.

Who, having assembled in Paris and having exchanged their full powers, which were found to be in due and proper form, have, after discussion of the matters before them, agreed upon the following articles :

ARTICLE I. Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

And as the island is, upon its evacuation by Spain, to be occupied by the United States, the United States will, so long as such occupation shall last, assume, and discharge the obligations that may, under international law, result from the fact of its occupation for the protection of life and property.

**Relinquishment
of Cuba.**

ARTICLE II. Spain cedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and the island of Guam in the Marianas or Ladrones.

ARTICLE III. Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands and comprehending the islands lying within the following line :

A line running from west to east along or near the twentieth parallel of north latitude and through the middle of the navigable channel of Bachi, from the one hundred and eighteenth

(118th) to the one hundred and twenty-seventh (127th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich; thence along the one hundred and twenty-seventh (127th) degree of longitude east of Greenwich, to the parallel of four degrees and forty-five minutes ($4^{\circ}45'$) north latitude to its intersection with the meridian of longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees and thirty-five minutes ($119^{\circ}35'$) east of Greenwich; thence along the meridian of longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees and thirty-five minutes ($119^{\circ}35'$) east of Greenwich to the parallel of latitude seven degrees and forty minutes ($7^{\circ}40'$) north; thence along the parallel of latitude seven degrees and forty minutes ($7^{\circ}40'$) north to its intersection with the one hundred and sixteenth (116th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich; thence by a direct line to the intersection of the tenth (10th) degree parallel of north latitude with the one hundred and eighteenth (118th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich, and thence along the one hundred and eighteenth (118th) degree meridian of longitude east of Greenwich to the point of beginning.

The United States will pay to Spain the sum of twenty million dollars (\$20,000,000) within three months after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty.

ARTICLE IV. The United States will, for the term of ten years from the date of exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, admit Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States.

**A Payment of
\$20,000,000.**

ARTICLE V. The United States will, upon the signature of the present treaty, send back to Spain, at its own cost, the Spanish soldiers taken as prisoners of war on the capture of Manila by the American forces. The arms of the soldiers in question shall be restored to them.

Spain will, upon the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, proceed to evacuate the Philippines, as well as the Island of Guam, on terms similar to those agreed upon by the commissioners appointed to arrange for the evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies under the Protocol of August 12, 1898, which is to continue in force till its provisions are completely executed.

The time within which the evacuation of the Philippine Islands and Guam shall be completed, shall be fixed by the two governments. Stands of colors, uncaptured war vessels, small arms, guns of all calibres, with their arms and accessories, powder, ammunition, live stock and materials and supplies of all kinds belonging to the land and naval forces of Spain in the Philippines and Guam, remain the property of Spain. Pieces of heavy ordnance, exclusive of field artillery, in the fortifications and coast defences, shall remain in their emplacements for the term of six months, to be reckoned from the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, and the United States may, in the meantime, purchase such material from Spain if a satisfactory agreement between the two governments on the subject shall be reached.

**What Spain May
Retain.**

ARTICLE VI. Spain will, upon the signature of the present treaty, release all prisoners of war and persons detained or imprisoned for political offences in connection with the insurrection in Cuba and the Philippines and the war with the United States.

Reciprocally, the United States will release all prisoners made prisoners of war by the American forces, and will undertake to obtain the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and the Philippines.

The Government of the United States will, at its own cost, return to Spain and the Government of Spain will, at its own cost, return to the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, according to the situation of their respective homes, prisoners released or caused to be released by them, respectively under this article.

ARTICLE VII. The United States and Spain mutually relinquish all claims for indemnity, national and individual, of every kind, of either government, or of its citizens or subjects against the other government, that may have arisen since the beginning of the late insurrection in Cuba and prior to the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, including all claims for indemnity for the cost of the war.

THE PEACE TREATY.

The United States will adjudicate and settle the claims of its citizens against Spain relinquished in this article.

ARTICLE VIII. In conformity with the provisions of Articles I, II and III of this treaty, Spain relinquishes in Cuba and cedes in Porto Rico and other islands in the West Indies, in the islands of Guam and in the Philippine archipelago, all the buildings, wharves, barracks, forts, structures, public highways and other immovable property which in conformity with law belong to the public domain, and as such belong to the crown of Spain.

**Public Property
Relinquished.**

And it is hereby declared that the relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies, or any other associations having legal capacity to acquire and possess property in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded, or of private individuals of whatsoever nationality such individuals may be.

The aforesaid relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, includes all documents exclusively referring to the sovereignty relinquished or ceded that may exist in the archives in the peninsula. Where any document in such archives only in part relates to said sovereignty, a copy of such part will be furnished whenever it shall be requested. Like rules shall be reciprocally observed in favor of Spain in respect of documents in the archives of the islands above referred to.

In the aforesaid relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, are also included such rights as the Crown of Spain and its authorities possess in respect of the official archives and records, executive as well as judicial, in the islands above referred to, which relate to said islands or the rights and property of their inhabitants. Such archives and records shall be carefully preserved, and private persons shall without distinction have the right to require, in accordance with law, authenticated copies of the contracts, wills and other instruments forming part of notarial protocols or files, or which may be contained in the executive or judicial archives, be the latter in Spain or in the islands aforesaid.

ARTICLE IX. Spanish subjects, natives of the peninsular, residing in the territory over which Spain by the present treaty relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, may remain in such territory or may remove therefrom, retaining in either event all their rights of property, including the right to sell or dispose of such property or of its proceeds; and they shall also have the right to carry on their industry, commerce and professions, being subject in respect thereof to such laws as are applicable to other foreigners.

In case they remain in the territory, they may preserve their allegiance to the Crown of Spain by making before a court of record, within a year from the date of the exchange of ratification, of their decision to preserve such allegiance; in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced it and to have adopted the nationality of the territory in which they may reside.

The civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the inhabitants of the United States, shall be determined by the Congress.

ARTICLE X. The inhabitants of the territories over which Spain relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, shall be secured in the free exercise of their religion.

ARTICLE XI.—The Spaniards residing in the territories over which Spain by this treaty cedes or relinquishes her sovereignty shall be subject in matters civil as well as criminal to the jurisdiction of the courts of the country wherein they reside, pursuant to the ordinary laws governing the same; and they shall have the right to appear before such courts and to pursue the same course as citizens of the country to which the courts belong.

ARTICLE XII. Judicial proceedings pending at the time of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty in the territories over which Spain relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, shall be determined according to the following rules:

1. Judgments rendered either in civil suits between private individuals or in criminal matters, before the date mentioned, and with respect to which there is no recourse of right of review under the Spanish law, shall be deemed to be final, and shall be executed in due form by complete authority in the territory within which such judgments should be carried out.

2. Civil suits between private individuals, which may on the date mentioned be undetermined, shall be prosecuted to judgment before the court in which they may then be pending or in the court that may be substituted therefor.

3. Criminal actions pending on the date mentioned before the Supreme Court of Spain against citizens of the territory which by this treaty ceases to be Spanish, shall continue under its jurisdiction until final judgment; but such judgment having been rendered the execution thereof shall be committed to the competent authority of the place in which the case arose.

**Reservations
Respecting Legal
Proceedings.**

ARTICLE XIII. The rights of property secured by copyrights and patents acquired by Spaniards in the island of Cuba and Porto Rico, the Philippines and other ceded territories at the time of the exchange of the ratification of this treaty, shall continue to be respected. Spanish scientific, literary and artistic works, not to subversive of public order in the territories in question, shall continue to be admitted free of duty into such territories for the period of ten years, to be reckoned from the date of the exchange of the ratification of this treaty.

ARTICLE XIV. Spain will have the power to establish consular offices in the ports and places of the territories, the sovereignty over which has either been relinquished or ceded by the present treaty.

ARTICLE XV. The government of each country will, for the term of ten years, accord to the merchant vessels of the other country the same treatment in respect of all port charges, including entrance and clearance duties, light dues and tonnage duties, as it accords to its own merchant vessels not engaged in the coastwise trade.

This article may at any time be terminated on six months' notice, given by either government to the other.

ARTICLE XVI. It is understood that any obligations assumed in this treaty by the United States with respect to Cuba, are limited to the time of its occupancy thereof, but it will, upon the termination of such occupancy, advise any government established in the islands to assume the same obligations.

ARTICLE XVII. The present treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain; and the ratification shall be exchanged at Washington within six months from the date hereof, or earlier if possible.

In faith whereof we, the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty and have hereunto affixed our seals.

Done in duplicate at Paris, the tenth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.



SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS OF THE WAR.

THE losses by the "Maine" explosion, February 15, 1898, were two officers and 264 men. At the great naval engagement in Manila Bay, May 1, seven American seamen, all of the "Baltimore," were wounded, none fatally. At the bombardment of Cienfuegos, May 11, we had one killed and eleven wounded. At Cardenas, on the same date, five were killed and three wounded. At the bombardment of San Juan, May 12, our casualties were one killed and seven wounded. In the two sharp fights at Guantanamo, June 11 and 20, we had six killed and sixteen

**Casualties in the
Navy.**

wounded. When Santiago was bombarded, June 22, only one man was killed and nine were wounded. In the great naval fight before Santiago, June 3, our losses were one killed and one wounded. One man on the auxiliary "Yankee" was wounded June 13, and a seaman of the "Eagle" was wounded July 12. One of the crew of the "Bancroft" lost his life July 2, and on the "Amphitrite" one man was killed August 7. Making a total of all losses in the navy, during the war, nineteen killed and forty-eight wounded, of which latter number twenty-nine died of their injuries. During the time of hostilities the strength of the navy and marine corps was 26,102 officers and men, and the total deaths from disease during the 114 days was fifty-six.

Nearly all our losses were sustained in the Santiago campaign, where twenty-three officers and 237 men were killed and ninety-nine officers and 1,332 men were wounded. The casualties of the Porto Rico campaign were three men killed and four officers and thirty-six men wounded. In the campaign for the reduction of Manila seventeen men were killed and ten officers and ninety-six

**Casualties in the
Army.**

men were wounded. Our total losses from the beginning of hostilities until the truce following the signing of the protocol was thirty-three officers and 257 men killed, 113 officers and 1,464 men wounded. The number of deaths in the army from disease during the same time was eighty officers and 2,485 men. The total number of officers and men engaged in all branches of the land service was 274,717.

**Capture of Arms
and Prizes During
the War.**

Nearly all the arms captured from the Spaniards were taken at Santiago when General Jose Toral surrendered to General William R. Shafter, July 17: 16,902 Mauser rifles, 872 Argent rifles, 6,118 Remington rifles, 833 Mauser carbines, 84 Argent carbines, 330 Remington carbines, 75 revolvers, 30 bronze rifled cannon, 10 cast iron cannon, 8 steel cannon, 44 smooth-bore cannon,

5 mortars. Of ammunition there was surrendered at the time 3,551 solid shot, 437 shrapnel, 2,577 shells; and for small arms 1,471,200 rounds Mauser, 1,500,000 rounds Argent, 1,680,000 rounds for carbines.

In the engagement in Manila Bay, Dewey destroyed the cruisers "Reina Cristina," "Castilla," "Isla de Cuba," the "Ulloa," and the "General Lozo," and the gunboats "José Garcia," "Isla de Cuba," "Isla de Luzon," "Duero," "Corres," "Velasco," "Mindanao," "Callao," "Leyte,"

"Sandoval," and "Manila." A few days later Dewey captured the torpedo boat "Barcelona." Captures made by our blockading fleet in Cuban waters were the gunboats

**Spanish Vessels
Captured and
Destroyed.**

"Hernandez Cortez," "Vasco Nunez," "Alerta," "Pizarro," "Velasquez," "Ardilla," "Flecha," "Tradera," "Satellite," "Marguerite," "Virgin," "Ligera," "General Blanco," "Intrepida," "Cauto," "Alvarado," besides many merchant vessels. Of the several Spanish war vessels sunk in battles with our squadrons the following were raised, repaired and are now a part of the United States Navy: "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," and "Reina Cristina," all cruisers, and the gunboats "Sandoval," "Callao," and "Mindanao."

Generals have the same relative rank as admirals, but there is now no office of these grades, though they may soon be revived.

The office of lieutenant-general and vice-admiral has also been abolished. Major-generals have the same rank as rear-admirals. Brigadier-generals have the rank of commodores. Colonels rank with captains. Lieutenant-colonels rank with commanders. Majors rank with lieutenant-commanders. Captains rank with naval lieutenants. Lieutenants rank with ensigns.

**Relative Rank of
Chief Officers of
the Army and Navy.**

Relative rank, however, does not signify equality of salary, that of army officers being somewhat greater than the pay of ranking officers of the navy, because the latter are allowed prize money as rewards for victory, while the former, however valorous and triumphant, receive no such bounty.

Following are major-generals of the regular and volunteer forces, January 1, 1899: Nelson A. Miles, general commanding, regular; Wesley Merritt, major-general, regular; John R. Brooke, major-general, regular; William R. Shafter, Joseph C. Breckenridge, Elwell S. Otis, John J. Graham, James F. Wade, John J. Coppinger, William M. Graham, Henry C. Merriam, promoted from the active list of brigadier-generals by nomination of the President, May 4, 1898; and the following civilians nominated at the same time to serve as major-generals during the war: Joseph H. Wheeler, from Alabama; Fitzhugh Lee, from Virginia; William J. Sewell, from New Jersey; James H. Wilson, from Delaware. The annual salary of major-general is

\$7,500, which sum is increased 10 per cent after each period of five years of service for twenty years. At retirement the pay is \$5,625. Brigadier-generals receive \$5,500; colonels, \$3,500.

George Dewey was promoted to the rank of Admiral, March 5, 1899, which is the highest office in the navy, corresponding to that of general of the army, which does not now exist. His salary is \$13,500 per annum.

The active list of rear-admirals is as follows: Winfield S. Schley, William T. Sampson, John A. Howell, Frederick V. McNair, H. L. Howison and Albert Kautz.

The pay of naval officers is as follows:

Rear-admirals, when at sea, receive \$6,000; on shore, \$5,000; on leave, waiting orders, \$4,000 per annum.

Commodores receive \$5,000; on shore, \$4,000; waiting orders, \$3,000.

Captains receive \$4,500; on shore, \$3,500; waiting orders, \$2,800.

Commanders receive \$3,500; on shore, \$3,000; waiting orders, \$2,300.

Although the war with Spain lasted only one hundred and fourteen days, it is estimated that the cost to the government was \$150,000,000, of

**Cost of Our War
with Spain.**

which \$98,000,000 was paid out of the Treasury, to the time of signing the protocol, August 12. Beginning with March 1, when the first increases in the expenditures in anticipation of war became apparent in the daily expenditures of the Treasury, the actual disbursements on this account were approximately as follows:

MARCH.		JUNE.	
Army	\$600,000	Army	\$16,500,000
Navy	2,400,000	Navy	6,500,000
Total	\$3,000,000	Total	\$23,000,000
APRIL.		JULY.	
Army	\$1,200,000	Army	\$29,500,000
Navy	9,800,000	Navy	5,500,000
Total	\$11,000,000	Total	\$35,000,000
MAY.		TO AUGUST 13.	
Army	\$12,000,000	Army	\$5,500,000
Navy	7,000,000	Navy	1,500,000
Total	\$19,000,000	Total	\$7,000,000
Total charged to War Department		\$65,300,000	
Total charged to Navy Department		32,700,000	
Grand Total		\$98,000,000	

The appropriations made by Congress on account of the war aggregated about \$360,000,000, and covered the time to January 1, 1899.

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Name.	Class.	Construction Begun.	Displacement.	Speed in Knots.	Horse-power.	Cost.	Main Battery.	Secondary Battery.
Iowa	B. S.	1893	11,410	16.	11,000	\$3,010,000	4 12-in. 8 8-in. 6 4-in.	20 6-pdrs. rapid fire, 4 1-pd's., 4 Gatlings.
Indiana	B. S.	1891	10,288	15.60	9,738	3,020,000	4 13-in. 8 8-in. 4 6-in.	20 6-pdrs. rapid fire, 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
Massachusetts . .	B. S.	1891	10,288	15.	9,000	3,020,000	4 13-in. 8 8-in. 4 6-in.	20 6-pdrs. rapid fire, 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
Oregon	B. S.	1891	10,288	15.	9,000	3,180,000	4 13-in. 8 8-in. 4 6-in.	20 6-pdrs. rapid fire, 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
*Kearsarge	B. S.	1896	11,525	16.	10,000	3,150,000	4 13-in. 4 8-in.	14 5-in. rapid fire, 20 6-pdrs., 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 1 field gun.
*Alabama	B. S.	1896	11,000	16.	10,000	3,760,000	4 13-in. 14 6-in.	16 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 1 field gun.
*Kentucky	B. S.	1896	11,525	16.	10,000	3,150,000	4 13-in. 4 8-in.	14 5-in., 20 6-pdrs., 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 1 field gun.
*Illinois	B. S.	1896	11,000	16.	10,000	3,750,000	4 13-in. 14 6-in.	16 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 1 field gun.
*Wisconsin	B. S.	1896	11,000	16.	10,000	3,750,000	4 13-in. 14 6-in.	16 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 1 field gun.
*Ohio	B. S.	1898	12,500	18.	16,000	3,500,000	4 13-in. 14 6-in.	20 8-pdrs., 8 magazine guns.
*Missouri	B. S.	1898	12,500	18.	16,000	3,500,000	4 13-in. 14 6-in.	20 8-pdrs., 8 magazine guns.
*Maine	B. S.	1899	12,500	18.	16,000	3,500,000	16 6-in.	20 6-pdrs., 8 magazine guns.
Brooklyn	A. C.	1893	9,271	20.	16,000	2,986,000	8 8-in. 12 5-in. 6 8-in.	12 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
New York	A. C.	1890	8,200	21.	17,401	2,985,000	12 4-in.	8 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
DOUBLE-TURRET MONITORS.								
Amphitrite		1874	3,990	12.	1,600	3,178,000	4 10-in. 2 4-in.	2 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 H. R. C., 2 1-pdrs.
Puritan		1875	6,060	12.5	3,700	3,178,000	4 12-in. 2 4-in.	6 6-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 2 H. R. C.
Monterey		1889	4,084	13.5	5,244	1,628,950	2 12-in. 2 10-in.	6 6-pdrs., 2 Gatlings, 4 1-pdrs.
Miantonomoh		1874	3,990	10.5	1,426	3,178,000	4 10-in.	2 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 1-pdrs.
Monadnock		1874	3,990	14.5	3,000	3,178,000	4 10-in. 2 4-in.	2 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 H. R. C., 2 1-pdrs.
Terror		1874	3,999	12.	1,600	3,178,000	4 10-in.	2 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 Gatlings, 2 H. R. C.
Arkansas		1899	2,700	12.	1,500	1,500,000	4 12-in. 4 4-in.	3 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs.
Connecticut		1899	2,700	12.	1,500	1,500,000	4 4-in.	5 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs.
Florida		1899	2,700	12.	1,500	1,500,000	4 4 in.	5 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs.
Wyoming		1899	2,700	12.	1,500	1,500,000	4 4-in.	5 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs.
Baltimore	P. C.	1887	4,413	21.	10,000	1,325,000	4 8-in. 6 6-in.	4 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 6-pdrs., 2 Gatlings, 4 H. R. C.
Atlanta	P. C.	1883	3,000	15.5	4,030	617,000	6 6-in. 2 8-in.	2 6-pdrs., 4 3-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 2 Gatlings, 2 H. R. C.
Albany	P. C.	1896	3,500	17.5	5,000	1,500,000	6 6-in.	27 4.7 in., 4 6-pdrs.
New Orleans	P. C.	1896	3,500	17.5	5,000	1,500,000	6 6-in.	27 4.7-in. 4 6-pdrs.
Topeka	P. C.	1892	1,800	16.	3,700	1,000,000	4 5-in.	10 6-pdrs.
Buffalo	P. C.	1891	2,600	16.5	3,700	1,200,000	4 6-in.	6 4-in., 6 3-in.
Charleston	P. C.	1887	3,730	18.	6,660	1,017,000	2 8-in. 6 6-in.	4 6-pdrs., 2 3-pdrs., 2 1-pdrs., 4 H. R. C.
Minneapolis	P. C.	1891	7,375	23.5	20,862	2,690,000	1 8-in. 2 6-in. 8 4-in.	12 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.

*Building.

THE WAR'S COST AND ITS RESULTS.

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Class.	Construction Begun.	Displacement.	Speed in Knots.	Horse-power.	Cost.	Main Battery.	Secondary Battery.
Columbia	P. C.	1890	7,375	22.8	18,509	2,725,000	2 6-in. 8 4-in. 1 3-in.	12 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
Chicago	P. C.	1883	4,500	15.	5,084	889,000	4 8-in. 2 6-in. 2 5-in.	9 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 2 Gatlings, 1 H. R. C.
Cincinnati	P. C.	1890	3,213	19.	10,000	1,100,000	10 5-in. 1 6-in.	8 6-pdrs., 2 1-pdrs., 2 Gatlings.
Newark	P. C.	1888	4,098	19.	8,869	1,248,000	12 6-in.	4 6-pdrs., 4 3-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 4 H. R. C.
Olympia	P. C.	1891	5,870	21.5	17,313	1,796,000	4 8-in. 10 5-in.	14 6-pdrs., 6 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings.
Raleigh	P. C.	1889	3,213	19.	10,000	1,100,000	10 5-in. 1 6-in.	8 6-pdrs., 4 1-pdrs., 2 Gatlings.
Philadelphia	P. C.	1888	4,324	19.5	8,815	1,359,000	12 6-in.	4 6-pdrs., 4 2-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 4 H. R. C.
San Francisco	P. C.	1888	4,098	19.5	9,913	1,428,000	12 6-in.	4 6-pdrs., 4 3-pdrs., 2 1-pdrs., 4 Gatlings, 3 H. R. C.

In addition to the principal vessels above described, the United States Navy comprises 24 torpedo-boats building, and 9 in service, and 16 torpedo-boat destroyers under construction; four cruisers, the "Detroit," "Marblehead," "Montgomery" and "Chesapeake;" 15 gunboats, 13 single-turret monitors, 1 dynamite cruiser, 1 ram, 1 second-class battleship, the "Texas," and nearly one hundred special and old naval vessels, a greater part of which, however, are hardly serviceable, except as training ships.

THE WAR'S COST AND ITS RESULTS.

OUR casualties in the war with Spain were astonishingly small, and if we disregard the claim that Providence protected our armies in their battles for humanity, the laws of chance seem to have been placed at defiance, and we marvel past all understanding.

When Dewey won his memorable victory on May Day, not one of his men was killed, and only six were wounded; in the destruction of Cervera's fleet only one life was lost; but in the desperate charge of the Rough Riders and Tenth and First Cavalry, 16 were killed and 53 wounded; and in the three days of battle about Santiago no fewer than 226 officers and men died on the field and 1,274 were wounded.

In all, according to nearly complete lists in possession of the Army and Navy Departments on August 15, our casualties were:

Navy—Killed, 1 officer and 18 men (including Cadet Boardman, accidentally shot at Cape San Juan, August 10); wounded, 3 officers and 40 men.

Army—Killed, 23 officers and 231 men; wounded, 87 officers and 1,316 men.

Total American loss, 24 officers and 249 men killed; 90 officers and 1,356 men wounded.

It will be remembered that at the battle of Gettysburg alone the losses on the Union side were 3,070 killed and 14,497 wounded, while in the twelve great battles of the Civil War no fewer than 23,468 Union soldiers were killed and 120,849 wounded. Although complete reports may somewhat increase the number of casualties, it may be safely asserted that never were results such as those of our war with Spain obtained with so small a loss of life. As to the enemy, their losses, even on the faith of their own statement, were several times (fully six times) greater than ours.

It is gratifying to know that hostilities terminated with the Treasury in excellent condition, and that we could have embarked on another war without having any fear of running short of money to meet expenses.

The sale of the war bonds was then increasing the Treasury balance every day; the proceeds of the War Revenue law had exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and the average receipts of the government for each business day were more than \$1,500,000. In return for this outlay, our One Hundred Days' War may claim to have done more for the advancement of liberty and civilization than hundreds of years had accomplished before it.

It has ridden the West Indies and the Chinese seas of the incubus of Spanish mediævalism; for the second time in our history monarchies have been taught a lesson in the treatment of their colonies, which it is of vital importance to them to take to heart; and the Republic of the West now holds in the councils of the civilized world a place of eminence which the even tenor of her home-restricted policy had alone debarred her from occupying hitherto. It has freed Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and while winning for those countries the blessings of a free and enlightened form of government, it has secured valuable additions to our territory and to our commercial resources. But the war has not only widened our horizon, geographically and politically; its effects at home are such as probably no other cause could have produced so swiftly or so thoroughly. One grand, unbroken wave of patriotism has swept over the land; dormant seeds of national energy have received a new life; the last lingering waifs of a disunited past have been buried forever; the hey-day of the harvest will prove well worthy the labors and the cost of the ordeal that preceded its dawn.

COMPLETE CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

And of the Last Insurrection of the Cubans in Their Brave Fight for Independence.

1895.

- February 24.—Insurgents rose against Spanish tyranny in Santiago, Santa Clara and Matanzas provinces.
- March 4.—Governor-General proclaimed martial law in Santiago and Matanzas. Julio Sanguily, J. Aguirre and other suspected Cuban sympathizers arrested and incarcerated in Cabanas prison at Havana.
- March 8.—American mail steamship "Allianca" fired upon by Spanish gunboat.
- March 10.—First battle of the war at Los Negros between 1,000 Spanish, under General Garrich, and 700 Cubans, under Colonel Goulet. Spaniards defeated. Spanish reinforcements arrive from Porto Rico and 7,000 men from Spain. Field Marshal Martinez Campos appointed Captain-General to succeed Colleja, and sent to Cuba with 20,000 troops. Martial law proclaimed over whole island.
- March 24.—Pitched battle at Jaraguana between 1,000 Spanish troops, under Colonel Araoz, and 900 Cubans, under Amador Guerra.
- March 31.—Antonio Maceo, with Flor Crombet, Dr. Frank Agramonte, Jose Maceo and other officers, landed at Baracoa with expedition from Costa Rico in British schooner "Honor." Schooner wrecked and captain killed by Spaniards. Latter attacked Maceo at Duaba, but were repulsed. Agramonte captured. Provisional government proclaimed by Maceo; Dr. Tomas Estrada Palma, president; Jose Marti, secretary-general, and General Maximo Gomez, military director and commander-in-chief.
- April 13.—General Maximo Gomez, Jose Marti and eighty companions arrived from Hayti and landed on the coast southwest of Cape Maysi.
- April 16.—Captain-General Campos landed with reinforcements at Guantanamo and issued proclamation pledging reforms. Spanish Cortes authorized government to raise 600,000,000 pesetas (\$120,000,000) for war and decided to send 40,000 reinforcements.
- April 16-18.—Battles at and near Sabana de Jaibo. Cuban cavalry under Gomez defeated Colonel Bosch.
- April 21.—Battle of Ramon de las Jaguas; 100 Spaniards killed.
- April 29.—Jose Maceo ambuscaded 700 Spaniards at Arroyo Hondo; 150 Spaniards killed and heavy Cuban losses.
- May 6-14.—Raids and fights at Jobito and Cristo by Maceo; Spanish Lieutenant-Colonel Bosch killed.
- May 18.—Insurgent Convention elected Bartolome Masso president, Maximo Gomez general-in-chief, and Antonio Maceo commander-in-chief of the Oriental Division.
- May 19.—Jose Marti and party of 50 annihilated by Colonel Sandoval and 800 troops in a narrow pass; Gomez with reinforcements attempted to rescue Marti's body and was wounded; Cuban loss, 50 killed and 100 wounded. Dr. Tomas Estrada Palma elected to succeed Marti as delegate to the United States.
- May 20.—Colonel Lacret and Colonel Torres landed with filibustering expedition of 220 men from Jamaica.

- June 2.—Gomez crossed trocha and entered province of Puerto Principe.
- June 5.—General Carlos Roloff's filibustering expedition, with 353 men, 1,000 rifles and 500 pounds of dynamite, landed by tugboat "George W. Childs" near Sagua Lachico, in Santa Clara.
- June 12.—President Cleveland issued proclamation warning citizens against joining or aiding filibustering expeditions.
- June 18.—Province of Puerto Principe declared in a state of siege.
- June 27.—Captain-General Campos asked Cabinet for 14,000 fresh troops.
- July 1.—Campos established Moron-Jucara trocha to keep Gomez out of Santa Clara Province.
- July 13.—Captain-General Campos, at head of 1,500 troops, attacked but defeated by Cubans under Maceo near Valenzuela and compelled to retreat to Bayamo; Spanish General Santocildes and 119 men killed; Cuban loss, 100 men.
- July 15.—Provisional Government formally constituted and a declaration of independence proclaimed.
- August 7.—Cuban Convention at Puerto Principe elected the following officers: Provisional President of the Republic of Cuba, General Bartolome Masso; Minister of the Interior, Marquis of Santa Lucia; Vice-President and Minister of War, General Maximo Gomez; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Gonzalo de Quesada; General-in-Chief, General Antonio Maceo.
- August 31.—Spaniards defeated by 1,200 men under Jose Maceo, near Ramon de la Jaguas.
- September 23.—Constitution of Cuban Republic proclaimed by Congress of Delegates at Anton de Puerto Principe, and the following elected permanent officers of the government: President, Salvador Cisneros; Vice-President, Bartolome Masso; Secretary of War, Carlos Roloff; Commander-in-Chief, Maximo Gomez; Lieutenant-General, Antonio Maceo.
- October 2.—Maceo defeated superior force of 2,000 Spaniards at Mount Mogote.
- October 9.—Cuban loan of 15,000,000 pesos (\$3,000,000) placed in Paris.
- October 10.—Barracoa captured by Cubans.
- October 27.—General Carlos M. de Cespedes landed near Barracoa with filibustering expedition of sixty men, 100 rifles and 10,000 rounds of ammunition, fitted out in Canada. "Laurada" seized at Charleston, S. C., as a filibuster.
- November 18-19.—Spanish forces under Generals Valdes, Luque and Aldave defeated at Taguasco; Spanish loss, 500.
- December 26.—Gomez invaded the loyal Province of Havana.

1896.

- January 5.—Gomez broke through Spanish intrenchments and raided Pinar del Rio.
- January 12.—Gomez defeated Spaniards at Batanobo and recrossed trocha into Havana Province.
- January 12-20.—Maceo raided Pinar del Rio Province.
- January 17.—Captain-General Campos recalled to Madrid and General Valeriano Weyler appointed to succeed him.
- January 26.—Filibuster "J. W. Hawkins," carrying General Calixto Garcia and 120 men, sunk off Long Island and ten men drowned.
- January 30.—Maceo recrossed Habana-Batabano trocha; Spaniards severely defeated by Diaz near Artemisia.
- February 10.—General Weyler arrived at Havana on the cruiser "Alfonso XIII." and was enthusiastically greeted.
- February 17.—Weyler issued three proclamations establishing rigid martial law.
- February 18.—Maceo attacked and captured Jaruco; the next day he joined Gomez, and together they marched eastward.
- February 22.—Eighteen non-combatants killed by Spanish troops in Punta Brava and Guatao, and two American correspondents who investigated outrage arrested.

- February 24.—Filibuster "Bermuda" seized by United States marshals; General Garcia and others arrested, tried and acquitted.
- February 28.—Senate adopted belligerency resolutions and requested President to use "friendly offices" to secure Cuban independence.
- March 5.—Weyler issued proclamation offering amnesty to Cubans who surrendered with arms in hand.
- March 8.—Eighteen thousand Spanish reinforcements landed at Havana.
- March 12.—"Commodore" landed a filibustering expedition from Charleston.
- March 13.—Maceo captured the town of Batabano.
- March 15.—Maceo re-entered Pinar del Rio Province and attacked the town of Pinar del Rio.
- March 22.—Gomez captured the town of Santa Clara and secured a large amount of military stores.
- March 25.—"Bermuda" landed General Garcia with 125 men and arms in Cuba. "Three Friends" and "Mallory" landed a big expedition under General Collazo on the coast of Matanzas Province.
- April 6.—House of Representatives concurred in Senate's Cuban resolution.
- April 25.—American filibustering schooner "Competitor" captured off coast of Pinar del Rio. Alfredo Laborde and three Americans made prisoners.
- April 27.—"Bermuda" fired upon by Spanish gunboat while trying to land expedition under Colonels Vidal and Torres and forced to abandon the attempt.
- May 14.—Gomez captured a whole Spanish battalion under Colonel Segura.
- May 16.—"Laurada" landed General J. F. Ruiz and expedition in Cuba.
- May 29.—"Three Friends" landed large cargo of ammunition in Santa Clara.
- June 3.—Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee arrived at Havana as the successor of Ramon O. Williams, resigned.
- June 18.—Expeditions under Zarrago, Castillo and Cabrera landed by "Three Friends" and "Laurada."
- July 5.—Jose Maceo killed in an engagement at Loma del Gato.
- July 15.—General Inclan badly defeated by Maceo at Caracarajicara, 200 killed and nearly 300 wounded.
- July 30.—President Cleveland issued another proclamation against filibustering.
- August 15.—General Rabi defeated Spaniards near Bayamo, killing 200.
- December 7.—General Antonio Maceo and Francisco Gomez, son of the rebel commander-in-chief, were killed in an engagement with a Spanish detachment under Major Cirujeda, just after Maceo had succeeded in passing around the end of the Mariel trocha. Dr. Zertucha, the only member of the staff who escaped, was accused of treachery. He surrendered to the Spanish.
- December 15.—"Three Friends" tried to land a large expedition at the mouth of the San Juan River, on the south coast of Cuba, but was fired on by a Spanish gunboat and compelled to put to sea again with her party, setting them down on a desert Florida key, where they were rescued by "Dauntless."
- December 20.—General Ruiz Rivera succeeded Maceo as commander-in-chief of the Cuban army of the West.
- December 28.—Julio Sanguilly was tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life on a charge of conspiring against the Spanish Government.
- December 31.—Filibuster "Commodore" sailed from Jacksonville with a small expedition for Cuba and sunk sixteen miles off the Florida coast. Most of the men were saved.

1897.

- January 13.—Spaniards under General Segura attacked General Calixta Garcia at Gabuquito, and were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed and 400 wounded.

- February 4.—Queen Regent of Spain signed a decree instituting reforms in Cuba.
- February 21.—Secretary of State Olney directed Minister Taylor, at Madrid, to demand a full inquiry into the case of Dr. Ricardo Ruiz, who was murdered in prison, in Guanabacoa, by the Spaniards.
- March 4.—General Weyler returned to Havana.
- March 21.—Insurgents captured Holguin.
- March 28.—General Ruiz Rivera, who succeeded Antonio Maceo, was captured with 100 men at Cabezas, by General Hernandez Velasco.
- March 30.—“Laurada” landed at Banes, on the north coast of Santiago, three dynamite guns, one Hotchkiss gun and a large quantity of ammunition.
- April 17.—Weyler declared that the province of Santa Clara and part of Puerto Principe were pacified.
- May 12.—Generals Calixto Garcia and Rabi defeated Spanish troops under General Lonos and compelled them to retreat on shipboard at Cabocoruz.
- May 17.—President McKinley sent a message to Congress suggesting an appropriation of \$50,000 to relieve the distress of American citizens in Cuba. It was passed by Congress and signed May 24.
- June 21.—General Weyler sailed from Havana for Santa Clara province, preceded by thirty-six battalions of infantry and strong forces of artillery and cavalry.
- June 27.—General Weyler reached the city of Santiago.
- November 10.—Marshal Blanco sent a cable to Senor de Lome, Spanish Minister at Washington, announcing that extensive zones of cultivation had been marked out, rations issued to the reconcentrados, and promised that thereafter they would be fed and treated well.
- November 18.—Crew of the American schooner “Competitor” captured in 1896 and all sentenced to death were released.
- November 14.—General Blanco sent envoys to insurgent generals to induce them to lay down their arms.
- November 25.—Dr. Frank Agramonte, Thomas J. Sainz and other Americans imprisoned in Havana were released by Marshal Blanco.
- November 26.—Queen Regent of Spain signed royal decrees granting political and commercial autonomy to Cuba.
- December 2.—Bishop of Havana appealed for food for starving reconcentrados.
- December 9.—Antonio Rodriguez Rivera, an envoy sent by Blanco to bribe the insurgents, was hanged by the insurgent leader Emilio Collazo.
- December 10.—Insurgents captured the seaport town of Caimanera.
- December 28.—President McKinley issued an appeal to the country to aid starving Cubans.

1898.

- January 8.—A second appeal issued by President McKinley for contributions to aid suffering Cubans announced the co-operation of the American Red Cross Society.
- January 12.—Rioters instigated by volunteers in Havana made a demonstration against newspaper offices.
- January 17.—General Lee, in communications to the State Department, suggested that a ship be sent to protect Americans in Havana in the event of another riot.
- January 21.—General Castellanos with 2,600 troops raided Esperanza, the seat of the insurgent government in the Cubites Mountains. Government officials escaped.
- January 24.—Battleship “Maine” ordered to Havana for the purpose of resuming the friendly intercourse of our naval vessels in Cuban waters.
- January 25.—Battleship “Maine” arrived at Havana and moored at the government anchorage.

- January 25.—Filibuster steamer "Tillie" foundered in Long Island Sound; four men drowned.
- January 27.—Brigadier-General Aranguren was surprised and killed in his camp near Tapaste, Havana province, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benedicto with the Spanish Reina Battalion. He had recently put to death Lieutenant-Colonel Ruiz, who had brought him an offer of money from Blanco to accept autonomy.
- February 9.—Copy of a letter written by Dupuy de Lome attacking President McKinley, printed. Senor Dupuy de Lome admitted writing the letter, and his recall was demanded by the State Department.
- February 15.—Battleship "Maine" blown up in Havana harbor; 264 men and two officers killed. Spanish Minister De Lome sailed for Spain.
- February 16.—General Lee asked for a court of inquiry on the "Maine" disaster.
- February 17.—Captains W. T. Sampson and F. E. Chadwick, and Lieutenant-Commanders W. P. Potter and Adolph Marix, detailed as Naval Board of Inquiry.
- February 18.—Spanish warship "Vizcaya" arrived at New York harbor.
- February 21.—Naval court of inquiry arrived at Havana and began investigation.
- February 25.—"Vizcaya" sailed from New York for Havana.
- March 6.—Spain unofficially asks for Lee's recall.
- March 8.—\$50,000,000 war fund voted unanimously by the House of Representatives.
- March 9.—War fund of \$50,000,000 passed unanimously by the Senate.
- March 12.—Government purchased Brazilian cruiser "Amazonas" and other ships abroad.
- March 14.—Spain's torpedo flotilla sailed for Cape Verde Islands.
- March 17.—Senator Redfield Proctor, in a speech to the Senate, told of the starvation and ruin he had observed in Cuba.
- March 21.—"Maine" Court of Inquiry finished its report and delivered it to Admiral Sicard at Key West.
- March 22.—"Maine" report sent to Washington.
- March 25.—"Maine" report delivered to the President, and officially announced that the "Maine" was blown up by a mine.
- March 26.—President McKinley sent two notes to Spain, one on the "Maine" report, and the other calling for the cessation of the war in Cuba.
- March 28.—President McKinley sent the "Maine" report to Congress, with a brief message stating that Spain had been informed of the court's findings.
- March 28.—Report of the Spanish Court of Inquiry, declaring the "Maine" was destroyed by an interior explosion, was received in Washington.
- March 30.—President McKinley, through Minister Woodford, asked Spain for a cessation of hostilities in Cuba and negotiations for ultimate independence.
- March 31.—Spain refused to accede to any of President McKinley's propositions.
- April 1.—House of Representatives appropriated \$22,648,000 to build war vessels.
- April 6.—Pope cabled President McKinley to suspend extreme measures pending the Vatican's negotiations with Spain.
- April 7.—Ambassadors of England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Russia appealed to the President for peace.
- April 9.—Spain ordered Blanco to proclaim an armistice in Cuba.
- April 9.—General Lee and American citizens left Havana.
- April 11.—President sent consular reports and message to Congress, asking authority to stop the war in Cuba.
- April 16.—United States Army began moving to the coast.
- April 19.—Both Houses of Congress adopted resolutions declaring Cuba free and empowering the President to compel Spain to withdraw her army and navy.
- April 20.—President McKinley signed the resolutions and sent his ultimatum to Spain, and the Queen Regent sent a warlike message to the Cortes.

- April 21.—Minister Woodford was given his passport.
- April 22.—The President issued his proclamation to the neutral powers, announcing that Spain and the United States was at war. Commodore Sampson's fleet sailed from Key West to begin a blockade of Havana. Gunboat "Nashville" captured the Spanish ship "Buena Ventura."
- April 23.—President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.
- April 24.—Spain formally declared that war existed with the United States.
- April 25.—Commodore Dewey's fleet ordered to sail from Hong Kong for the Philippines.
- April 27.—Matanzas bombarded by the "New York," "Cincinnati" and "Puritan."
- April 30.—Admiral Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands for the West Indies.
- May 1.—Commodore Dewey defeated Admiral Montojo in Manila Bay, destroying eleven ships and killing and wounding more than five hundred of the enemy. American casualties, seven men slightly wounded.
- May 11.—Commodore Dewey promoted to be a rear-admiral. Attacks made on Cienfuegos and Cardenas, at which Ensign Worth Bagley and five of the "Winslow's" crew killed.
- May 11.—Admiral Cervera's squadron sighted off Martinique.
- May 12.—Commodore Sampson bombarded San Juan, Porto Rico, but caused little damage.
- May 13.—The Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley, left Hampton Roads for Cuban waters.
- May 17.—Cervera's fleet, after coaling at Curacao, put into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.
- May 22.—Cruiser "Charleston" sailed from San Francisco for Manila.
- May 24.—Battleship "Oregon" arrived off Jupiter Inlet, Fla., from her great trip from San Francisco, which she left March 12.
- May 25.—The President issued his second call for volunteers, 75,000. First Manila expedition left San Francisco.
- May 27.—Commodore Schley discovered that Cervera's fleet was in Santiago harbor and blockaded him.
- May 30.—Commodore Sampson's fleet joined Commodore Schley's.
- May 31.—Forts commanding the entrance to Santiago harbor bombarded.
- June 3.—Hobson and seven men sank the "Merrimac" in the channel entrance to Santiago harbor, and being captured were confined in Morro Castle.
- June 6.—Spanish cruiser "Reina Mercedes" sunk in the Santiago harbor entrance by the Spaniards to prevent ingress of American war vessels.
- June 11.—Body of marines landed at Guantanamo from the "Marblehead" and "Texas," and had a brisk skirmish.
- June 12-14.—General Shafter embarked at Tampa for Santiago with an army of 16,000 men.
- June 15.—Caimanera forts bombarded by our war ships.
- June 15.—Admiral Camara with a fleet of ten of Spain's best war ships left Cadiz for Manila.
- June 20-22.—General Shafter disembarked his army of invasion at Baiquiri, with a loss of one man killed and two wounded.
- June 21.—Angara, capital of Guam, one of the islands of the Ladrone, captured by the "Charleston."
- June 24.—Juragua captured and the Spanish were defeated at Las Guasimas. Heavy loss on both sides, among the Americans killed being Capron and Fish.
- June 28.—General Merritt left for Manila to assume command of the American army operating in the Philippines.
- July 1-2.—Terrific fighting in front of Santiago, and El Caney and San Juan were carried by assaults in which the American loss was great.
- July 3.—Admiral Cervera's squadron of four armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers annihilated by Commodore Schley's blockading fleet. The surrender of Santiago was demanded by General Shafter.

- July 6.—Hobson and his comrades were exchanged for six Spanish officers.
- July 8.—Admiral Camara was ordered to return with his fleet to Cadiz to protect Spanish coast threatened by American warships.
- July 10.—A second bombardment of Santiago, which severely battered Morro Castle.
- July 11.—General Miles joined the American Army before Santiago and conferred with General Shafter as to the means for reducing the city.
- July 17.—After the expiration of two periods of truce General Toral surrendered Santiago and the eastern province of Cuba to General Shafter.
- July 20.—General Leonard Wood was appointed Military Governor of Santiago, and entered upon his duties by feeding the hungry, clothing the destitute and cleaning the city.
- July 21.—The harbor of Nipe was entered by four gunboats, which, after an hours' fierce bombardment, captured the port.
- July 25.—General Miles, with 8,000 men, after a voyage of three days, landed at Guanica, Porto Rico. He immediately began his march towards Ponce, which surrendered on the twenty-eighth.
- July 26.—The French Ambassador at Washington, Jules Cambon, acting for Spain, asked the President upon what terms he would treat for peace.
- July 30.—The President communicated his answer to M. Cambon.
- July 31.—The Spaniards made a night attack on the Americans investing Manila but were repulsed with severe losses.
- August.—The Rough Riders left Santiago for Montauk Point, Long Island.
- August 9.—A large force of Spanish were defeated at Coamo, Porto Rico, by General Ernst. The Spanish Government formally accepted the terms of peace submitted by the President.
- August 12.—The peace protocol was signed, an armistice proclaimed, and the Cuban blockade raised.
- August 13.—Manila was bombarded by Dewey's fleet and simultaneously attacked by the American land forces, under which combined assaults the city surrendered unconditionally.
- August 20.—Great naval demonstration in New York harbor.
- August 22.—All troops under General Merritt remaining at San Francisco ordered to Honolulu.
- August 23.—Bids opened for the construction of twelve torpedo boats and sixteen destroyers. General Merritt appointed governor of Manila. General Otis assumed command of the Eighth Corps in the Philippines.
- August 25.—General Shafter left Santiago.
- August 26.—President officially announced the names of the American Peace Commissioners. Last of General Shafter's command leaves Santiago for this country.
- August 29.—Lieutenant Hobson arrived at Santiago to direct the raising of the "Maria Teresa" and "Cristobal Colon."
- August 30.—General Wheeler ordered an investigation of Camp Wikoff.
- September 2.—Spanish Government selected three peace commissioners.
- September 3.—President visited Montauk.
- September 9.—Peace Commission completed by the appointment of Senator Gray. President ordered investigation of War Department.
- September 10.—Spanish Cortes approved Peace Protocol.
- September 11.—American Porto Rico Evacuation Commission met in joint session at San Juan.
- September 12.—Admiral Cervera left Portsmouth, N. H., for Spain.
- September 13.—Roosevelt's Rough Riders mustered out of service. Spanish Senate approved Protocol.
- September 14.—Evacuation of Porto Rico began. Queen Regent signed Protocol.
- September 17.—American Cuban Evacuation Commissions met in joint session at Havana. Peace Commissioners sailed for Paris.
- September 20.—Spanish evacuation of outlying ports in Porto Rico began. First American flag raised in Havana.

- September 24.—Jurisdiction of Military Governor Wood extended to embrace entire province of Santiago de Cuba. First meeting of the War Investigating Committee held at the White House.
- September 25.—Lieutenant Hobson floated the "Maria Teresa." Revenue cutter "McCulloch" captured insurgent steamer "Abbey," near Manila.
- September 27.—American Peace Commissioners convened in Paris.
- September 28.—American Commissioners received by French Minister of Foreign Affairs.
- September 29.—Spanish and American Commissioners met for first time, at breakfast given at the Foreign Office, Paris.
- October 1.—Peace Commissioners held first joint session.
- October 4.—2,000 irregular Spanish troops revolted near Cienfuegos and refused to lay down arms until paid back salaries. Battleship "Illinois" launched at Newport News.
- October 10.—American flag hoisted over Manzanillo, Cuba.
- October 12.—Battleships "Iowa" and "Oregon" left New York for Manila.
- October 16.—Opening of Peace Jubilee in Chicago.
- October 18.—United States took formal possession of Porto Rico.
- October 24.—Spanish evacuation of Porto Rico completed.
- October 25.—Philadelphia Jubilee began with naval parade in the Delaware.
- October 30.—Cruiser "Maria Teresa" left Caimanera for Hampton Roads.
- October 31.—American Peace Commissioners demanded cession of entire Philippine group.
- November 5.—"Maria Teresa," cruiser, reported lost off San Salvador.
- November 8.—"Maria Teresa" reported ashore at Cat Island.
- November 17.—Evacuation of Camp Meade completed.
- November 21.—American ultimatum presented to Spanish Peace Commissioners.
- November 25.—First United States troops landed in Havana province.
- November 28.—Spain agreed to cede Philippines.
- November 30.—Blanco left Havana for Spain.
- December 10.—Peace Treaty signed.
- December 11.—Small riot in Havana. Three Cubans killed.
- December 14.—General Lee arrived in Havana.
- December 23.—Iloilo surrendered to insurgents. Aguinaldo's "Cabinet" resigned.
- December 24.—Peace Treaty delivered to President McKinley.
- December 27.—American Evacuation Commissioners issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Cuba.
- December 31.—Last day of Spanish sovereignty in Western hemisphere.

1899.

- January 1.—The American flag raised over the Palace at Havana.
- February 4-5.—Filipinos attack and try to burn Manila.
- February 6.—Treaty with Spain ratified by the Senate.
- February 10.—Capture of Iloilo by General Miller.
- February 10.—Bombardment and capture of Caloocan.
- March 17.—Queen Regent of Spain signs the peace treaty.
- March 25.—A general advance against the Filipinos.
- March 26.—Colonel Harry C. Egbert killed near Malinta.
- March 31.—Assault and capture of Malolos, the Filipinos' capital.
- April 4.—Philippine Commission addresses a conciliatory proclamation to the insurgents.
- April 11.—General Lawton defeats the Filipinos at Santa Cruz.
- April 11.—Final exchange of the ratifications of the Paris peace treaty.
- April 11.—Proclamation of President McKinley, announcing restoration of peace between Spain and America.

DEAR OLD YANKEE DOODLE!

The Song is Seven Centuries Old and Four Great Nations Have Owned It.

YANKEE DOODLE" is one of the oldest songs in the world, and at different periods of an unparalleled career has belonged to England, to the once vast empire of Holland, and to the Roman Catholic Church, where it probably originated, somewhere about the year 1200 A. D. If you happen to be a musician and do not believe that such an undignified ditty ever could have been intended for solemn purposes, play it over on a pipe organ, very simply and slowly, and as the majesty of a grand old papal chant fills your soul all your doubts will vanish away.

Several hundred years ago the good people of Holland thought so much of "Yankee Doodle" that they adopted the tune for a harvest song and made up new words for it. Mary Mapes Dodge gives one of the verses in 'Hans Brinker':

Yanker didee dudle down
Didee dudel launter.
Yankee viver voover vown,
Botermelt und taunter.

Nobody knows exactly what this verse meant, but the lines are interesting because they are primarily responsible for the word "Yankee" and for the familiar English version of "Yankee Doodle."

Soon after being first sung, this quaint verse became so popular among all classes in Holland that it may be called a truly national song. It was sung in livelier time than the old chant which it supplanted.

While the great naval war of the sixteenth century was in progress, the English, under Admiral Drake, caught the tune. Much to the surprise of everybody, England broke the mighty sea power of Holland, and when the fighting was over the English people sang mocking parodies of the old song against its hated authors. Yankee was understood to mean a Dutchman. Since the Dutch were sharp traders, the popular meaning of the word came to be a shrewd, hard-headed, ungracious sort of a fellow. Holland then tried to forget the song, and it thus passed into the hands of another nation.

**The English Steal
it From the Dutch.**

All England sang varying words to it in Oliver Cromwell's time. But one day—the day that the great reformer rode into Oxford at the head of the rebels to battle with the King's army—he wore an immense ostrich feather fastened to his hat by a band of heavy silk “maccaroni” cord. Yankee Doodle then being a term of contemptuous ridicule, one of the courtiers of the boastful King composed the famous refrain :

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it maccaroni.

The rhyme did not hold its first popularity very long, because the rebels were successful, and probably it would have been forgotten entirely had not the old King's son returned to power a few years later. Meanwhile, the reformers had sung the tune to many nonsense verses, which soon spread to America.

The best known of these was “Lydia Fisher's jig,” which made its appearance in New England about the year 1713, and became famous as a dance song. The words ran :

Lucy Locket lost her pocket;
Lydia Fisher found it.
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

“Lucy Locket” was very popular till 1775, when British regulars were encamped on Boston Common, and the natives of the city and surrounding towns were organizing into companies of “minute men” under John Hancock. While as yet there had been no open war, the feeling was very bitter among the colonists, who were held in such contempt by the soldiers that they were taunted with the familiar tune to the words :

**John Hancock's
Minute Men.**

Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock.
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.

This made the colonists so angry that they declined any longer to sing an air put to such contemptuous words against themselves. A few weeks later something happened that changed their minds, for it was the destiny of “Yankee Doodle” to become, apparently forever, the undisputed property of America.

In April, 1775, Lord Percy marched out of Boston with a brigade of British regulars to disperse the rebels assembled at Lexington and Concord. Amid cheering and flying flags, the bands played "Yankee Doodle," and the red-coated soldiers sang boastfully the old words which had vainly ridiculed Oliver Cromwell over a hundred years before. Perhaps, when they began to sing, they had forgotten how, even before Cromwell's time, the tune had been turned against its very authors. He must have remembered before returning to Boston, for at Lexington the vaunted soldiers of King George were routed by a handful of patriots, who, when they saw how things were going, went wild with joy, and taking the words right out of the mouths of their adversaries, shouted in exultation the song that had been aimed at them in contempt.

During the flight back to the camp the regulars were peppered with shot from behind stone walls and trees, so much to their own discomfort that Lord Percy, in a fit of disgust, next morning confessed that after marching out to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" they had danced to it all the way home.

"Yankee Doodle" has already belonged to the three great families of the Caucasian race—the Latin, the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon. In seven centuries it has been carried into the heart of four of the greatest political powers of history.

But in America the song has found a permanent lodgment, and with our expanding territory it is destined to be an inspiring melody on distant shores, where waves the emblem of American liberty, and where courageous Yankees carry the higher civilization.

THE LAST GREAT BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

BY J. W. BUEL.

THERE is a pathetic interest that attaches to the Indians, especially for those who reflect upon the sufferings which they have endured at the hands of their subjugators. The unthoughtful are apt to regard what are known as the "Red Skins" as being more than savages, as the impersonation of cruelty, and the incarnation of blood thirstiness, hateful and unappeasable. The thoughtful, on the other hand, will reflect upon the conditions and circumstances that have conspired to make the Indian an implacable enemy of the white race. The whole of what are

now the United States once belonged, by right of immemorial occupation, to the Red Man. To him the country was a vast preserve affording abundant means of livelihood without fatiguing drafts upon his energies. When confronted by the white man, his simple mind, untutored, inexperienced, superstitious, prompted him to a reverence such as awe inspires; but the white man came in gleaming armor, with falchion and spear, upon a mission of conquest. Before this interloper the Red Man was forced to retire. His valor availed him nothing; he fought with courage and died in despair. Driven ever westward, before trained armies and pioneers, the Red Man sought, but could find no refuge; his blood trails were everywhere, but place of final rest there was none. From a population of nearly ten million, at the time the Jamestown settlement was made (1607), the Indians of North America have dwindled to less than quarter of a million, and in another century the race will become extinct like their progenitors, the mound-builders. Their number is so small, their spirit so broken, their despair so great, that though they stubbornly refuse to assimilate with their conquerors, and tenaciously maintain the customs of their forbears, no existing tribe of Indians will ever again seriously dispute the mastery of their subjugators.

The illustration on the accompanying page is appropriately entitled, and graphically represents the last rally that the fast disappearing race will ever make.

On June 26, 1876, General Custer, with 200 as brave men as ever faced an enemy, while seeking a large band of Sioux Indians who had broken away from their Dakota reservation and had been committing many depredations, came suddenly upon the foe, 2,500 strong, in a valley of the Little Big Horn. The result of the battle constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of American history, but the particulars can never be accurately told because not a single person in Custer's force escaped the fury of the Indians. The remains of this heroic band were discovered a few days later, mutilated and massed about their brave commander, showing how fiercely they had fought and how bravely they had died.

Three months later another fight took place, between the regular cavalry, led by General Miles, and Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians, the result of which was not only a victory, but a punishment so severe that it has served as an example and as a perpetual restraint to the Indian instinct to make reprisal upon their white foe. The Nez Perce tribe rebelled against the Government's decision to locate them in northeast Oregon and northwest Idaho, and went upon the war path, driving off stock and murdering settlers. General Howard set out with a strong force of cavalry to apprehend the marauders, but his search was a fruitless one, for the Indians contrived to

elude his every effort to find them. General Miles, who at the time was a Colonel, then went in pursuit of the Indians, which he came upon, 500 strong, on the fourth of October, 1876, at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, and their retreat being cut off, a desperate battle ensued which lasted for several hours. The Indians lost more than one-half their number in killed and the remainder were taken prisoners, except a dozen who escaped with Chief White Bird. This fight was so disastrous to the Indians, that the Nez Perce tribe was reduced to a pitiful number, incapable of further armed resistance, while all the other once powerful tribes have been similarly reduced, and are now practically prisoners to the strong arm of the government. The power of the Red Man has therefore been extinguished forever, and the time approaches when, like the game of the great west, he will disappear, or survive only as the relic of a lost race.





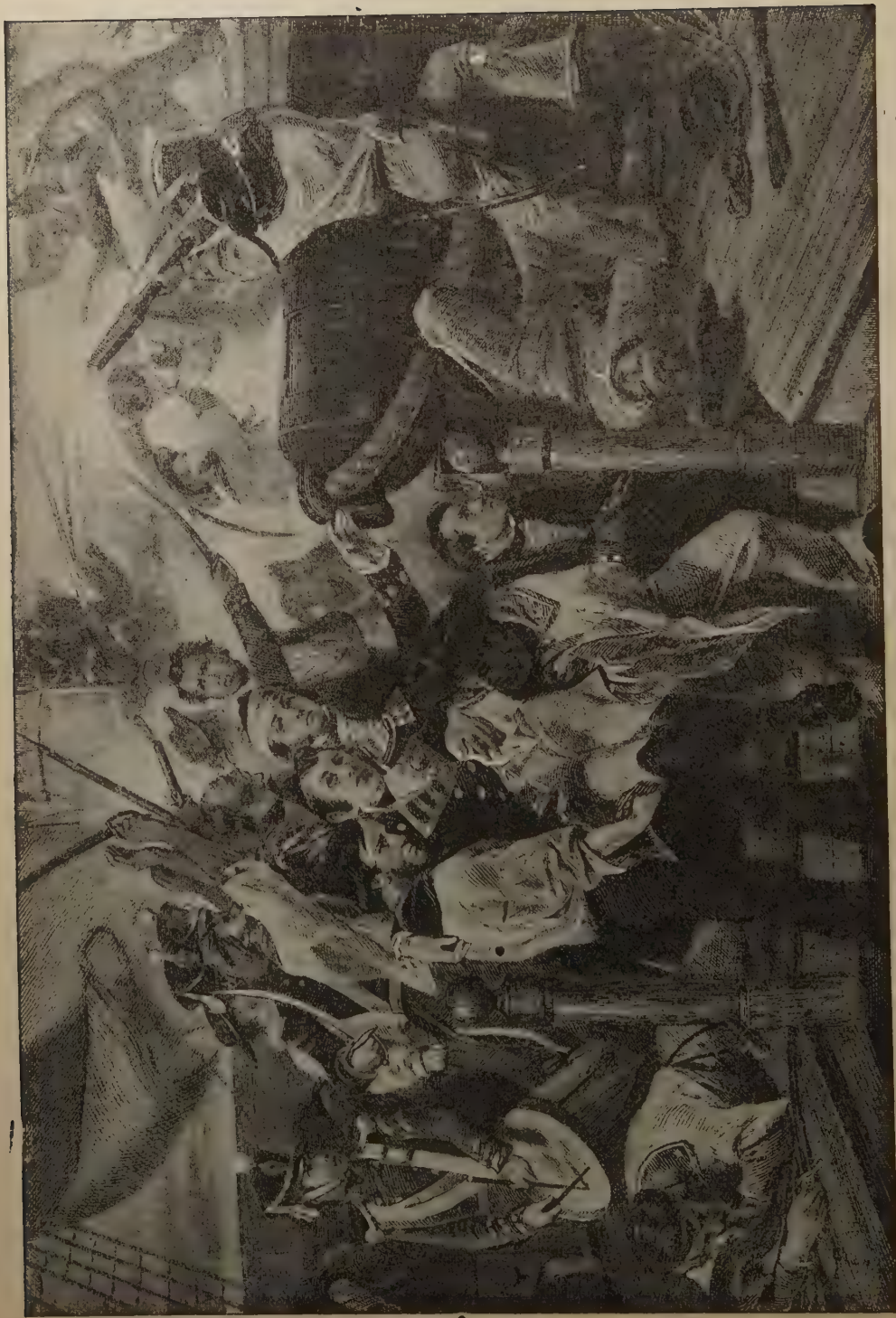
THE INVASION OF PORTO RICO—LANDING OF THE ARMY COMMANDED BY GENERAL MILLES, AT GUANICA,
JULY 25, 1898.



LOADING COMMISSARY STORES ONTO CARABON CARTS, AT THE
PASIG RIVER WHARF.



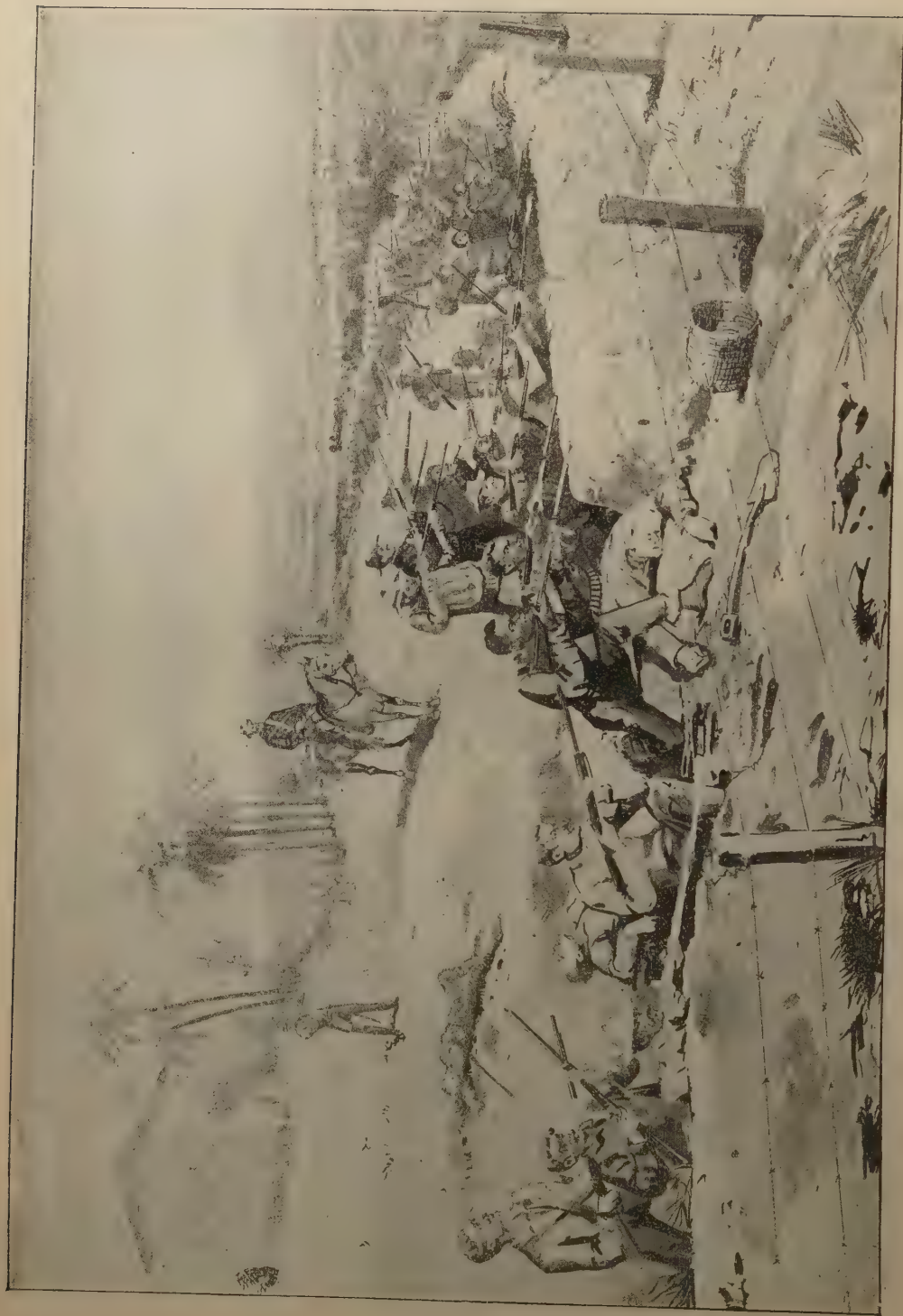
THE BOSTON MASSACRE, A PRELUDE TO THE REVOLUTION, MARCH 5, 1770.



DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE IN THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON,"
JUNE 1, 1813.



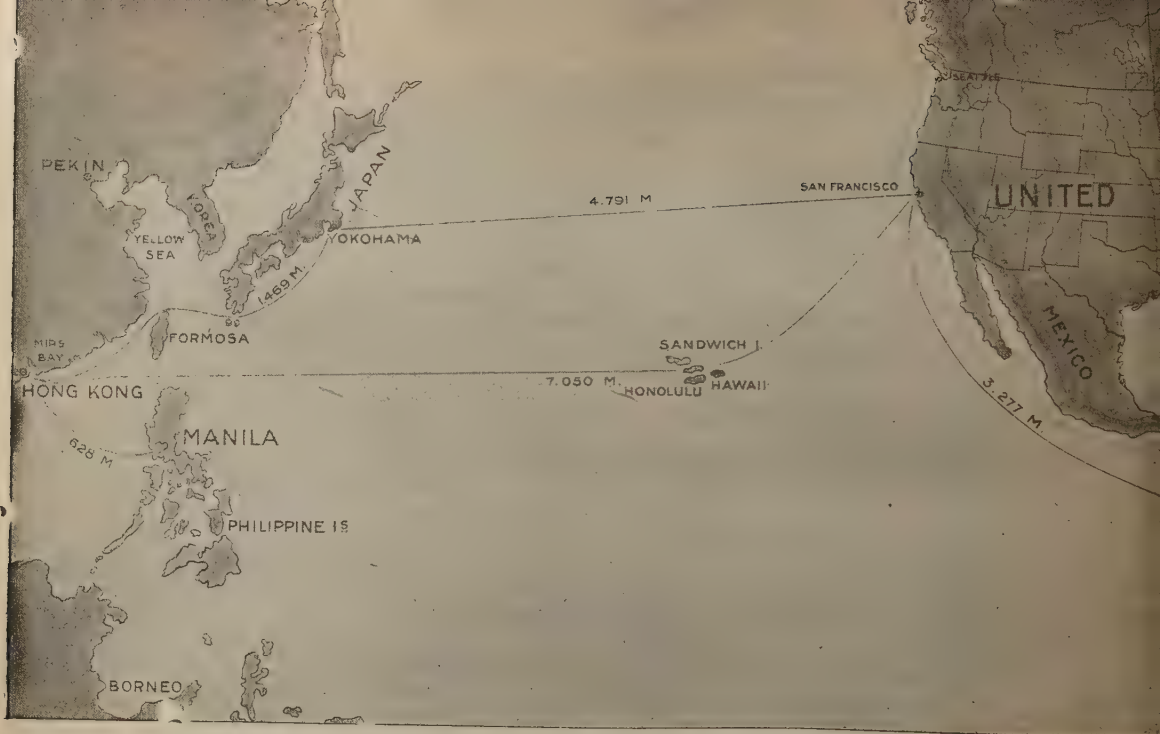
FILIPINO WOMEN BATHING IN THE UPPER PASIG RIVER.



THE SPANISH DEFENCE OF SAN JUAN HILL.



THE AMERICAN ADVANCE LINE BEFORE SANTIAGO.



WAR MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING DISTANCES



1. Bell and mushroom bottom mines.

2. Anchored buoyant mines.

3. Anchor.

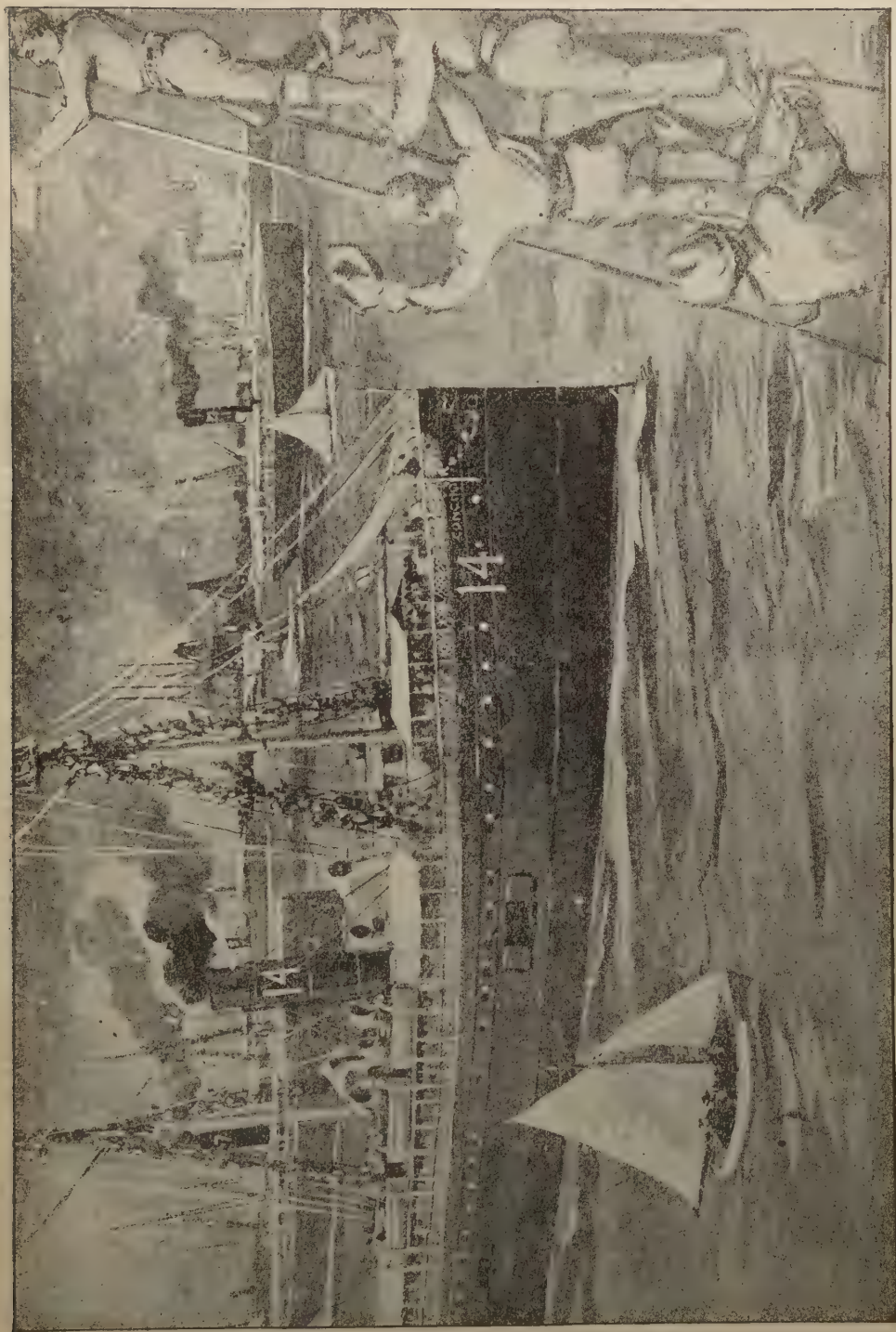
4. Anchored mine with buoy.

7. Holland Submarine boat.

REPRESENTATION OF MODERN BATTLESHIP



THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN" CHASING THE SPANISH CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON," OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898.



DEPARTURE OF TRANSPORT VESSELS FROM TAMPA, JUNE 12, CONVEYING SHAFTER'S TROOPS TO SANTIAGO.



THE TENTH DRAGOONS, COLORED, AT SKIRMISH PRACTICE IN CUBA.

P. W. KENNEDY



THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL" REPULSING THE SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT "TERROR." JUNE 22, 1898.



TRANSPORTS CONVEYING TROOPS TO CUBA.



LANDING HORSES FROM TRANSPORT BOATS OFF SIBONEY, JUNE 21, 1898.



THE LAST ONE ON BOARD—UNITED STATES TROOPS LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO
FOR MANILA, MAY 25, 1898.

BRAVE WOMAN NURSES ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY HANNAH PERRINE WESTFALL.

AT dawn on April 6, 1863, the battle of Shiloh began. The cannonading shook the earth where we were. The Union forces were driven back by the Confederates under General Albert Sidney Johnston. The surgeons gave us orders to prepare for tremendous work, but none of us had any idea of what the battle would mean for the hospital corps. At about ten o'clock the wounded began arriving at our hospital tents in the rear of the army of the Ohio, under the command of General Sherman. We had labored like beavers for five hours making ready, as far as possible, for expeditious work, when the wounded soldiers began to come. While the cannon boomed, and cavalry and artillery advanced and retreated over in the forest a mile away, we set up cots in tents, got out old clothes, sorted out bandages and lint, arranged medicines, got fresh water ready, and did a thousand and one things that an army nurse must do to assist the surgeons and ambulance men.

Oh, what frightful scenes there were, as the four-horse, double-decked ambulances came through mud to the surgeons' tents. The soldiers looked like overgrown boys. Some, indeed, were about eighteen years old. They were packed like sardines in the great wagons, and the groans and moans of the poor fellows as the ambulances stopped before the surgeons' tents were beyond description. Some had died on the way from the battlefield, and they were laid one side, while the living were hauled out from the wagons as quickly as possible. The floors of the two decks in the ambulances were covered with blood. The men's trousers were as red with gore as if they had been soused in buckets of blood. No one can ever tell to one who has never been at the front of war the monstrous horror of a surgeon's headquarters during and after a battle. All day and all night long, on both the sixth and seventh of April the ambulances carried thousands of the dead and wounded to the rear. The monstrous horror of war was realized by us more at Shiloh than elsewhere during the rebellion.

**The Surgeon's
Headquarters a
Slaughter-House.**

For ten hours we nurses worked as I never believed before any one could. I believe that I personally washed over two hundred and fifty men. Some were unconscious and some raging with fever. All were covered with mud, and their clothes saturated with blood. Some were so badly torn by shells and grape that their clothes had to be cut away. The general cry was for water

—cold water. They were all burning with the fever that follows gunshot wounds when surgical aid is not had at once. Some poor fellows had lain ten and twelve hours on the battlefield waiting for death. The air was sickening and heavy with the smell of perspiration and warm blood.

One young man died while I was opening his shirt. He had joked a minute before, in spite of a hole through his body by a minie ball, about the way Buell's Corps had surprised the Rebs. One man from Iowa asked me to get his haversack open so that he could look upon a picture of his wife which he had there. I did so, and just as I found the photograph he clasped his hands to the wound in his shoulder and died.

**Love Letters Written
for Dying Soldiers.**

Dozens of soldiers asked me to take the names and addresses of dear ones at home. That was something we always provided for, and did faithfully. We all used to sit up nights after a skirmish or a battle, and write letters to relatives and friends as we had promised dying soldiers to do. It was a pious duty, and I never knew anyone to shirk it. Some of the dearest and most sacred friendships I ever formed were in writing letters home for a dying soldier.

For five days and four nights the surgeons, nurses and others about the hospitals worked almost constantly amid agonizing scenes. Hundreds of arms and legs were amputated. I saw literally a pile of members of the human body heaped outside a surgeon's headquarters that could not be put into a common farm wagon. There were dozens of such surgeons' headquarters on the field at Shiloh.

When we were in the hospitals at the rear of the trenches from which the siege of Vicksburg was conducted, we had surgical amputations and operations every day for weeks. The surgeons could work more leisurely there, and the death rate from operations was not so high as at the close of a battle. Day after day we heard the roar of Sherman's big guns. Several times we saw General Grant during those days. Once he came and called at our hospital upon Colonel Watkins, who was recovering from a shot in the neck. General John A. Logan came frequently to call upon the soldiers in the hospitals during the Vicksburg campaign, and we had almost daily visits from such ladies as Mrs. Logan, Mrs. McPherson and the wives of brigadier-generals and colonels. The soldiers in the hospitals fared better in the Vicksburg campaign than at any other time in the Civil War.

There is joy also in the life of an army nurse. When we had nursed a poor, suffering and appreciative man through the valley of the shadow of death, and finally began to see him grow easier, we felt so good. When at last he sat up and was finally discharged as well enough to go home, we were very happy. There is a wonderful satisfaction in seeing a brave man

restored to vigor and usefulness under your care. Then the heroism that an army nurse sees often displayed where it is at least expected. One feels that nothing is too good for a man who will leave home and all that is dear to him to go and suffer untold agony for patriotic principle. I have in mind a colonel of an Illinois regiment at Chickamauga, who had a horrible wound in the shoulder from a piece of shell. He walked three miles to the surgeon's tent, because he wanted to let the more severely wounded soldiers ride in the ambulance. He declined to take chloroform, and endured the intense pain of extracting over fifty pieces of bone from among the quivering flesh with only an occasional sigh.

AN EARLY MARTYR OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Colonel Ellsworth, of the Fire Zouaves—His Struggles with Poverty, and His Crowning Heroism.

BY WILSON CONROY.

(From *Success*.)

COLONEL EPHRAIM ELMER ELLSWORTH was one of the dearest of the friends of my youth," says John Hay. "I cannot hope to enable the reader to see him as I saw him. No words can express the vivid brilliancy of his look and speech, the swift and graceful energy of his bearing. He was not a scholar, yet his words were like martial music; in stature he was less than the medium size, yet his strength was extraordinary; he seemed made of tempered steel. His entire aspect breathed high ambition and daring. His jet-black curls, his open, candid brow, his dark eye, at once fiery and tender, his eagle profile, his mouth just shaded by the youthful growth that hid none of its powerful and delicate lines,—the whole face, which seemed made for nothing less than the command of men, whether as a general or an orator, comes before me as I write."

Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth was born at Malta, Saratoga County, N. Y., April 11, 1837, not far from the scene of Burgoyne's surrender. "The air he first drew in came to him after sweeping over plains made historic by the patriot arms; the first tales told him were how, upon the fields of his native

county, one of the decisive battles of the war for independence was fought." At fourteen, he entered the village store at Mechanicsville; a year later he went to Troy, "a venturer in a frail bark upon life's sea, his only chart a common school education and the precepts of kind parents."

**His Stainless
Youth.**

He spent a year there, and then went to New York. "Faithful, honest clerks," he said to his father, "are always wanted there; one who knows his duty and will do it, cannot fail to succeed."

At New York, his taste for military life was acquired. He attended every drill he could of the Seventh Regiment, read books of tactics, and began to form original ideas, and develop extraordinary plans regarding military organization. Four years of struggle and the strictest self-denial followed. Everything that tended toward making a soldier perfect in thought, study, or deed, he strove to acquire. He became master of several systems of bayonet exercise, and, under DeVilliers' tuition, an accomplished swordsman. He became drill-master of the Governor's Guard of Wisconsin.

About this time Ellsworth tried to enter the office of a Chicago lawyer. "I am determined to study law," said he, after he was refused entrance,

**Would Study Black-
stone in the Court-
house Cupola.**

"and to succeed, if I have to borrow a copy of Blackstone and study in the court-house cupola. But I want to start right, and rather than not do so, would enter an office in any capacity,—build fires, if nothing else is to be done, and trust to time to work my way to the position I desire."

He began to study law, and earned a pittance by copying legal papers. Here Hay furnishes us information from Ellsworth's diary, which was begun on his twenty-second birthday. "I do this," he said, "because it seems pleasant to be able to look back upon our past lives and note the gradual change in our sentiments and views of life; and because my life has been, and bids fair to be, such a jumble of strange incidents, that, should I become anybody or anything, this will be useful as a means of showing how much suffering and temptation a man may undergo and still keep clear of despair and vice."

"He was neat, almost foppish, in attire," says Hay; "not strictly fashionable, for he liked bright colors, flowing cravats, and hats that suggested the hunter or ranger, rather than the law clerk; yet the

**Living on Crackers;
Sleeping
on the Floor.**

pittance for which he worked was very small and his poverty extreme." He bought a forty-five-dollar desk at auction for fourteen dollars, which he borrowed of James Clayburne. Some two years before, he went into an eating-house on an errand. Clayburne, with friends, invited him to take oysters with them.

"I refused," he writes, "for I always made it a practice never to accept even an apple from anyone, because I could not return the courtesy." Before he knew it, the oysters were there. "To escape making myself more conspicuous by further refusal, I sat down. How glorious every morsel tasted,—the first nourishing food I had tasted for three days and three nights! When I came to Chicago with a pocketful of money, I sought James out, and told him I owed him half a dollar. He objected, but I made him take the money. Well, when I wanted \$10, he gave it to me freely. I have written four hours this evening; have eaten two pounds of crackers, and shall sleep on the office floor to-night."

"I read one hundred and fifty pages of Blackstone," reads a later record, "and slept on the floor." This severe regimen began to tell upon him, his food tending to debilitate him, even more than his rough bed. "I tried to read, but could not. I am afraid my strength will not hold out. I have contracted a cold sleeping on the floor, which settled in my head." About this time, on urgent solicitation, he became a commander of cadets, on promise of obedience to rigorous conditions. "He was firm as granite to his company, and cheery to the world, while severe to himself."

"I am convinced that the course of reading I am pursuing is not sufficiently thorough," he writes. "I have commenced again at the beginning of Blackstone. I read a proposition or paragraph and reason upon it, and try to get at the principle involved in my own language; view it in every light, till I think I understand it; then write it down in my commonplace book. My progress is, in consequence, very slow; it takes half an hour to each page. I attended a meeting of cadets; all my propositions were accepted. I spent my last ten cents for crackers to-day and read ten pages of Blackstone."

The next day he writes: "My mind was so occupied with obtaining money due to-morrow that I could not study. I read five pages of Blackstone, but had nothing whatsoever to eat. I am very tired and hungry to-night. Onward!"

**Although Hungry,
He Studied Hard.**

He assumed command of the cadets. No sign appeared in his bearing of consuming want. He took high ground; if they elected him it would be with their eyes open. He would make the company second to none. He forbade cadets entering drinking or gambling saloons, or other disreputable places, under penalty of expulsion, newspaper publication and loss of uniform. He still studied law.

"So aim to spend your time," he wrote, "that at night, when looking back at the disposal of the day, you find no time misspent, no hour, no moment, even, which has not resulted in some benefit, no action which had

not a purpose in it. On Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, rise at five o'clock ; from five to ten, study ; from ten to one, copy ; from one to four, transact business ; from four to seven, study ; from seven to eight, exercise ; from eight to ten, study. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, rise at six o'clock ; from six to ten, study ; from ten to one, attend to business ; from one to seven, study and copy ; from seven to eleven, drill." Surely this youth determined, with Milton—

**How He Divided
His Days.**

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

"Throwing aside the old ideas of soldierly bearing, he taught his men to use vigor, promptness, and ease. Discarding the stiff buckram strut of military tradition, he taught them to move with the loafing *insouciance* of the Indian, or the graceful ease of the panther. He tore off their choking collars and binding coats, and invented a uniform which, though too flashy and conspicuous for actual service, was very bright and daring for holiday occasions, and left the wearer perfectly free to fight, strike, kick, jump or run."

On July 4, his zouaves had a public drill, an "overwhelming success." The young soldier, after his feast of crackers, wrote, in exultation : "Victory, and thank God !" A little earlier, he accepted a challenge from a noted fencer, and beat him. The Chicago *Tribune*, unfriendly before, declared : "This company cannot be surpassed this side of West Point."

Then came a wonderful "*marche de triomphe*," on invitation, in the summer of 1860, to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, where the picturesque zouaves exhibited their marvelous drill.

**He Escorted Lincoln
to Washington.** He returned to Illinois the man most talked of in America.

At Lincoln's invitation, he went to Washington as his escort. He was there made a lieutenant. He had a great scheme, a national militia system ; his ideas were those of a military genius, and not of a tactician, merely. Then came the war. He enlisted the New York firemen as "Fire Zouaves;" they were accepted, and were soon on their way to the South.

On the evening of May 23, 1861, he received his orders to occupy Alexandria, on the advance into Virginia. He worked almost all night arranging regimental matters, then penned two letters, one to his betrothed at Rockford, and this, a legacy, to his father and mother : "It may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty ; and, to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences

of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-by ; God bless, protect and care for you." These words of a true son were the last from his pen.

His death has become historic. Several have described it. Alexandria was occupied ; Ellsworth, with a squad of zouaves, hurried to seize the telegraph office. He caught sight of a Confederate flag floating from the Marshall House. He had often seen this flag from the Executive Mansion. Accompanied by four soldiers and several civilians, he made his way to the roof, and tore down the flag ; coming down, he was met on the stairs by the hotel-keeper and shot dead. His assassin perished at the same moment, killed by one of the zouaves, Frank E. Brownell. Searching for the bullet, they found a golden circlet on his bosom, with the motto—*Non nobis, sed pro patria*, "Not to ourselves, but for our country."

**His Tragic
Death.**

To the extreme limits of the country, the mournful news sped on lightning wings ; sad hearts throbbed everywhere under the starry flag.

Ellsworth's funeral service was held in the east room of the White House ; for Lincoln mourned him as a son.

"Excuse me," said the President to Senator Wilson, "but I cannot talk." He burst into tears and concealed his face in his handkerchief. He walked up and down the rooms for some moments, and those near stepped aside at such an unusual spectacle in such a man and in such a place. "I will make no apology, gentlemen, for my weakness," said Lincoln, "but I knew poor Ellsworth well, and held him in high regard. Just as you entered the room, Captain Fox left me, after giving me the painful details of Ellsworth's unfortunate death. The event was so unexpected, and the recital so touching, that it quite unnerved me."

"In the untimely loss of your noble son," wrote the President to Ellsworth's parents, "our affliction is scarcely less than your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have rarely been so suddenly darkened as in his fall. In size, in years and youthful appearance, a boy only, his power to command men was surprisingly great. This power, combined with a fine intellect and indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as it seemed to me, the best matured talent in that department I ever knew ; and yet he was singularly modest and deferential in his social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago ; yet through the latter half of the intervening

**Lincoln's Paternal
Tribute.**

period, it was as intimate as the disparity of our ages and my engrossing engagements would permit. To me, he appeared to have no indulgences or pastimes, and I never heard him utter an intemperate or profane word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The honors he labored for so laudably, and in the sad end so gallantly gave his life for, he meant for them no less than for himself.

"In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address this tribute to the memory of my young friend, and your brave and early-fallen child. May God give you the consolation that is beyond all earthly power.

"Sincerely your friend in common affliction,

"A. LINCOLN."

How little did that great and generous man think that he, too, would pass into life immortal by the same dreadful rush of an assassin's bullet, which would set a nation into sorrow and mourning.

Lincoln loved Ellsworth as he did his own child, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the former should be one of the first and the other one of the last martyrs of the war.

BROTHER AND I.

BY MATTHEW H. PETERS.

I

WE were both in the army, brother and I,
 He with Sterling Price 'neath the Stars and Bars;
 I was with Rosecrans, bearing on high
 The banner of Union, the Stripes and Stars—
 He with the Stars and Bars, I with the Stripes and Stars.

II

He marched north from the Pelican State;
 With the Buckeye boys I marched to the south;
 We met on the field, and it was our fate
 To shed our blood at the cannon's mouth—
 I for the North and he for the South.

III

Both of us fought for what we thought right,
But of duty, each took a different view;
Both of us entered the perilous fight
And did our duty as patriots do—
But he wore the gray and I wore the blue.

IV

Thus full four years of strife, blood and tears
Passed wearily over the land of our love;
The North filled with dread, the South full of fears,
The battle-smoke filling the heavens above,
The clash of arms—in the land of our love.

V

But the war came to a close at last, and
I went home with laurels I'd won;
Brother went South to the Pelican land
In the gloom of defeat, his cause undone—
I with my tattered flag—flag *he* had none.

VI

I was received by the multitude
With open arms, with shouts and hurrahs;
But my brother's lot was sad as he stood
Amid his friends who mourned the lost cause—
He honored in silence, I with applause.

VII

My brother, indeed, was as brave and true
To the cause he espoused as I to mine;
He fought as Americans always do
When they feel they must fight or else resign
Their claim to honor and rights divine.

VIII

He staked his life for a cause that went down
As I staked mine for the Union for aye;
But when he surrendered (in honor bound
To support the old flag) he went his way
True to his honor and true to this day.

A POSSIBILITY.

IX

And now that the awful struggle is done,
Let the Angel of Peace assert her might,
Cementing our hearts and making us one,
Forgetting the bitterness of the fight
Where brother slew brother and thought it right.

X

Let the awful past be buried from sight
As our comrades so noble, brave and true
Are buried on fields where they made the brave fight,
Keeping their virtues alone in view—
The chivalrous gray and generous blue.

A POSSIBILITY.

BY CHARLES W. BURPEE.

THERE was no alternative. The bleak March winds of inhospitable New England—place of my birth—were at hand. As a boy I had laughed at them, but a cough which I had brought back from a Southern swamp, together with a wound in the chest, rather put me at a disadvantage these days.

My doctor had been the surgeon of my regiment. When he said a thing he meant it; he would not know how to give a false alarm. And his orders in this instance were peremptory; I could quit that climate or I could get a new physician. Thus it was that I fled from the promised embrace of the cracked, half-frozen, half-mud, March soil of Massachusetts, just after a particularly changeful winter. I fled southward. If half dead I must go, I could at least indulge a fond hope I had entertained when stronger and revisit some of the old familiar spots in Dixie. There were no family ties to hold me—I was a forlorn old bachelor. Perhaps my celibacy was my own fault; it was not my choice. Life once had had its joys for me. Like many other joys we refer to nowadays, however, they were anti-bellum joys. Fannie Raymond made my college days truly halcyon, until a rival appeared. He was a dashing Virginian; rich, handsome and talented. Furthermore, he was in the class ahead of me, and every college man will understand me when I say I did not want to appear to be getting in his way.

When Sumter was first fired on, I chose my course and he chose his. Then I had somewhat the advantage, for her father was active in recruiting the regiment in which I enlisted, while my rival went South to draw his sword. For the rest of my life I have never ceased to regret the method in which I sought to improve that advantage. Her death intervened before the end of the strife, under circumstances peculiarly distressing to me, and with her perished my selfish ambition, all that I had to live for.

It was, therefore, with small regard for what the issue might be, that I yielded to the doctor's importunities, and exchanged the land of consumption for the "land of cotton." To the end that my enfeebled constitution might be built up, the life was to be of the roughest. Nor was it against my own desire that I turned my back upon the polite circles of the cities as well as upon the bustling society of the Northern capitalist, and cast my lot among the so-called "white-trash," with a second "John Burleson" for my guide.

In passing over a lonely mountain, "whar many a Yankee pris'ner had hid," we came one night to a decent looking cabin, occupied, my Burleson told me, by the "Silent Man." After the open manner of the land, we at once made ourselves the guests of this singular personage. He was a tall, well-formed, manly-appearing fellow, clad, to be sure, in hunter's dress, but by no means of the most ungainly pattern. A heavy, yet well-trimmed beard concealed his features, though it failed to cover a seam on one cheek. Then there was something about the expression of his eyes, together with a graceful carriage, alien to backwoodsmen, which betokened some former acquaintance with refinement.

On our entrance, he had thrust a book into one of the several chests in the little room. From the contents of that chest, revealed for the moment, I judged that some of the others might also be lined with books; a small valise is capacious enough for the effects of a common wood-chopper. The reason for his title was soon apparent. Host though he was, he seldom opened his lips; but when he did, he used language unsullied by any dialect. At the same time that he was so unobtrusive—yea, so closely reserved, he had, none the less, a commanding mien, which, while interesting, forbade that one should thrust himself within the sacred circle of his thoughts—an air of regard for others' feelings which exacted respect for his.

After the supper of coarse bread and bacon, we stretched ourselves on the ground, around a striking reminder of the old-time camp-fires, and the stereotyped "wal" of the guide was the preliminary of the story. But I perceived in his tone that night, in place of his usual devil-may-care jollity, a touch of sadness, seemingly alien to so rough a nature.

His theme was a visit to the North since the end of the war, when he had absurdly thought to abandon his roving life for one of such sober and lucrative industry as he had heard told about.

"In the arsenal at Springfield," said he, "I found a 'relic' that I had to lay claim to. It was this way—these are the plain facts. I don't often rake 'em up, but 'twas just twenty year ago to-day that I met him. "He came to us a big-shouldered, fine-looking fellow—hands and face as white's a girl's—just outen some college. Box and rastle he would with any one on us, but he wa'n't somehow right used to us rough uns, I reckon, though a brother o' his was one o' our cap'ns—liked to be readin' and alone considerable. I stood next to him in the ranks them first days, though, and him and me seemed ter hitch right ter onct. I own he was a leetle peculiar 'bout some things. Once in a while he'd git a letter, what I called a 'special,' and then we'd see no more o' him for an hour or so. We'd laugh at it in any other feller, but we couldn't call it senterment in Harry—he had so much *man*, yer know. I allus thought of it that there must ha' been some good reasons for his actions, and I didn't know as how he wasn't obleeged to ask my opinion. I tell ye, boys, I liked him better'n a brother; he had the true ring—Harry had."

The fact that the guide was a great, hulking, indifferent, good-natured sort of fellow made our respect all the more profound for the feelings which were now moving him so deeply. Not a sound save the crackling of the hemlock to disturb his low tones, as he continued, his two auditors gazing stolidly into the fire:

"To put it short—for all this is nothin' to you 'uns, mayhap—one day he received a right smart package of old letters and a 'special' that he read at a glance, the last—the last, boys, that ever come to him. After he thought I was asleep that night, he sat thinkin' a long time. Then, finally, I heard him mutter, for I couldn't go to sleep nohow, I heard Harry mutter: 'Bob, you owe this to the side you chose when the call came, but had I—no, nothin' could have induced me.' With that he got up and paced back and forth, crunchin' the letter in his fist and lookin' like a man goin' into battle. Then he stopped, and claspin' his hands together, he said, sort o' more cheerful like: 'Yes, old chum, you deserve it, too, but '—I could hear him grate his teeth—'may God keep us apart!'

"When he next appeared in the ranks his face looked—wal, 'sullen,' the boys called it, but I feared worse. I noticed on one side o' his gun stock was carved 'Fannie,' on the other side was 'Yale, '63,' that he had put thar when he fust picked out the gun—he never told us why, and no one asked him 'bout that any more'n they did 'bout the 'Fannie.'"

As the speaker paused, I lifted my eyes to the face of the backwoodsman. I hardly knew him for the same man. With parted lips he had drawn nearer and was staring at the guide. Already my own thoughts were burning in my brain, as I beheld the transformation in our host. I would have found my tongue, but I was held as under a spell. Meanwhile, the guide, in his turn oblivious of all around him, with his lips was simply telling, at intervals, of the life he was living over again.

"The next day, boys, was Sharpsburg. In the thickest of the charge at the bridge I heard him shout: 'Great God!—Bob!' and I saw him take quick aim at a young Yank officer who was makin' for our colors. Then, suddenly, without firin', I can swear it, without firin', he pushed forward, clubbin' every man aimin' that way and actin' like mad, and he reached the cussed Yank jist as he was fallin' by my ball.—Ahem! The smoke chokes me, that's all. Bullets was flyin' right thick in that direction, but afore I could think, we was forced back—and—and—in the confusion—wal', I los' sight o' my boy in spite o' the responsibility I felt, and when roll was called"—the guide's lips moved, but gave no sound. The backwoodsman was motionless. There was a furnace in my breast. One word and—

But the guide's voice was returning to him. "A month later," he continued, painfully, abstractedly, "another letter come for him. As I was right sure Harry was no more, and as I couldn't find his brother, I thought as how I might open it, fer I was sort er a brother. It read somethin' like this:

"HARRY: Sad news. Bob at Antietam has made permanent papa's inflexibility. He's even more bitter'n when he sent those letters back. My old mal—mal—sickness [that wasn't jest the word; she wrote nice] has returned. I can only hope to see the leaves fall."

The guide hesitated a moment and then drawing a yellow paper out of a rusty wallet, said: "Here; I may as well confess; I've got that letter right here; took it out o' my trunk th' other day. This 's it:

"Leaves fall. But let me say, before it is too late, that that letter sent with the package was not voluntary on my part. I may be wronging others as well as myself in writing this, but I have done my best to be open and frank in everything. It was not my fault if anyone was deceived, and why should I not take this, perhaps my last, opportunity to set right a wrong that I did against my own better judgment. All I can say is, don't blame Bob. It is not his fault. It is no one's fault, it is fate, and it is best for you.

"Let me hear from you once more and all will be well.

"In heaven or on earth.

FANNIE."

"Too late for Harry, poor girl, too late."

The voice died away into silence. Our host's head sank lower and lower on his breast. Though my heart had turned to lead I could not take my eyes from him.

With a deep sigh, the guide resumed once more, still unmindful of our presence and both of them unmindful of me: "For a time, I'll allow as how I did think he might ha' reckoned *he's* killed the rival that he s'posed his 'Fannie' had chosen, and remorse had druv him away. But thar in the Springfield arsenal relic room was that very same musket, the letters on the stock as plain as the day they was cut, 'Fannie' and 'Yale, '63'—thar was no mistakin'.

"Oh"—turning to me—"you mought call it 'romance o' the war' in yer fine talk if yer liked—they're solemn *facts* to me; jest reckerlect he warn't none o' yer silly-nillies. The bar'l o' that piece was bent and had a big stain rusted on it, but the charge of powder was still in it.

"They told me as how the 'relic' was brung in by some Connecticut Yank, but I put the case afore 'em and arter I'd sent up my old papers, they acknowledged my claim, so to-day that musket—."

The quick touch of our host's hand on John's shoulder brought him back from his trance with a half groan and me to my feet, the pent-up blood rushing through my veins. The manner of the interruption was such as I had marked among men when they meet an old school-fellow or—a comrade; but alas! for my speedy conclusions. Before the guide's mind could return to his surroundings, the courtly backwoodsman had said, in the forbidding tone which made other speech ridiculous, certainly useless, "I beg pardon, sir," and was gone.

The guide stared in perplexity at the spot in the darkness where our host had vanished, and there I left him—the avowed antagonist of sentiment—as I entered the cabin. Tearing the margin from an old newspaper, I wrote and left on a chest these words:

HARRY: I am the "cursed Yank" of the guide's story. Life was spared to me as well as you. Was it not that I might learn the depth of your nobility and plead for your forgiveness?
—ville, Mass.

BOB.

When I returned the guide still sat by the fire and the only reference he ever made thereafter, either to the "simple facts" or to the strange interruption, was this one word, with significant inflection, as, obedient to my orders, he started out with me into the night again—"W-w-wood-chopper?"

And in vain have I looked since then for an answer to my note—my forgiveness on earth.

AN EPISODE OF BULL RUN.

BY WILLIAM H. HENRY.

IN a portion of the plateau on which was fought the battle of Bull Run, there stands the house now owned and occupied by the aged Mr. Hugh Henry, who has furnished the following interesting incidents:

On that memorable Sabbath—July 21, 1861—nearly thirty-eight years ago, the Henry mansion was occupied by Mrs. Judith Henry, her daughter and two sons. Mrs. Henry was then eighty-five years old and bedridden from age and infirmity. She was the daughter of Loudon Carter, Sr., and was born within a mile of where she now lies buried. Her husband, Dr. Isaac Henry, was the son of Hugh Henry, one of the founders of the first Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and a conspicuous patriot in the Revolution. Dr. Henry was a surgeon on board the United States frigate "Constellation," commanded by Commodore Truxton, which captured the French frigate "La Insurgeante," and had a conflict with "La Vengeance."

To go back to the scene of our story on that summer day, it was around Mrs. Henry's home that the battle raged in all its fury. General Bee and Colonels Carter and Fischer were killed close to her door and inside her yard. Griffin's Battery was lost and retaken three times in a hand-to-hand fight. There every gunner was killed, regiment after regiment coming to the rescue, determined never to yield their guns. There Tyler, Heintzelman and Hunter, with their divisions, battled from dawn to dusk. In the intense heat of that summer-day, many who went forth to fight were overcome in half an hour and compelled to fall back in the shade, dying from sheer exhaustion, their tongues hanging out and their faces black as coal. The bodies of the young and brave lay thickly strewn over the lawn, which was so covered with blood that it resembled a crimson carpet, while wounded horses galloped madly over the bodies of the dead and dying, frantic with pain. The bands were scattered, some attending to the wounded while others sought shelter in the thickets from the storm of shot and shell. There were nearly 30,000 engaged in this butchery all over the Bull Run plateau.

When Ellen Henry and her brother saw that their house was becoming the centre of the battlefield for the contending forces, they carried their mother to a ravine some distance from the house, thinking she would be safer there. As the battle progressed, however, and shot and shell fell around them, they took Mrs. Henry back to the house and placed her in bed again. The house was soon transformed into a hospital, and Mrs.

Henry died among the wounded and dying soldiers, killed by the bursting of a shell in her room. Her daughter never left her bedside, and although the house was pierced through and through, both the son and daughter miraculously escaped. In the anxiety for their mother they seemed to lose all fear for their own safety.

That that estimable old lady, who had spent almost a century of a peaceful Christian life in this secluded spot, should die in the midst of such a battle, wounded three times by shots flying through her room, seems a strange dispensation of Providence. Yet even amidst the din of battle, and the groans of the dead and dying, the aged sufferer lived to say that her mind was tranquil and that she died in peace, a peace that the roar of battle and the horrors of death could not disturb.

The house, after the battle, was pillaged and left in ruins—the grounds which had been the scene of two great battles had not the vestige of a house or fence upon it at the close of the war.

There now stands upon the ground a small frame house, in front of which are the grave and monument of Mrs. Henry, with the following inscription:

The Grave of Our Dear Mother,
JUDITH HENRY,
Killed Near This Spot by the Explosion of a Shell,
In Her Dwelling,
During the Battle of July 21, 1861.
When Killed,
She Was in Her Eighty-Fifth Year,
And Confined to Her Bed by
The Infirmities of Age.



MURFREESBORO—A REVERIE.

BY J. H. CARNEY.

LAST month it was my privilege to visit scenes on which thirty years ago the eyes of the civilized world were fixed.

Seated at midnight in an open window at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, memory brought back sad pictures of the terrible past now so happily changed. The soft Kentucky breeze, fragrant with the breath of flowers and buds, was idly fluttering my window curtains, distilling the very balm of rest and peace. Without, the moon was silvering roof, tree and garden, and silence lay over this quaint, sleeping city of bloody, tragic history—a silence broken only by the deep, solemn tones of Christ Church bells tolling the midnight hour, just as solemnly as they did through all the dreadful revelry of shot and shell, anguish and death, thirty years ago.

On those plains over there beyond the city, now lying in a dark and silent shroud, more than one hundred thousand Union soldiers were quietly sleeping that fatal December evening—too many of them their last sleep on earth. The flower of the North was there, fresh from college and forum and counting-house and workshop—mothers' boys, the heroes of bright-eyed sweethearts, the papas of lisping curly-headed tots, the heart's life of loving wives in the far-off Northern homes; there they were, wrapped in slumber, bright visions of home and loved ones floating before them, and the death angel, unseen, hovering over all. I think sadly this night over my own near relatives who were lost in that gallant array.

Stretched in front of the sleeping army were a number of dark, muzzled cannon, whose deep throats were on the morrow to vomit forth a sulphurous whirlwind of fiery hail, and open up one of the bloodiest tragedies in history. And the heroic leaders, what of them? Back there behind the city, in an old house, which was afterward swept away in the red tide of war, were gathered in stern and solemn council the men on whose words a loyal nation depended in this supreme and breathless hour. Rosecrans, in all the flower of his imperial manhood, was there; the lion-hearted Sheridan; the loved and knightly Buell—heroes all.

And where are they to-night? And where are the gallant divisions they led to certain but sublime defeat? This gentle midnight wind brushes over those plains where they once trod, and through those streets, where thousands of them were massed in close array waiting for the signal to assault; but the heroes are gone, and to me this soft wind comes laden with sighs

and requiems, and a silent army of spectres are massed in the streets of Murfreesboro.

But what of the other side? On the opposite banks of the little river slept that night equally as many men who wore the gray—men just as brave, with hearts just as warm, with homes just as loving as those of their blue-coated brethren across the river; and to-morrow these men were to grapple in the struggle of death. And almost between them slept the little city which was soon to be desolated by the blind wrath of brothers.

"So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the dread earthquake swallowed all."

So slept until the dawn of that day when cannon shots roared out the agreed signal and the dance to death began. What followed history tells. But who can tell what sights and scenes, what sobs and groans, what terrible dying agonies took place in those now silent streets? Could these old stone houses talk, their record would be so sad no human being could hear the story. Some of the good people tell me that after the battle was over the dead soldiers were lying in the streets, on the sidewalks and in the gardens. One lady told me that when she returned to her house after the battle, four dead Union soldiers were lying in the parlor, and that floor is to-day stained with their blood. Years after a party of visiting Grand Army men sought out her house, and recognized it as the place to which they had brought some wounded comrades on that day to die alone.

THE LAST VICTORY OF THE LOST CAUSE.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM H. STEWART.

ON the night of the sixth of April, 1865, Mahone's Division, the rear guard or left wing of the Army of Northern Virginia, slept on its arms at the High Bridge, on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, near Farmville, in Virginia. Early on the following morning the unmounted officers and privates crossed over the Appomattox River on this bridge and the mounted officers forded the stream. The close pursuit of the Army of the Potomac prevented the destruction of this great structure; but our soldiers succeeded in burning a barn near, to prevent the capture of a large quantity of tobacco stored therein.

After a march of a few hours, our division was halted at Cumberland

church and formed in line of battle across the highway. The right was connected with another line of troops, that extended away toward Farmville, and its left, entirely unprotected, rested a few hundred yards in rear of the church.

It was my fortune to be assigned to the command of the division picket line, which was barely established before the hostile sharpshooters were seen advancing in front, and the contest began, to continue hotly the live-long day. The men in line of battle had hurriedly thrown up a slight earthwork, with bayonets and bare hands, which afforded scant protection from the duel that raged fiercely between the pickets. The Rockbridge Artillery, Captain Archie Graham, was posted on the line of battle near the public road and rendered valuable service throughout that long day. Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of General Robert E. Lee, our commander-in-chief, was a private in this battery.

In the afternoon my pickets were forced back by a strong column of troops, which made a dashing charge upon our left, with the view of turning our flank. The galling fire from my pickets impeded the charge, and the advance brigade halted for protection in a deep ravine only a short distance from the flank of our crude earthworks. The pickets were quickly reinforced by a regiment of Georgians from General "Tiger" Anderson's brigade, and held the enemy in check until the gallant Anderson, with the remainder of his command, swept around the left of our position, struck the enemy in flank, capturing an entire brigade with its colors. This magnificent manœuvre was directed by the dashing Mahone and performed under his eyes, as I can testify. It was the quick conception of one of the greatest military leaders of the war between the sections—of a soldier well worthy of the mantle of Stonewall Jackson. After the brilliant feat of the glorious Georgians, our picket line was soon re-established; but not without the sacrifice of some brave men.

Conspicuous for gallantry was a handsome young artilleryman, not out of his teens, who, when not engaged with his cannon, would borrow rifles from the infantrymen, stand up, while others were protected by breastworks, and with deliberate aim fire at his man, regardless of the continuous shower of bullets to which he was exposed. Finally he was shot down, desperately wounded, and borne off the field to the residence of Mr. Hogsden, which was made a field hospital.

Subsequently Adjutant Griffin F. Edwards, a youth of twenty years, of our Sixty-first Virginia regiment, infantry, while gallantly rallying his men to recover the lost picket line in front of his regiment, was also severely wounded. After dark he was taken to the field hospital. The yard was

strewn with the wounded and dead; the kitchen, out-houses, and even the stables were full of bleeding men. There was one vacant place in the parlor of the old mansion where a blanket was spread for Adjutant Edwards. The soldier nearest happened to be the brave artillery boy who had been shot down while acting as a voluntary infantryman, as above stated, and he appeared to be in the agonies of death. Although severely wounded, the chivalrous Edwards ministered all in his power; and as he gave him a drink of water from his canteen, the boy whispered: "My name is Minor." For three days these wounded sufferers remained without surgeons or nurses. Then the wounded companions were separated and unknown to each other, until recently, after twenty-nine years, Adjutant Edwards, now a prominent lawyer in Virginia, by accident ascertained that the comrade whom he believed dead is living, in the person of Launcelot Minor, colonel of the Second Regiment of Infantry, Arkansas State Guards, and a prominent lawyer of Newport, in that state.

When Private Minor recovered consciousness he found a note pinned to the inside of his shirt, requesting that in case he died some one would give him decent burial, and a five-dollar gold piece was enclosed in the note to pay the expense. He still has the gold coin and wants to know from whom it came.

The shadows of evening found our weary and starving soldiers in full possession of the battlefield at Cumberland Church and rejoicing over their last victory. The only rations which could be issued on this retreat were a few ears of corn to each soldier, but these men were of that pure metal which yields neither to danger nor hunger.

Soon after dark the troops were withdrawn from this line of battle, and proceeded on the march toward Appomattox, where Mahone returned the silken trophies, which were so gallantly won at Cumberland Church, to his released prisoners. I was left to cover the retreat, with orders to withdraw my pickets from the line at three o'clock a. m., and follow the army.

The long hours of darkness and anxiety dragged heavily along, while ever watchful pickets experienced the unpleasant anticipations of being killed or captured. On the hour and the minute we quietly withdrew from the field of the last victory of the lost cause. About eight o'clock next morning, the seventh of April, 1865, we overtook the army, and though desperately tired, rejoiced with a "rebel yell" over our escape from capture, for which we received the congratulations of General Mahone. The following night we built our camp-fires on the brow of a hill and rested on our arms in line of battle for the last time. Before another sun gained the meridian, our arms were stacked and our battle-flags furled forever on the hills of Appomattox.

AN ESCAPE FROM ANDERSONVILLE.

BY FRANCIS WALLACE.

HEROES are plentiful after every war, because it is only in times of danger that the latent energies, stamina and sentiment of men are developed; no one can even judge himself, his courage no more than his endurance, until subjected to such supreme test as battle venture imposes. Now, at the close of the Spanish-American war, Uncle Sam rejoices in his noble sons who fought from merciful instincts, with compassion for the wrongs of Cubans, but always with impetuosity and unquenchable daring. Among the many humble heroes of our last war is Captain Francis Wallace, of the training ship "New Hampshire," whose adventures began when he was a boy, and whose life has been a succession of stirring, and generally daring events. His earliest danger was encountered in running the English blockade of the Baltic Sea, carrying guns to Russia, during the Crimean war.

When the famous "foreign brigade" marched to the relief of Lucknow, in the terrible days of the Indian mutiny, Captain Wallace was one of the members; for two years he was on the Grinnell expedition searching in the arctic regions for Sir John Franklin; he was pilot of the "Monitor" in the famous battle with the "Merrimac;" he was a prisoner in Andersonville, from which he escaped after terrible sufferings and perils; he was with Farragut and Dewey at Mobile bay and New Orleans; he fell from a ship when many miles from land off the coast of Spain, and was rescued after being in the water **Adrift in the Ocean.** twenty-two hours. After serving on the "Monitor" for some time, Captain Wallace joined the fleet further south. While cruising on a scouting party with Lieutenant Cushing—who destroyed the "Albemarle"—Captain Wallace and a coxswain named Riley were captured and taken to the Confederate prison at Camp Andersonville, where so many of the Union prisoners died. Escape was almost impossible, but Captain Wallace was one of the fortunate few who succeeded in crawling across the dead line, under the kindly shelter of mid-night darkness, and the special protection of Providence. Indeed, his life is a singular illustration of the exceptional fortune that belongs to the few, which seems to set at naught the laws of chance, and to furnish proof of the fatalistic doctrine "what is to be, will be." His life is not a romance, for it has been too invariable with hardships and hair-breadth escape, but it has been a strange one, that has run the whole gamut of human vicissitudes, and survived perils greater and more numerous than the pages of fiction have ever recorded. Some day, it is possible, Captain Wallace may conclude that posterity is entitled to read the story of his truly marvelous adventures, and will subject his modesty to the task of writing it, but to the present the following narrative is the only one he has ever been persuaded to write:

After I had been at Andersonville for three weeks, I made up my mind that if I stayed there long I would either be shot by the guards or die from sickness and lack of food. So I made up my mind to escape. Riley, the coxswain, and two Union soldiers were in the plan with me. For several days we saved up what food we could—it wasn't much—and one dark night we crept out to the dead line. We had to kill three sentries

before reaching the stockade. We climbed over the stockade and pushed on in the darkness until we came to a river. There we separated. The soldiers wanted to push on across the country, but I knew we would be followed by bloodhounds, so after they left us Riley and I swam across the river and back three times, walking up and down the bank on each side in order to throw the bloodhounds off the trail. Then we climbed to the top of a big live-oak tree.

From our station in the tree we could see the Confederates leave the camp in pursuit. They passed under the tree a number of times, but never thought of looking for us so near the camp. We stayed up in that tree for sixty-three hours, with some bacon rinds and pieces of cornbread as our only food. It was very cold at night, and we were far from comfortable, but we did not wish to go down until the pursuit had died away a little. Then I hailed a negro who was passing.

"Lawd a' massa," said he, when he saw us coming down from the tree. "The soldiers have been looking everywhere for you."

The darkey got us an old canoe and we made the trip to the coast. We traveled at night, and lay alongside of the bank during the day. When we reached the seacoast our troubles were by no means ended. All along the coast were divisions of the home guard, and they captured us.

Four miles off the coast, almost out of sight of land, lay the United States gunboat "Unadilla." The waters of the South swarm with sharks, and no one for an instant suspected that we would dare to swim to the gunboat, so their vigilance was somewhat relaxed. But as there was no way of signaling the boat, we decided to swim for it. At midnight we slipped away from our guards and made our way to the beach. There a new danger awaited us. The southern waters are very phosphorescent at night, and if a man swims through them he leaves a trail which can be plainly seen. So Riley and I crept out as far as we could, keeping our bodies under water, and making no splashing. When we reached our depth, we struck out for the boat, swimming very cautiously until we were well out of gunshot. It was a mighty unpleasant experience. Four miles is a long swim for a man in the pink of condition, and we had been living on short rations for a long time. Then, too, we were afraid of sharks, and a number of times during the swim I drew up my legs suddenly and began to splash, thinking I had felt a shark giving a little nibble at my toes preparatory to a full meal.

At last we got within hailing distance of the "Unadilla." I shouted to her, but at first they did not pay any attention to the hail. The Confederates were in the habit of rowing out near the gunboats at night, towing

**In the Water
With Sharks.**

rude mines after them. Then they would light a slow match on the mine, hail the Federal boats and sneak off. The gunboats would send out small boats to see what the trouble was, and often be caught by the exploding mine. A number of men from the "Unadilla" had been killed in that manner, so when I called there was no response. I called a second and third time, but no answer. We were pretty well exhausted by this time, and had scarcely strength enough to swim the remaining distance to the gunboat. I gave one more call. Standing at the gangway of the "Unadilla" was a man with whom I had sailed on several voyages. He recognized my voice, and we were soon on board.

A GALLANT DEFENCE.

BY LIEUTENANT R. H. JAYNE.

I WONDER whether my young readers, in studying the accounts of battles and of fighting, always gather the full meaning of the struggle. You follow the story of Manassas, or Chickamauga, or Gettysburg, or Antietam, and are thrilled by the heroism displayed by both sides, but do you grasp the far-reaching consequences, the object of the engagements, and their effect upon the great issue itself?

Now, the battle of Gettysburg was fought in the summer of 1863, and was very near, in point of time, to the middle of the war for the Union, and yet Gettysburg, it may be said, decided the conflict. The Confederates came awfully near defeating the Army of the Potomac, but they failed, and when they failed it sounded the knell of the Southern Confederacy. General Lee and his officers saw that ultimate defeat was as certain as the rising of the sun; they were simply fighting henceforward for terms. Neither army captured the other, and tremendous engagements followed and lasted for the better part of two years, but the sun of Southern independence was sinking steadily until at Appomattox it went down forever.

What lad among you is not familiar with Perry's victory on Lake Erie, in September, 1813? Perry had never seen a naval battle before, and for the first time in the naval history of Great Britain she surrendered an entire squadron to an enemy. That was a brilliant victory indeed. The Americans had but 55 guns, while the British had 63; yet our loss was only 27 killed and 96 wounded. The British had 200 killed and wounded and lost 600 prisoners. Commodore Barclay went into the battle with only one arm

and came out without any. The Englishmen fought gallantly, which makes the victory of Perry all the more creditable.

But there was something more than a simple naval victory. Had Perry been defeated, the British General Proctor would have invaded Ohio. If Perry won, Harrison meant to invade Canada, with every prospect of great success.

But I set out to tell you about one of the bravest exploits that marked our last war with Great Britain.

At the beginning of the year 1813, General Harrison built Fort Meigs, on the right bank of the Maumee River. He had with him about twelve thousand men and selected this point as a convenient one for receiving supplies and reinforcements from Ohio and Kentucky, for protecting the borders at Lake Erie, and for aiding in the movement for the recapture of Detroit and the invasion of Canada.

In the latter part of July, the British General Proctor and the great Shawnee chieftain, Tecumseh, with 5,000 English and Indians, appeared before Fort Meigs. Their wish was to induce the garrison to come out and fight them in the woods, but the Americans, with their inferior force, were too wise to do anything of that nature. Proctor manœuvred and tried every possible trick until he saw his efforts were useless. Then he left Tecumseh with about half the force to keep up the vain effort, while he set out to capture Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky, where Fremont now stands. Major George Croghan was in command of this fort. He was a youth not yet twenty-one years old, and he had as his garrison only about one hundred and fifty men.

When Proctor appeared before Fort Stephenson he sent forward a flag of truce with the demand for surrender. "In case of refusal," he added, "your whole garrison will be tomahawked by the savages with me, for, as you are well aware, when their passions are aroused by the loss of any of their number, their fury becomes irrestrainable."

The bearer of this terrifying message carried back the refusal of Major Croghan, with the appendix: "As to your threat of tomahawking us in case of capture, I have to say that it cannot affect the question, since when our surrender takes place there will not be left a man to tomahawk."

This kind of talk was of the nature which may be described as meaning business. The British general had more than a dozen men to the Americans' one, and he was confident of speedily capturing the post. He began with a sharp bombardment, under which the British advanced against the fort. Major Croghan had only a single cannon, which he crammed to the muzzle with slugs and pieces of iron. Indeed, it looked as if the tremen-

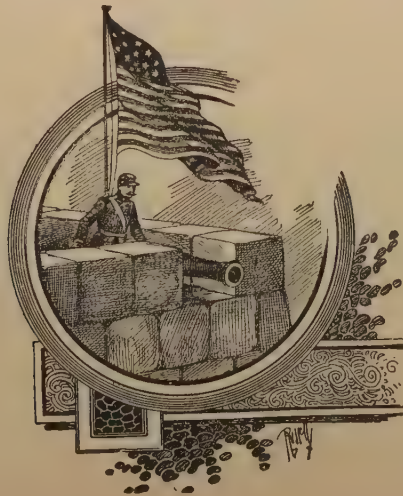
dous charge would burst the piece at the first fire. He masked it with great care and the enemy had no suspicion of the true state of affairs. The cannon was placed so that its muzzle could rake the long ditch on the north, into which the British and Indians were certain to enter.

It may be doubted whether a single piece of ordnance of similar calibre ever did more effective execution. At the moment the ditch was swarming with enemies, rushing to the carnival of death, the weapon was fired. Instead of bursting, the slugs and bits of iron were driven among the crowding British and Indians, killing scores and wounding many more. The survivors scattered in a panic.

This was just what Major Croghan was hoping would take place, but he knew his assailants would be back in a few moments and not a second was to be lost. The old cannon was hastily reloaded, and, as before, filled to overflowing with every sort of thing that was likely to do service. Then it was quickly placed so as to command the ditch again.

The Americans had barely time to make ready for another charge when a second column plunged into the ditch and was received with the same destructive discharge as before. Meanwhile, it must not be supposed that the rest of the garrison was idle. They were firing as fast as they could reload their weapons and inflicting great loss upon their assailants.

Proctor was anything but pleased with his attempt upon the little fort. He saw that it could not be taken without a siege and the loss of many more of his men. He might have attempted this had he not believed that General Harrison was somewhere in the neighborhood and would hasten to the relief of the garrison. He therefore withdrew, leaving the gallant Major Croghan master of the situation, and hero of one of the most gallant exploits in our history.



HAVE YOU HEARD OF OUR LAND?

BY J. WALLER HENRY.

HAVE you heard of that land, o'er the western Atlantic,
That land of delectable clime?
Of her evergreen hill-tops and valleys romantic,
And cloud-crested mountains sublime?

Of her cataracts roaring, their bright waters pouring
Through gorges of grandeur and gloom,
O'er whose cliffs of his eyry the eagle is soaring
And bathing in sunlight his plume!

Of her deep cleaving rivers and rills, clear and sparkling
With nectars by Nature bestowed;
And her blue Northern lakes, in whose bosoms are darkling
The haunts for a mermaid's abode!

Then her harbors, her gulfs and her oceans, surrounding
Her coasts on the south, east and west;
Of her woodlands and plains intervening, abounding
In treasure which Nature hath blest!

Have you heard of her caverns deep under her mountains,
The homes of grim spirits of old—
Of their cool, silent lakelets and mystical fountains,
And quarries of silver and gold?

Then her wonderful harvests of plenty and pleasure,
Her grain and her cotton and cane,
Her orchards and vineyards with fruit-laden treasure,
And seasons which bring them again!

Have they told of her cities of wealth and of splendor,
Mighty aids in the progress of time—
Giant bulwarks of strength from her foes to defend her—
They rise in a grandeur sublime!

Have you heard that her sons are her pillars of glory,
The strength and the pride of the land—
As brave as the heroes of legend and story,
And true as the truest they stand!

And, oh! have they told of her beautiful daughters,
Whose hearts but the truest hath won!
As fair as the foam on her magical waters,
And pure as the rays of her sun!

Then of Justice, triumphant, great king of this nation,
And Liberty, queen, by his side!
How they rule in their majesty, wisdom and station,
Co-equals in glory and pride?

In regions prolific, o'er the eastern Pacific,
Where peace and prosperity dwell,
Are the valleys of fruition and mountains terrific,
Whose wonders of wealth ever swell!

From the gulf to the lakes this great country extends,
And from ocean to ocean her boundary bends;
On her landscapes of beauty the sun ever shines,
And her bright star of destiny never declines!
For sweet concord her greatness and grandeur creates
By a union of hopes—and a United States!



MARSE BILLY'S CLOSE CALL.

BY PAULINE SHACKLEFORD COLVAR.

I HEARD Uncle Mose singing as I neared his cabin, and I paused upon the threshold to listen. The sound was faint and muffled, coming, as it did, from the other side of the mud-daubed logs, but it brought to mind many happy moments of my childhood. He sang it to-day just as he did that morning so long ago, when we were gathering chincapins together in the back grove, and I asked him why people called a rabbit a "Molly Cotton-tail."

"De raccoon's tail am ringed all 'roun',
De 'possum's tail am bar',
Po' rabbit got no tail at all,
Nuffin' but er lettie bunch o' ha'r."

"The top of the morning to you, Uncle Mose," I called out, pushing open the door.

"G'long, Marse Torm!" he retorted, laughing, while he peered at me from his accustomed corner by the great wide-mouthed fireplace; "dat's de way you allus comes—same ez er gus' o' win'."

I dropped upon the chair opposite him, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness within I noticed a superannuated trunk, thickly studded with brass-headed nails and to which a few stray patches of hair still clung, drawn up in front of the old man. In his lap he held a gorgeous flowered satin waistcoat, a pair of antiquated mutton-leg trousers and a yellow silk tie. In the open trunk lay a claw-hammer coat in affectionate proximity to a battered beaver hat.

"Dis heah's whut I wants ter be buried in," he vouchsafed, as he deposited the tie in a vacant niche. "Dey's de same clo'es whar I wo' de day I driv ole Miss thoo de Yankee lines, comin' out f'um Natchez—ole Miss, she settin' back in de kerrige, wid er big hoop-skyert on, an' two saddles and two pa'r boots fur de sojers, all hid under it."

He was leaning over the trunk now and I could not see his face, but he straightened himself suddenly, and with a burst of hilarity continued:

"De picket, he come up, an' he sez, sezee, 'Nuffin' contrabang in dar?' Ole Miss, she sorter cl'ar her th'roat, an' she 'low, smilin', 'Naw, suh, nuffin' 'tall.'

"Well, honey, dat did suttinly flo' dat picket, kaze ole Miss done fill de big kerrige up lebbel full, an' nary soul in dar 'cep' her.

“ ‘Does you know whut you puts me in min’ ob?’ he ax ole Mistiss, an’ when she ain’t answer, he sez, ‘Why, madame, you puts me in min’ o’ de ole tukkey hin whar dey sot on er hund’ed aigs, an’ tole her ter spread herse’f.’

“Ole Miss, she riz her chin in de a’r, an’ she nomernate ter me, ‘Dribe on, Moses!’ an’ I driv, too, chile, an’ I ain’t so much ez crack er smile, aldough dat picket wuz mos’ bustin’ his sides.”

For a moment Uncle Mose sat reflectively, rubbing the stubby growth of beard upon his chin; then, as he smoothed out his satin waistcoat and laid it beside the coat, he announced:

“But dat wuzn’t nowhar ter der time Marse Billy had his close call. Yas, suh, dat wuz de las’ ye’r o’ de wah, an’ ole Mose wuz straight ez er arrer, an’ he could sling on de style, sho’ nuff, wid dese heah duds on.”

He chuckled softly, locked the trunk, and hobbling to the fireplace, deposited the key in a gourd which hung there.

“Miss Kate, she done it all, too, aldough she wuzn’t but sixteen,” he asserted, as he resumed his seat.

“Who was that? Aunt Kate? What did she do?” I inquired.

“Now you’s crowdin’ me!” warned Uncle Mose. “Dat’s de way you allus does—axin’ all dat ’dout ketchin’ yo’ bref.”

Uncle Mose and I understood each other thoroughly, so I sat awaiting his pleasure, while he lighted his pipe. He puffed at it vigorously for a few moments and then, crossing his legs, began:

“Yas, suh, dat wuz yo’ Aunt Kate, an’ dis heah’s whut I names yo’ Unk Billy’s close call. You see, Miss Kate, she allus mighty venturesome, an’ up twell de time she growed ter er young lady fokes joke her ’bout bein’ er Tornboy. But shucks! Miss Kate ain’t keerin’, an’ when she fo’ ye’r ole she clamb er tree same ez er squirrel, an’ stick on er hoss lak er cuckold. Her an’ Marse Billy, beinst ez dey live on j’inin’ places, wuz playin’ togedder an’ sweetheartin’ all dey libes. Marse Billy, he rid ober arter he done ’listed, wid his sojer clo’es on, an’ his pa’s sode clinkin’ ’g’in his spurs, to tell we all good-bye. He jes er boy hisse’f—tryin’ ter sprout er mustache, but dey ’lect him cap’in o’ his comp’ny, an’ bofe famblies wuz monst’ous sot up ’bout it. Dat ebenin’, whilst de new moon wuz shinin’, he say he bleegeed ter start. He shake han’s wid de niggers, an’ kiss all de white fokes good-bye ’cep’ Miss Kate, an’ him an’ her, dey walk orf togedder, down todes de big gate. I come ’long berhine ’em, leadin’ Flash, his wah’hoss, an’ by de water oak, on de fur side o’ de pawn, I see Miss Kate pin er long white plume in his hat. I sorter cough easy, ter gib noticement ez I wuz dar, but Lawd, honey, when young fokes is co’tin’ dey ’pears ter be deaf an’ bline, too.

Marse Billy, he tek her in his arms, an' he kiss her saf' an' lovin', an' she tu'n white ez er ghos', but her big brown eyes dey shinin' lak fire. 'I wish ter Gawd I could go wid you, an' fight fur my country, too,' she tell him."

Uncle Mose rested both hands upon his knees, a meditative, far-away look in his eyes.

"She stan' dar smilin' at him, and wavin' her lèetle lace hankcher, jes ez long ez she kin see him, an' ain't nobody but me eber knòw how she fling herse'f on de groun' arter he done went, an' lay dar sobbin' an' cryin' wuss 'an she done de day Marse Billy kilt her pet rabbit wid his blow-gun.

"Well, suh, dem wuz turrible times! Ole Miss she look lak she 'mos' 'stracted ev'y time she read in de papers 'bout de big battles whar dey fit, kase she cyant git no news o' yo' pa. You see, he wuz up in Ferginny, an' wunst he come home wid his arm broke, an' den ag'in dey shoot him in de leg, but scusin' er ball clippin' off Marse Billy's white plume, he writ Miss Kate ez how he ain't got er scratch. So one ebenin' whilst Ole Miss and Miss Kate wuz settin' on de big front po'ch knittin' socks an' scrapin' lint fur de sojers, a scout rid up ter de steps. His hoss wuz blowin', an' foamy wid sweat, he done come so farst, an' ez he lif' his cap, he say, sorter chokin', lak he cyant ketch his bref, 'Miss Kate, try ter be brave. I'se fetchin' you Billy's love, an' he want me ter tell you he's gwinter die wid yo' name on his lips. Billy's been captured inside de Yankee lines, an' termorrer dey's ter hang him in Natchez fer er spy.'"

Uncle Mose's pipe had gone out, so he laid it on the floor beside him, and sat there rubbing his gnarled hands.

"Dat young sojer an' Ole Miss, dey breck down an' 'mos' cry dey eyes out, but aldough Miss Kate's lips wuz p'int'ly trimblin', she ain't drapt nary tear.

"Dat's de time Miss Kate show her raisin'," he remarked, after a while, with a touch of pride in his tone. "When trouble gits rank, de quality allus comes up ter de scratch, an' dar ain't no scrub stock 'bout we all.

"'Unk Mose,' Miss Kate say, quiet lak, 'before' sun-down dis ebenin' you mus' git us ter Natchez.'

"Twuz two o'clock den, an' my pa'r ole mules (whar wuz all de sojers done lef' us) dey stove up an' po', an' fo'teen miles ter go. But I 'spon' ter her, 'Yes'm, we'll be dar on time.' So dreckly dey wuz all ready—Ole Miss, an' Miss Sue, an' Miss Kate, an' aldough de harness ain't nuffin but cotton ropes, an' de collars made ouden shucks, I put on dis heah weskit wid de flowers lookin' ez fresh as dem in Ole Miss' flower gyarden, an' I cock my stovepipe hat on de side o' my haid, an' I driv thoo dem streets 'mos' big ez old Marster hisse'f.

"All de ladies, 'cep Miss Kate, got dey faces kivered up wid veils when westop at de prison, an' er rared back, good-lookin' young feller, wid er gun on his shoulder, keep er trompin' up an' down befo' de do'. Ef eber you heerd er voice soun' sweet an' pleadin' twuz Miss Kate when she talkin' wid dat gyard. He p'int'ly spresserfy ter her dat she cyant go in. But whut 'pendence is dar in er man when er 'oman gits holt o' him?

"'Oh! suh, hab pity on us!' she tell him. 'Let us see him jes five minutes ter say our las' goodbye. Mebbe you done lef' somebody up home whar loves you lak I does him.'

"Well, suh, 'twuzn't no wonder he say 'yas,' kase ef he hed ben er gineral stid o' er gyard, Miss Kate could er 'suaded him. He melt wuss 'an snow when de sun shine on it, an' when dey all come back ag'in, an' Miss Kate, she hol' out her leetle han' ter him, an' ax Gawd ter bless him, whilst de res 's clambin' in de kerrige, he wuz cryin' 'mos' bad ez we all.

"Den I sez ter myse'f, is dis heah nigger gittin' bline? I mek sho dar wuz jes *three* whut come wid me, an' now when we start orf dar wuz *fo'*.

"Yas, chile, yo' Aunt Kate done it—she dress Mars Billy up lak er lady, wid er veil ober his face, an' she smile on dat gyard twell she 'mos' 'tice his heart ouden his jacket. He 'pear ter be er nice young feller, anyway, an' I 'low de good Lawd ain't sot it down ag'in him, kase he furgit ter count dat day.

"Marse Billy, he j'ined his company on de road home, an' you bet dar wuzn't no hangin' in Natchez nex' mawnin', but Gawd knows Marse Billy suttinly hed er *monst'ous close call*."



WAR SKETCHES.

BY GENERAL HORATIO C. KING.

BEFO' de Wah " I was a student at Dickinson College, and among my classmates was a handsome Southerner, Jack C., from Winchester, Va., who became and remained until his death, a few years ago, my close and intimate friend. We exchanged visits in vacations, and I thus formed the acquaintance of a most lovely Southern family, typical in its hospitality and the warm welcome always extended their friend, a Yankee of Yankees ; for I was born in Maine.

At graduation our paths divided, and a little more than two years after was precipitated the terrible Civil War. Jack's household comprised his father and mother, who were of middle age, one brother, a young clergyman, and a sister, Miss Joe, who had been reared in refinement, and was scantily equipped to battle with the severe privations and domestic services which the fortunes of war thrust upon her, but for which, like thousands of her Southern sisters, she found herself more than a match. Although primarily opposed to the secession of Virginia, loyalty to the State carried this family, heart and soul, with the Confederacy, and as Winchester became almost at the outset debatable ground, Mr. C. accepted a public office in Richmond, while the elder brother was appointed a chaplain, and Jack entered the ranks of the Confederate army. I had been in the Union service a little over two years with the Army of the Potomac, when I received an order to report for duty to General Sheridan, in the Shenandoah Valley, with headquarters at Cedar Creek, about twenty miles beyond Winchester. Martinsburg was the base of supplies for the army, the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester having been dismantled, and rendered unserviceable ; and I reported at Martins-

**The Fear of
Moseby's Guerrillas.**

burg to take advantage of the first supply train, under the escort of a brigade, made necessary by the presence, not to say omnipresence, of Moseby's guerrillas, which regularly harassed the flanks, and on several occasions stampeded and carried off a portion of the train. It was late in October, and the nights were already pretty cold, when I reached Martinsburg. I found the town filled with wounded and stragglers, and visitors from the North in search of husbands and brothers killed or mutilated. At the depot, which I reached in the dusk of the evening, I found the platform completely filled with rude pine coffins, containing the killed, and awaiting shipment. To avoid the chilling air, for a stiff breeze was blowing, my clerk, orderly and myself tucked

ourselves away in a sheltered nook formed by the piled-up coffins, and wrapped in our warm blankets, with boots for pillows, we enjoyed, as well as we might, some of the comforts of a soldier's experience. The next day the supply train, two or three miles long, started for the front. Moseby's scouts kept us continually in sight, but the strength of our escort made any attack unwise, and none was attempted.

It was about dark when we had covered the twenty miles between Martinsburg and Winchester. Although I had not heard from my old friends directly since the war began, and having some misgivings of the reception which might be accorded one of the "subjugators of their people," I nevertheless went at once to the hospitable residence on the outskirts of the little old-fashioned town on the site classically denominated "Potato Hill." I had discarded the handsome dark-blue overcoat, the regulation dress for officers, as well as the dark-blue pants, and substituted therefor the more practical corduroy breeches and the blue overcoat issued to the rank and file, and thus caparisoned ascended the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by the entire household, which comprised at that time Mrs. C., the daughter, and a bright little colored girl of about twelve, the whites of whose eyes fairly gleamed before the appalling presence of a Yankee soldier. For a moment not a word was spoken. Mrs. C. at length broke the silence by demanding the object of my visit, to which I made no

reply. At length, impelled by their embarrassment and **A Hearty Southern Welcome.** scarcely-concealed alarm, my face broke into a smile, and, with a cry of surprise, Joe exclaimed: "Why, Rashe King, you old Yankee, go away from here!" at the same time grasping me by the hand and drawing me into the house. The transition from anxious fear to unconcealed relief was immediate. The alarm was the sequence of a recent search of the house by a provost-guard for a Confederate flag, which, it had been reported, was concealed on the premises, and always appeared at the window when the fortunes of war returned Winchester into Confederate hands. I may as well mention in passing, that the flag was never captured, and I strongly suspected that when a raid was anticipated, it was worn as an under garment by Miss Joe, or was snugly tucked away somewhere in the region of as warm a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom for the Southern cause. After a pleasant evening, I returned to the depot headquarters, and the next day rode out to Cedar Creek, reported to gallant little Phil, and, after two weeks on his staff, was assigned, at my own and Merritt's request, to duty on the staff of General Wesley Merritt, then commanding the First Cavalry Division. Our headquarters were in an old stone house, around which the battle had raged

most fiercely, and the fields for miles were strewn with dead horses, broken gun-carriages and caissons, and the usual debris of a severe engagement. In a few weeks, the railroad to Harper's Ferry having been repaired, the army moved near to Winchester, our headquarters being established three miles from town, in a brick house, on the Front Royal road. The house was thoroughly ventilated, through the agency of an unfriendly shell, which removed enough of the front wall to drive a horse and cart through. Here we remained until February, though not inactively, making a raid into Loudon county, and two or three reconnoissances, merely to stave off *ennui*, and stir up the animals. As the supply of 9,000 men and four-footed animals required me to make almost daily visits to Winchester, I found it both convenient and highly agreeable to have a room at the C.'s, and it served also as a protection to the family from stragglers and night marauders, who gave a wide birth to any house where they knew officers to be quartered. Colonel Harry Crawford, our commissary, shared this hospitality, and a large part of our rations and many sutler's supplies reappeared in fancy and most palatable dishes on their table. Miss Joe, by stress of necessity, had become an experienced cook, and with some fine old sherry left in the wine cellar, could transform mutton into the finest venison stew I ever tasted. With equal magic, army hard-tack, and the harder the better, became a *macaroni au gratin*, such as Delmonico's chef might have envied. By common consent, the topic uppermost everywhere else, the war, was carefully avoided, after two or three discussions had bathed mother and daughter in tears. As I have intimated, Miss Joe was intense to bitterness against the invaders as a body, but as individuals, some of us at least had redeeming characteristics. Highly gifted in the finer lady accomplishments, she was especially skilled in embroidering, and had worked many Confederate national and war flags in handkerchief corners, one of which she presented to me. It was my patriotic desire to have her embroider what she pleasantly characterized as the "hated Yankee rag," and at this point the siege began. I approached her by parallels of unparalled importunities, but without fazing a muscle; I serenaded her with the Fifth Cavalry band, to no purpose; I bombarded her with canned oysters and all the delicacies a sutler's tent affords; I made all sorts of protestations short of a promise of marriage (which she would doubtless have rejected), but without avail. Finally, a brief leave of absence brought a suspension of hostilities, and I left for New York, to bring on my heavier guns. I have no doubt it was an inspiration which led me to Stewart's and the purchase of a dozen lace handkerchiefs, such as the Confederacy had not seen since the blockade. Gold was 250, and these were a luxury even

**Some Delicious
Southern Cooking.**

in the New York market. But soldiers were notoriously profligate, and money was no object to men who were always sure of a funeral for nothing. Armed with these attractive missiles, I returned to the front and watched with intense interest the unlimbering of these new guns. The effect was magical; the female heart rose superior to political sentiment, and there was an unconditional surrender. In a few days I bore away the Union and Confederate flags worked in loving embrace by her fair hands, and if I was not rewarded by a brevet, with my name spelled incorrectly in the papers, I felt, nevertheless, the glow of satisfaction which always follows a righteous success.

Emblems of the
Blue and the Grey.

It would make a very pretty and romantic ending to the narrative, by stating that I afterward married the young lady. Although I do not belong to *George Washington Post*, I cannot tell a lie. She is still unmarried.

It is pleasant, also, in this connection, to mention another little amenity, which shows that war does not always blot out the better characteristics of human nature. At the edge of this town was a handsome cemetery, which became the last resting-place of many a gallant Confederate.

The vandals of both armies, who had more regard for their own comfort than respect for the dead, had made sad havoc of the cemetery fence, and when our division arrived, there was scarcely a post left to mark the boundaries of the sacred enclosure. General Merritt, with the tenderness which characterizes all brave men, determined that the rights of the dead, as well as of the living, should be respected, and directed the writer to proceed, under an escort, to Berryville (the haunt of White's and Moseby's guerrillas), and confiscate (steal is what the Berryville people called it) enough rails to fence in the neglected cemetery. Merritt had none of the business reserve of the late Colonel Jim Fisk, who refused a subscription to erect a fence around a graveyard in Vermont on the ground that those who were out didn't want to get in, and those who were in couldn't get out if they wanted to. So we trotted off one fine morning with a company of cavalry and an extended train of wagons on this of-fence-ive and de-fence-ive expedition. That the expedition was a success may be inferred from the following report to headquarters of the quartermaster in charge:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH, IN THE FIELD, *February 17, 1865.*

MAJOR A. E. DANA, A. A. G.

SIR:—I have the honor to report that in compliance with orders, I yesterday took charge of fifty wagons and an escort of two hundred men and proceeded to Grimes' farm, about six miles beyond Berryville, for the purpose of securing rails to make a railing around the Winchester cemetery. The column marched in good order, without incident, until we found old

Grimes, who, by ancient tradition, is supposed to be dead. I have taken great pains to inform Mrs. G. that tradition, as usual, is at fault, and that the elder G. is anxious to fold her to his withered embrace. While on G.'s farm, a shot was fired at the party from a neighboring barn. The barn fort was charged, and the prisoner captured. A drum-head court-martial was immediately ordered, and the prisoner put on trial for his life. During the trial (which was sure to convict the bushwhacker), the president of the court, a man of weight, fell through the drum, and the proceedings were then declared null and void, it being impossible to hold a drum-head court-martial when the head of the drum was out.

At this moment a sergeant reported the enemy, 2,000 strong, in line of battle, with drawn sabres, ready to charge. My first impulse—as I rather prefer the credit system—was to inform them to charge and be d—d; but on second thought I rode boldly to the summit of a hill and made a Napoleonic telescopic reconnoissance of the enemy through a hole in the crown of my hat. The sergeant, having reported artillery, I devoted my chief energies to that. The telescope developed numerous blue coats and several wagons. I returned to Grimes' field, and placed the teams in line of battle, the right resting on Mrs. Grimes' dairy and the left on the smoke-house in the rear—a strategic formation of the line required by the conformation of the ground. The enemy proved to be a detail from the Third Cavalry Division, and did not attack. My instructions to the teamsters, mules and other employes to charge for the nearest pike, in case of an attack, were not carried out. The expedition returned in safety to the Winchester cemetery, where it was received by a deputation of defunct Winchesterian skeletons, who rattled out their thanks and complained of being very dry. This last complaint is respectfully referred to the dispensers of commissary "benzine."

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

Six officers badly bored.

250 men exceedingly hungry.

Ten mules badly demoralized.

The movement being strictly of-fence-ive, its success is worthy of the highest commendation. The quartermaster in charge agrees to receive his reward in the shape of a brigadier-general's commission.

REX,

Captain, Quartermaster in Charge.

The suggestion for the promotion was not honored, and "Rex" was left to wait for a majority, which came soon after.

And this reminds me of a story told of Captain Isaac B. Parker, now deceased, a brave and gallant officer, who was a favorite aide on the staff of General Hancock. Parker was in Philadelphia, on leave of absence, about the time when brevets were being handed around rather freely, and with a few friends, was enjoying an evening at a suburban resort, called Kenaga's Tavern. Their festivities were interrupted by a party of roughs, who, in view of Ike's uniform, began to speak slightly of the Army of the Potomac, and to abuse the government for carrying on the war. Ike, who was not over five feet six, bore things patiently for a few minutes, but his indignation got the better of his discretion, and, selecting the rowdy nearest him, a man about twice his weight, planted a well-directed blow between the eyes and laid him sprawling on the floor. This gun was the signal for a general engagement

**An Adventure at
Kenaga's Tavern.**

along the whole line, and in scarcely more time than it has taken me to write it, the roughs were cleaned out, and the "Second Corps" held the field.

On his return to the front, Ike found that the fame of his adventure had preceded him. So, with great gravity, he put in a formal application for brevet, for gallantry in the engagement at Kenaga's Tavern. Although he did receive several brevets for conspicuous bravery, the name of Kenaga's Tavern does not appear upon the official parchments of the War Department.

I think it not inappropriate to close this sketch by referring to a very happy reunion of the Blue and the Gray, in which I participated. On the 4th of July, 1883, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, visited New York, for the purpose, among other things, of returning the flag of the 155th Regiment of New York Volunteers, which had been captured by cadets, in the war, when they were suddenly called into the Confederate service. Colonel Mott Hall, who assisted in the capture, was present. The corps was under the command of Colonel Scott Schip. President Arthur had previously welcomed the young men at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and presented to them their diplomas. In a brief address, he expressed the hope that whenever the Union flag was assailed or in danger, the Virginia soldiers would be on hand to defend it. The sentiment was received with the old-time Confederate yell, that made the welkin ring. At the hall, many distinguished Union soldiers were present, and the formal return of the captured flag was made through Mayor Edson, in the Governor's room, from whose walls the life-like representations of many men noted in civil and military life looked benignantly down. The scene was an impressive one. The boys, in their handsome suits of gray, stood at attention. Colonel Portlock, holding the flag, said:

"The standard-bearer, who is with us to-day, is a New Yorker, and I congratulate ourselves that we are here on this 107th birthday of the country, and that we stand shoulder to shoulder, the same as your Hamilton stood shoulder to shoulder with our Washington. But we present this flag, not so much as a memento of the war, as a testimonial to the men who fought as their honest convictions directed them. Twenty years ago, many of us stood face to face in deadly strife. To-day, we stand as brothers, proud of our country. And over the graves of the dead on both sides of the conflict should be inscribed the epitaph which begins with the line:

"'They did their duty as they saw it.'"

This sentiment was received with loud cheers, and cries of "hear, hear." Colonel Mott Hall then said that it was a matter of fortune that his

**Fraternization and
Loyal Reunion.**

men had been enabled to capture the flag, as in the darkness the Union forces sallied forth from their stockade, and thus exposed were easily captured by superior forces. He was assured of the good feeling between the North and the South, however much politicians might attempt to misrepresent facts. "The war was inevitable," continued Colonel Hall, "because our hot blood had to be cooled in that way, but I am glad that it came in my day, and not to my children and their children."

"I believe Providence was in the war, and if He had decided the victory in our favor, I think He would have made a great mistake."

There were more loud cheers and yells to mark the approval of this utterance.

Mayor Edson replied that it gave him great pleasure, on behalf of the city of New York, to welcome the visitors on their graceful errand of peace. "All differences," said he, "are now buried deep and forever, and this occasion has a far deeper significance in that regard than the mere restoration of that which was lost by the misfortune of battle. We will preserve this flag as an emblem of peace and good-will, and in the name of the people we welcome you to this metropolis."

The war ended at Appomattox. We are one people, with one common destiny. "Let us have peace."

WHEN YOU WORE THE YANKEE BLUE.

BY JOHN TALMAN.

(Written for a Banquet of Veterans.)

I

TIME to pity is a stranger. To withstand his soulless force,
 Might of men and gods avails not; for with grimdest unremorse
 Onward bears he men and nations, as on towering ocean waves,
 To the ultimatum Nature only speaks from open graves.
 But he is the surest healer. Bleeding wounds to-day there are
 Of whose traces shall the morrow only know the painless scar;
 And one little generation hath sufficed almost to hide
 The abrasions from disunion and the blade of fratricide—
 Bridged the deep, broad, hideous chasms the distracted country knew
 In its days of sorest travail, when you wore the Yankee blue.

II

Cherished names and works of daring in "the times that try men's souls"
Speak with mute yet moving eloquence from out your muster-rolls,
And the memories of your faith and heroism half divine
Do not wait upon the lifting of a feeble voice like mine;
But as one among the millions of the proud and grateful sons
In whose veins, prized like a fetish, blood of martyred patriots runs;
Fain would I partake in spirit of each pleasing social rite—
Touch some chords of recollection at your merry board to-night;
Thankful to the phantom thousands who to rest preceded you—
Thankful to the dead and living who have worn the Yankee blue.

III

From the sluggish, bracken current of Potomac's languid stream
To the shambles of Manassas with destruction all agleam,
With what rigid resolution and strong purposes you strode,
Though its seeds the murderous genius of annihilation sowed!
Never did you pause or falter, though the smoke of Malvern Hill,
Antietam's field, the carnage of the awful Chancellorsville,
With disaster supplemented and with newer horrors crowned
The mad rout of Pittsburg Landing and the blood of Shiloh's ground.
History never can emblazon with the meed of praises due,
The sublime, immortal courage that was garbed in Yankee blue.

IV

O, the clashing, crushing tumult that its furious presence wreaked
On the air when mortars thundered and the shells like harpies shrieked;
When the chain-shot brought its summons and the war god's foaming wrath,
Hurling fire and blood in tempests, cleaved a wide, hadean path!
In what hot, death-dealing madness mingled chargers, friends and foes
While the musketry was rattling and the sabres fell and rose!
Detonating cannon drowning with their roar curses and groans—
Ambulance and caisson threading causeways made of human bones—
Veterans! rise they not, in shadow, to your retrospective view,
Now, as when you first beheld them, when you wore the Yankee blue?

V

O'er the rifle-pit the ivy long hath clambered since the day
That from Gettysburg's red summit fell the tide of death away;
Since the victor's noblest laurel was embossed upon our shield
By the compact of reunion at Appomattox sealed.

There's new meaning in the eagle's sweeping flight from crag to crag
 For again the Southron loyally upbears Columbia's flag ;
 With his gaze upon a future full of largest promise set,
 Not for him to hunt old graveyards of resentment and regret,
 You to-night extend erst wearers of the gray the brave man's due—
 Comradeship among the soldiers who have worn the Yankee blue.

VI

Time shall see the world divested of contention's livid stain—
 Progress' never-folding pinions loftier mountain peaks shall gain ;
 But while oceans heave, suns rise and set and Freedom claims her own,
 Gratitude the flaming bivouacs of your perils will enthrone.
 Dear and glorious old campaigners, with your bosoms ever warmed
 By the consciousness inspiring of all duty well performed !
 Be the wine that brims your beakers like ambrosial streams that flowed
 For the godhood of Olympus, and undying youth bestowed !
 Three times three, then, to your honored heads ; they wear the gray, 'tis true,
 But your hearts this hour, as ever, wear the same old Yankee blue !

THE CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION.

BY JAMES H. WALKER,

(Formerly First Sergeant, Company K, Ninth Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade.)

ON THE first of July, 1863, Pickett's Division of Virginians was the rear guard of the "Army of Northern Virginia," and at night was bivouacked near Chambersburg, Pa., about twenty miles from Gettysburg.

The division was composed of three brigades, commanded by Armistead, Garnett, and Kemper, the first two being formerly United States Army officers. General George E. Pickett was also at one time an officer in the United States Army, and had gained much notoriety previous to the Civil War, as the officer commanding the United States troops which were ordered to take possession of the Island of San Juan, when a dispute occurred with Great Britain as to who had the right to occupy it. As I have said before, Pickett's Division was lying at Chambersburg on the night of the first of July, and had no intimation that they would be called on to take part in the battle which was going on at Gettysburg.

The men were quietly sleeping after a most fatiguing march, and many, no doubt, dreaming of their homes along the Atlantic and Chesapeake, and others of their mountains and beautiful valleys, and in their dreams, perhaps, felt the warm kiss of their loved ones. All at once the long roll was sounded, and these visions vanished as they awoke and realized that grim war was still rampant.

**Sweet Dreams of
Loved Ones.**

The division was ordered, about 1 a. m., to "pack up," and while doing so, it was rumored that in the engagement at Gettysburg, on the first, Hood's Division of Texans, which we considered one of the very best in our army, and, in fact, a crack division, had been repulsed in charging Cemetery Heights, with frightful loss, and that it was the intention of General Lee to hurl his Virginia division against this terrible position as a forlorn hope.

The division moved about 3 a. m., July 2, and marched as rapidly as circumstances would permit, but as the roads were blocked with wagons, artillery and the wounded of both armies, it frequently had to leave them, and enter the woods or fields of ripening grain. It arrived within two miles of Gettysburg, about 2 p. m., and immediately went into camp, and as we were doing so, a courier rode up and informed us that McLaw's Division of Georgians had just made a charge on Cemetery Heights, and had been repulsed with terrible loss, as Hood's Texans had been the day previous. The above divisions, with Pickett's, formed Longstreet's corps d'armée, and it seemed that each of his divisions was to have the honor of making the assault, but so far the skill of Hancock and the bravery of his men had frustrated each attempt. We were now informed that General Pickett had orders to hurl his division against this position next day, unless the artillery should succeed in dislodging them. The following day we took position in battle, with the command to lie down, as in a short time one of the most terrible artillery duels would be fought which had ever been witnessed. General Lee had massed in front of the division about 120 pieces of artillery, and they were to open on Cemetery Heights, and endeavor, if possible, to dislodge the enemy. This cannonading commenced about noon, and as our guns opened, the enemy replied by a fire from about one hundred pieces. If mortal has ever witnessed a more terrific fire than occurred about noon on the third of July, 1863, then history has not recorded it. The earth was shaken by its roar, such as probably the younger Pliny mentioned in his description of the eruption of Vesuvius, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The sky was black with smoke, and livid with the flame belching from the mouths of these horrible engines of war. Under all of this terrific cannonading, Pickett's Division was lying awaiting it to cease.

**The most Terrific
Artillery Duel of
the War.**

Round shot whistled through the trees, cutting limbs from them which fell upon us. Shells burst over our heads, and scattering fell among us, dealing destruction within our ranks. Our artillery, which was about one hundred yards in front, were firing almost with the rapidity of musketry, and the enemy, who seemed to have a most deadly aim, threw shells amongst us, apparently at every shot blowing up caissons, and killing horses and men. When the shells flew over the artillery, they almost invariably exploded within the ranks of the division, which seemed doomed to destruction without even the opportunity of firing a gun. Whilst this shelling was going on, General Armistead, our brigade commander, passed in front of his command and informed his men that unless the artillery succeeded in dislodging the enemy from Cemetery Hill, we were to charge the position.

The division knew the thing was most desperate, for they had been told that two attempts had already been made, one by McLaw's Division, and the other by Hood's, and both had been repulsed with heavy loss—although the men knew this, apparently there was no dread upon the face of any man. They seemed determined to win for Virginia and the Confederate States a name which would be handed down to posterity in honor, and which would be spoken of with pride, by not only Virginia, but by all America. And they

**Stillness that Pre-
ceded a Storm of
Death.**

succeeded, for not only have their foes accorded them the crown of laurel, but England herself spoke words of praise for these men whose Anglo-Saxon blood nerved them to such a brave deed. But to return to the scene of action. The artillery, after throwing round-shot and shell into each other for an hour, suddenly ceased on the part of the Confederates. The enemy also discontinued firing, and the stillness of death succeeded a noise and tumult which must have been equal to that with which the gods assailed the Titans.

The Virginians were soon made aware that the artillery had not succeeded in driving the enemy from their strong, and seemingly impregnable position, for word came down the line from the right that they were to charge. All were on their feet in a moment, and ready; not a sound was heard; not a shot was fired from any part of the field. The command "forward" was given, and in five minutes they had left the woods which had concealed them during the artillery fight. As we emerged from cover and passed through our artillery, which was immediately on the verge of the woods, the latter raised their hats and cheered us on our way. As soon as the artillery on Cemetery Hill discovered the line advancing, they opened fire. They were, when first seen, about a mile immediately in front, with nothing between us but two fences.

The division advanced steadily, in quick time. A band on the extreme right playing in the same manner that it would had the division been passing in review, they continued to march forward and the band continued to play.

The shells flew far over us at first, but this lasted but a moment. They soon obtained the range, and then Death commenced his work of destruction. All of the division had been quite near him before, but on this occasion he seemed to be pressing on them so slowly and so steadily and closely it was enough to make the bravest quail under his ghastly appearance. But they went on without flinching; now they have passed half the distance up the hill, and the enemy pour grape and canister into the ranks, causing such wide gaps the division has to be halted and dressed to the right; obliquing and filling up their gaps, they continue to push forward. The infantry now pour their fire into them from behind a stone wall, and their ranks begin to melt away; men are falling in every direction; but still they press on with the wild yell peculiar to Confederate soldiers. They do not hear the band now, it is drowned in the fearful uproar! Round shot, shell, canister and rifle balls are poured into them at close range from the front, and a battery on Round Top rakes the line from the right. General Armistead is in front of his brigade with his hat on his sword and holding it up as a guide. As they were within two hundred yards of the batteries a yell was given, and a dash made for them. The artillerymen left their pieces, and the whole line of thirty-two guns was carried at the point of the bayonet, General Armistead falling dead—shot with his hand on one of the guns. They did all that was expected, and this charge will be remembered by future Americans as the English remember that of the Light Brigade, and the French that of the Old Guard.

**Charge! Charge!
to the Death!**



SOUTHERN BOYS AT WEST POINT.

BY THOMAS W. HALL, WEST POINT, '87.

WHEN I was requested to write a short article on the relations between the Southern and the Northern boys at West Point, during the four years of hard labor I spent at the great military academy, I had to frankly acknowledge that I knew nothing about such relations. There was nothing in my memory to distinguish the boys of the South from the North. My classmates were all classmates and friends to me, whether they came from Maine or Texas, Illinois or Florida, and, to save me, I cannot to-day make more than a guess as to the birthplace of more than a corporal's guard of our unusually large class—which was, I think, the third largest in the history of the Academy.

The very idea that I knew so little about the geographical relations of my classmates, however, gave me an idea for a story that is not unimportant, when one is considering the relations of the reconstructed States to the Northern States. It convinced me at once that there could have been no sectional feeling at the Academy on the Hudson while I was there; and I feel perfectly warranted in saying that there never has been any since the war.

Perhaps the first notice I ever took of a geographical distinction between army officers was at a meeting of the younger officers, or "youngsters," of the Tenth United States Cavalry at Fort Grant, Arizona, to celebrate the Christmas of 1887. I had but recently joined, and was the lowest ranking lieutenant in the regiment. I was a "shave tail" of the "shave tails," to use an army expression, and was commonly called "kid" by the fellows who happened to rank me by a day, a month, or a year in the grade of second lieutenant, and was treated with fatherly care by the fellows who wore the single bars of a first lieutenant.

It was "Polly" Clark who called my attention to the fact that I was the only lieutenant in the regiment, graduated from West Point, who had been born north of Mason and Dixon's line. The amount of fun that was poked at me on this account was enormous. I sincerely hope that the Hussar officers of the regiment Clark served with recently, in the German army, gave him the same sort of joking for being the only American officer who ever held a commission in a foreign army.

**No Sectional Feeling
at West Point.**

**An American Officer
in the German
Army.**

And yet, I do not believe that any man in the world could have told that all those dashing young lieutenants were from the South. They were all of the customary West Point mould, and I might say right here, that after three or four years of West Point discipline, cadets are as alike as two peas, except, perhaps, as regards height and weight and the color of the hair. I remember that we all took the same oath of allegiance, and went through the same hard mill of hazing, and the more disagreeable mill of study, and came out lieutenants, with painfully new clothes—and immense debit accounts with New York tailors and furnishers.

On looking over the West Point register of 1887, I find that there was a great preponderance of Northern boys over Southern boys in our class. I think this was due more to the superior public and other schools of the North than to anything else, although the Southern boys in the class seem to have held more than their own in studies. The difficulty of the Southern boy seems to be to pass the first examination. After that, apparently, he is all right. As I see it now, never having examined into the matter before, the Southern boys and the Northern were about evenly balanced physically. The tallest man in our class was from Illinois; the next in height was from Virginia; the largest man was from Missouri, and the next from Ohio. With the exception of one or two, I remember but very few traces of the Southern peculiarities of speech, and I can say the same about the down-East Yankees of the class. In fact, the Western boy seemed to predominate, and to be more of a noticeable entity than either the Southern or the Northern boy.

The president of our class, and one of the most popular men in the Academy during my time, was a Southern boy, and the son of a Southern soldier. He is a cavalryman now, in one of Uncle Sam's most celebrated regiments of horse, and he was captured, at least his heart was, not very long ago, by a grand-daughter of old Ben Wade, just as the same thing is presented to us every day in the war dramas of the stage. There was never any sectional feeling in our class, and I am sure that the same thing can be said of all others. The man from Ohio roomed with the man from Georgia, and if they happened to quarrel concerning whose turn it was to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant in the area of the barracks to their room, it was quite likely that a man from Louisiana would second the man from Ohio in the ensuing fight, and that a man from Vermont would attend to such delicate duties for the Georgian. In fact I have seen just such a state of affairs, now that I have come to look matters up.

**A Northern Girl
Captures a Southern
Soldier.**

Our songs used to be evenly divided between Southern and Northern compositions. I do not think it was intentional, either. In fact, I do not believe any of the boys thought anything about the old sectional differences of their fathers. No one will suppose for a moment that the memory of the war will make the Southern officer in the army of to-day any less useful than another. The record of the young Southerners has been, to use a popular phrase, "as fine as silk."

In this connection, I recall sitting before a log fire in my quarters, at Fort Apache, entertaining my guest for a few days, a young lieutenant of infantry, who was the son of a famous Confederate cavalry general. How the subject came up I do not remember, but I do know that he told me a circumstance connected with the reception of his commission in the United States Army that impressed itself very deeply on my mind.

"When I received my commission," he said, "I hardly knew how to approach my father. He knew that I was about to become a commissioned officer of the United States Army, and I knew that he was very proud of my record. Yet he had never said a word about my military ambitions. I left the commission in a conspicuous place on his library table, and went out on the veranda for a smoke. In a little while, my father followed me there. He walked up to me, and took my hand in his. 'Bob,' he said—there were tears in his eyes—'promise me one thing.' I asked him what it was. 'Never go back on the old flag,' he answered. I pressed his hand in assent, and we have never spoken of the matter since. But I
A Father's Request of His Soldier Boy. know that he thinks my life a direct continuation of his own."

It is a trifle off the subject, but I think the greatest and most valuable feature of the regular army of the United States of America is the union in it—and harmonious union, too—of Southern impetuosity and Northern grit. It is like a union of Great Britain and France. These have been the two greatest fighting nations of the world, and whenever they combined they were invincible. At any rate, we may be sure that whether or not we have the money or the guns, in any future war we have the men.

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AND
"STONEWALL " JACKSON.

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, JR.

THE firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter separated my father from very many of the dearest and best friends of his youth and early manhood. "Stonewall" Jackson, Dabney H. Maury, Cadmus M. Wilcox and Samuel B. Maxey were his classmates, while Simon B. Buckner, Barnard E. Bee and A. P. Hill were cadets with him at West Point. G. W. Smith commanded the company of sappers and miners to which my father was attached during the Mexican War; Robert E. Lee was the chief engineer of General Wool's army, and Joseph E. Johnston was intimately associated with him.

My father used to say that he never saw West Point do more good to a man than it did to "Tom" Jackson. "Tom," said my father, "during 'pleb' year was an awkward, bashful boy, who came to the Point with the worst sort of a preparation and apparently no fitness for a military career. His pluck was something absolutely marvelous. I have seen him night after night, after taps had been sounded, rake up the fire, take his book, and, lying down with his head near the fireplace, study by the firelight until three or four o'clock in the morning. Tom came very near being 'found' in pleb year, but by almost superhuman work he not only pulled through all right, but graduated seventeen in the largest class West Point had turned out up to that time. If ever a man deserved success and fame it was dear old Tom Jackson."

I was once told a story by my father that certainly showed more presence of mind on the part of the actors than it did regard for the regulations; at least he seemed to think so, for he stopped to laugh several times during the telling. In their second class year at West Point he and "Jimmie" Stuart, who was afterward killed by Indians, roomed together in the old North Barracks, and, as I remember, Dabney H. Maury and Cadmus M. Wilcox roomed next door. It was during the palmiest days of Benny Havens, when no cadet was considered worthy of his uniform unless he paid that revered old person a periodical visit.

"Jimmie, Cadmus, Dabney and I," said my father, "agreed to celebrate Thanksgiving Day with a grand supper. We asked Sam Maxey to join us,

but as he was on guard duty that night he couldn't. Well, we agreed to slip off in the afternoon, lay in supplies at Benny's, and eat and drink them up after taps. Jimmie Stuart had raised five dollars some-

**A Gingerbread and
Beer Anecdote.**

how or other, so there was nothing at Benny's that was too good for us. We laid in a supply of beer and cakes.

It was about all you could get at Benny's. Dabney Maury carried the beer, I carried the cakes, and Jimmie Stuart and Cadmus Wilcox did scouting duty. My cakes were big, flat gingerbreads, piled one on top of another, and, as they were not wrapped up, I had all I could do to balance them by using both hands. Dabney was even worse off with the beer bottles. We got along all right, passed the post limits in safety, and had nearly reached the barracks without being seen, when suddenly Jimmie Stuart cried, 'Look out!' and took to his heels, closely followed by Cadmus Wilcox. 'What's the matter?' I said. 'Look!' said Dabney, and I looked. Not twenty yards from us, and bearing right down on us, was old General Scott, flanked on one side by Mrs. Scott and on the other side by Miss Camilla. They saw us and there was no escape. By halting and saluting we should have had to drop our bottles and cakes and run the risk of smashing them. 'We're in for it, Dabney,' I said, 'look straight ahead and pretend not to see him. It is our last chance.' And so we did. As we came near them we executed a column half right and passed by. The general grew very red, looked straight to the front and said nothing. After we had got by we heard what sounded very much like several people laughing. At any rate," said my father in conclusion, "we had our supper and weren't reported. And I have often thought," he said reflectively, "that Miss Camilla saved us."

At the breaking out of the Mexican War the government organized a company of engineer troops, or, as it was called, "sappers, miners and pontooneers," and Captain Alexander J. Swift was put in command. Captain Swift had graduated head of the Class of 1830, and was the son of General Joseph G. Swift, who had graduated head of the first class that ever left West Point. Gustavus W. Smith, or, as he was always called, "G. W.," of the Class of 1842, was the acting first lieutenant, and my father was the second lieutenant. Soon after reaching Mexico, Captain Swift became ill, and went to New Orleans on sick leave. He died there April 24, 1847, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The command of the company then devolved upon G. W. Smith, who held it throughout the war. He and my father lived together as long as they were in Mexico.

After the City of Mexico had been captured, but before the desultory firing from the roofs of houses had altogether ceased, "G. W." and my father were passing through a very narrow street, when a sharpshooter on the roof of a neighboring house attracted their attention. "Let's go up and settle

him," said my father. "All right," answered "G. W." So, leaving the small detachment they had with them below, they started after their victim. When they reached the roof they found that the sharpshooter had been killed by some one in the street, so they started down-stairs again. It was the usual Mexican house, with a flat roof and long, narrow passages. When they reached the second floor "G. W." said to my father: "Mac, it's rather curious that there is no one in this house; I wonder what's behind that door!" They found the door locked and the key on the outside. Unlocking it, my father walked in ahead of "G. W." He had hardly crossed the threshold when, without a sound, a man jumped at his throat, tripped him up, and with great dexterity proceeded to choke him. "G. W." was—luckily for my father—right behind him, and as soon as he saw what had happened threw himself into the fight. After some minutes they succeeded in tying up their assailant and turned him over to their escort. He was mad, there was no doubt of it, stark, staring mad; but although "G. W." and my father spent many months in the City of Mexico, and made all possible inquiry, they were never able to find out who he was nor how he had got into the house and room where they had found him.

**Adventure with
a Madman
in Mexico**

In 1847 the Aztec Club was organized in the City of Mexico by a number of the United States officers quartered there. The club's first president was General Franklin Pierce, subsequently President of the United States, and among its members who afterward became prominent in the Confederacy were P. G. T. Beauregard, Barnard E. Bee, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, G. W. Smith and Cadmus M. Wilcox. Jefferson Davis, although he never belonged to the club, was intimate with most of its older members. My father used to say that Joseph E. Johnston was the most popular member of the club. "Everyone called him Uncle Joe," he said, "everyone liked him and he seemed to like everyone. I know that I have never had a better friend nor one I cared more for than Uncle Joe."

Years afterward, at my father's marriage, he wrote to General Johnston:

DEAR UNCLE JOE:

Aren't you coming to my wedding? I shan't feel that I am married unless you are there.

Strangely enough, only the other day, while looking through my father's papers, I came across a little narrow envelope, yellow with age, and sealed with an old-fashioned wafer. It was addressed to Captain McClellan, and was as follows:

DEAR LITTLE MAC:

Of course I shall be at your wedding. I shouldn't consider you married unless I were there.

Your friend,

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

Their friendship lasted through life, and was only interrupted during the few years that they fought against each other in the late war. They had always respected and cared for one another, but, as General Johnston said to me, "You never know what's in a man until you try to lick him." When the war was over they really knew each other better, and admired each other more than they ever had before. Toward the close of my father's life he was lucky enough to see more of General Johnston than he had in some years. It made them young again to be together, and, with General Wilcox as a third, I have often heard the Mexican War fought over again. They never mentioned the Civil War, but by common consent dropped from their reminiscences the period from 1861 to 1865. The last act of the friendship of Uncle Joe and Little Mac was played by Uncle Joe alone, when he acted as one of Little Mac's pall-bearers.

Jefferson Davis was the Secretary of War who sent my father to the Crimea. It had been decided to send a commission of three to Europe, "to study the art of war," as practiced by the Russians and their allies. Although Captain McClellan, as he was then, was only twenty-nine years old when he was sent to Europe, he had impressed Colonel Davis so favorably, while in Mexico, that his name was the first that the Secretary suggested to the President as a member of the commission. My father had ample opportunity to form an unbiased opinion of Colonel Davis, for both before leaving for Europe and after his return, he spent some time in Washington, in constant communication with the Secretary. His opinion of Colonel Davis was as favorable as was Colonel Davis' opinion of him. "Colonel Davis," he said, "was a man of most extraordinary ability. As an executive officer, he was remarkable. He was the best Secretary of War—and I use 'best' in its widest sense—I have ever had anything to do with."

With singular appropriateness, one of my father's last public appearances was on the battlefield of Antietam, at a "Blue and Gray" celebration, on Decoration Day, in 1885. During our stay near Sharpsburg, we were the guests of that gallant gentleman and beau ideal of Southern chivalry, Colonel Kyd Douglass, who had been General Robert E. Lee's chief of staff. Certainly a striking illustration of our country's greatness and unity—George B. McClellan shown over the battlefield of Antietam by the man who had been closest to his great opponent. My father was very much surprised to learn from Colonel Douglass that the dead of North and South were not buried side by side in the cemetery. "I can't understand why it should be so," he said. "Surely the past has been forgiven and forgotten. We who are left have ceased to bear ill-will, and are all loyal children of our

McClellan's
Opinion of
Jefferson Davis.

country. If we don't draw the line among the living, why should we do it among the dead? Were they who died for what they thought right alive to-day they would be the first to wish it otherwise. Bury our dead of both North and South side by side. They would have wanted it so."

The next day, after we had left Hagerstown, he said to me: "I am very glad that I have been back to Antietam, and have had a chance to speak to some of my boys, and to some of Lee's, too. It has brought nearer to me the fact that, thank God, the war is over forever. Seeing my boys talking and eating and drinking with those fellows in gray, and seeing crops growing where I last saw Hunt's artillery, makes me feel that war is, after all, a pretty bad substitute for peace."

WITH BUCHANAN ON THE "TENNESSEE."

BY D. B. CONRAD, M. D.,

(*Late Fleet Surgeon, U. S. Navy and C. S. Navy.*)

THIRTY-FIVE years ago a memorable action was fought in Mobile Bay, between ironclads of different type, design, and armament; one with a shield and rifled guns, the other with turrets and Dahlgrens (smooth-bores). Many men are now living in New Orleans and Mobile who participated in or saw this conflict; there are many sons and daughters of the men living who have heard of it at the fireside. There are many others who have never heard of the fight, fought so near their homes, born and grown to full estate since that sorrowful period. For these, too, I write.

The Bay of Mobile was of infinite use and importance to the Confederates, who guarded and held it by two forts, Morgan and Gaines, at its entrance. By holding it they held safe the city of Mobile from attack by water; it could only be captured by a combined army and navy attack, so it was a safe depot for blockade-runners, easy to go out of and enter, and if it was so important to the Confederates, how much greater was it to the Federals? For they were compelled to keep their large blockade fleet outside, exposed to all the storms of the gulf. They could only be victualed and watered by going away, one at a time, to Pensacola, their only port; their sick had to be transported to the same place, and the wear and tear both to vessels and crews was

**How Mobile Bay
Was Defended.**

fearful, as a constant, vigilant and never-ceasing watch, both by officers and men, had to be kept up, day and night, year in and year out. The officers were in three watches, the men in two, guarding themselves against night attacks by torpedo-boats or assault by the Confederate gunboats, and seeing that no vessel came out and that none went in. All this had to be endured, or the bay captured and held by the fleet. This was finally determined on by Farragut, and he only awaited the arrival of ironclads to make sure his end. Finding this plan determined on, the Confederates bestirred themselves. At the hamlet of Selma, on the river above, they built one ironclad, on the plan of the "Merrimac," their resources being exhausted to do even this. Slowly the wooden structure approached completion, then more slowly was it ironed all over above the water-line, then towed down to Mobile, where it was equipped with eight-inch rifle-guns.

Then, when officers and men, provisions and water had been taken on board, all ready for action, she started down the bay, nearly thirty miles, to go outside in rough water and attack the enemy's wooden fleet before the ironclads arrived; when, on arriving at the bar of sand caused by Dog Run emptying into the bay, it was found that the bar had shoaled to such an extent that the ironclad, now christened the "Tennessee," drew three feet more water than there was under her. The only expedient that offered itself, which was safe and speedy, was to build of huge square timbers two enormous air-tight tanks, each as high as a two-story house. These were to be towed alongside of the ram and sunk to the water's edge by opening the valves, then all lashed together securely, making one vessel, as it were, of them; the water was pumped out of these tanks, and the air entering, they, by their buoyancy, lifted the huge ship clear of the bottom, then steam tugs towed her over the bar. This was done in May, 1864; it should have been so many months before, for these so-called "camels" were finished in March. But on their arrival off Mobile they were burned by Federal emissaries, who were paid well for their daring deed.

Right here we may interrupt our story to say that the secret service fund was well spent by Admiral Farragut, for we were delayed several months in building two more "camels," and by that time his ironclads were finished and on their way to him. I must mention the desertion of five men the day after the destruction of the camels; they had been working on our ironclad, and furnished him with all details of her construction, all her weak points, of the character of her engines, the calibre of her armament, of all of which information he availed himself when the eventful day of action came. In addition to this, they were to be received into the Federal service if they

How the "Tennes-
see" was Drawn
Over the Bar.

destroyed these camels. These large bribes were offered for the reason that the fleet lying outside of Fort Morgan were solely wooden ships, and could not cope with nor resist the attack of our ironclad, and the Federal ironclads had not yet arrived. Finally, one June day we were towed over the bar down the bay; then, casting loose, we steamed out to attack the Federal fleet. Reaching the passage between the two forts, we encountered rough water and found that, owing to want of buoyancy, we were in great danger of being water-logged and sunk by the amount of water that swept inboard. The ram lay deep in the water, solid and motionless as a cast-iron platform or raft, and every sea tumbling over her came inboard in such masses that the fires in the engine room were nearly put out and the empty vessel itself filled with salt water. So, discomfited, we put back under the fort, in smooth water, and all thought of attacking the fleet outside was dismissed. Then the defects, which this short cruise of ten hours had developed, were looked into. Our engines had been taken from an old river boat; they were weak and old, and could only force us through the water about two miles an hour. They could not be strengthened by any method. The rudder-chains, by which the ship was steered, were found to be exposed to the enemy's shot, being in their whole length outside the iron deck but were covered over by a slight coating of iron rail. The capacity of the ram inboard to accommodate her crew was fearfully deficient; all officers and men, when the weather admitted, slept outside on top of the iron shield and decks, but in rainy times it was awful to endure such close quarters at night; but we bore it June and July, under the sloping sides of the shield, in shape like the roof of a square house, about twelve feet in height and forty-eight in length. On July 26, Admiral Buchanan and staff came aboard; from his information, a fierce fight was imminent, when, on the first of August, 1864, we saw a decided increase in the Federal fleet, which was then listlessly at anchor outside of Fort Morgan, in the Gulf of Mexico.

**The Weak Points of
the Confederate
Ram.**

This reinforcement consisted of ten wooden frigates, all stripped to a "girt line" and clean for action, their topmasts sent down on deck and devoid of everything that seemed like extra rigging; they appeared like prize-fighters ready for the "ring." Then we knew that trouble was ahead, and wondered to ourselves why they did not enter the bay. On the third of August we noticed another addition to the already formidable fleet—four strange-looking, long, black monsters, the new monitors; and they were what the Federals had been so anxiously waiting for. At the distance of four miles their lengthy, dark lines could only be distinguished from the sea, on which they sat motionless, by the continuous volume of thick smoke

issuing from their low smoke-stacks, which appeared to come out of the ocean itself. These curious-looking craft made their advent on the evening of the fourth of August, and then we knew that the "gage of battle" was offered.

We had been very uncomfortable for many weeks in our berths on board the "Tennessee," in consequence of the prevailing heavy rains wetting the decks and the terribly moist, hot atmosphere, which was like that oppressiveness which precedes a tornado. It was, therefore, impossible to sleep inside; besides, from the want of properly cooked food and the continuous wetting of the decks at night, the officers and men were rendered desperate. We knew that the impending action would soon be determined one way or the other, and everyone looked forward to it with a positive feeling of relief.

I had been sleeping on the deck of the admiral's cabin for two or three nights, when at daybreak on the fifth of August the old quartermaster came down the ladder, rousing us up with his gruff voice, saying: "Admiral, the officer of the deck bids me report that the enemy's fleet is under way!" Jumping up, still half asleep, we came on deck, and sure enough, there was the enemy heading for the "passage" past the fort. The grand old admiral of sixty years, with his countenance rigid and stern, showing a determination for battle in every line, then gave his only order: "Get under way, Captain Johnson; head for the leading vessel of the enemy, and fight each one as they pass!"

The fort and fleet by this time had opened fire, and the "Tennessee" replied, standing close in and meeting each foremost vessel as it came up. We could see two long lines of men-of-war; the innermost was composed of the four monitors, and the outer of the ten wooden frigates, all engaging the fort and fleet. Just at the moment we expected the monitors to open

**Sinking
of the Monitor
"Tecumseh."**

fire upon us, there was a halt in the progress of the enemy's fleet. We observed that one of the monitors was apparently at a stand-still; "laid to" for a moment, seemed to reel, then slowly disappeared in the gulf. Immediately immense bubbles of steam, as large as cauldrons, rose to the surface of the water, and only eight human beings could be seen in the turmoil. Boats were sent to their rescue, both from the fort and fleet, and they were saved. Thus the monitor "Tecumseh," at the commencement of the fight, struck by a torpedo, went to her fate at the bottom of the gulf, where she still lies. Sunk with her was her chivalric commander, T. A. M. Craven. The pilot, an engineer and two seamen were the only survivors picked up by the Federal boats, and they were on duty in the turret. The pilot, with whom

I some time afterwards conversed at Pensacola on the subject, told me that when the vessel careened so that water began to run into the mouth of the turret, he and Captain Craven were on the ladder together, the captain on the top step, with the way open for his easy and honorable escape. The pilot said: "Go ahead, captain!" "No, sir!" replied Captain Craven. "After you, pilot; I leave my ship last!" Upon this the pilot sprang up, and the gallant Craven went down, sucked under in the vortex, thus sacrificing himself through a chivalric sense of duty.

**Captain Craven a
Martyr to Duty.**

There was dead silence on board the "Tennessee;" the men peered through the port-holes at the awful catastrophe and spoke to each other only in whispers, for they all knew that the same fate was probably awaiting us, for we were then directly over the "torpedo bed," and shut up tightly as we were in our "iron capsule;" in another moment it might prove our coffin.

At this juncture the enemy's leading vessel "backed water" and steered to one side, which arrested the progress of the whole squadron. But at this supreme moment the second vessel, Admiral Farragut's flagship, the "Hartford," forged ahead, and Farragut, showing the nerve and determination of the officer and the man, gave the order: "—— the torpedoes! Go ahead!" and away he went, crashing through their bed to victory and renown. Some of the officers told me afterwards that they could hear the torpedoes snapping under the bottoms of their ships, and that they expected every moment to be blown into high air.

The slightest delay at that time on the part of Farragut, subjected as he was to the terrible fire of the fort and fleet, would have been disaster, defeat, and the probable loss of his entire squadron, but he proved to be the man for the emergency.

We in the "Tennessee," advancing very slowly, at the rate of about two miles an hour, met the leading vessels of the enemy as they passed and fought them face to face, but their fire was so destructive, continuous and severe that after we emerged from it, there was nothing left standing as large as your little finger. Everything had been shot away—smoke-stacks, boats, davits, staunchions, and, in fact, "fore and aft," our deck had been swept absolutely clean. A few of our men were slightly wounded, and when the last vessel had passed us and been fought in turn, we had been in action more than an hour and a half; and then the enemy's fleet, somewhat disabled, of course, kept on up the bay and anchored about four miles away. So ended the first part of the fight. Farragut had already won half the battle; he had passed the fort and fleet and had ten wooden vessels and three monitors left in good fighting trim.

Neither the officers nor men of either fleet had as yet been to breakfast, and the order was given: "Go to breakfast!" An order identical with that given by Admiral Dewey at Manila, May 1, 1898, and under almost identical circumstances. For us on the "Tennessee" to eat below was simply impossible, on account of the heat and humidity. The heat was not only terrific but intense thirst universally prevailed. The men rushed to the "scuttle butts" or water tanks, and drank greedily. Soon "hard-tack" and coffee were furnished, the men all eating standing, creeping out of the ports of the shield to get a little fresh air, the officers going to the upper deck. Admiral Buchanan, grim, silent, and rigid with prospective fighting, was "stumping" up and down the deck, lame from a wound received in his first engagement on the "Merrimac," and in about fifteen minutes we observed that, instead of heading for the safe "lee" of the fort, our iron prow was pointed for the enemy's fleet. Suppressed exclamations were beginning to be heard from the officers and crew. "The old admiral has not had his fight out yet; he is heading for that big fleet; he will get his 'fill' of it up there."

Slowly and gradually this fact became apparent to us, and I being on his staff and in close association with him, ventured to ask him: "Are you going into that fleet, admiral?" "I am, sir!" was his reply. Without intending to be heard by him, I said to an officer standing near me: "Well, we'll never come out of there whole!" But Buchanan had heard my remark, and, turning round, said sharply: "That's my lookout, sir!" And now began the second part of the fight.

I may as well explain here why he did this much-criticised and desperate deed of daring. He told me his reasons long afterward, as follows: He had only six hours coal on board, and he intended to expend that in fighting. He did not mean to be trapped like a rat in a hole and made surrender without a struggle. Then he meant to go to the "lee" of the fort and assist General Page in the defence of the place. This calculation was unluckily prevented by the shooting away of the rudder chains of the "Tennessee" in this second engagement.

**Buchanan Forced
to a Daring
Expedient.**

As we approached the enemy's fleet, one after another of Farragut's ten wooden frigates swept out in a wide circle, and by the time we reached the point where the monitors were, a huge leading frigate was coming at us at the rate of ten miles an hour. A column of white foam, formed of the "dead water," piled in front of its bows many feet high. Heavy cannonading from the monitors was going on at this time, when this leading wooden vessel came rapidly bearing down on us, bent on the destruction of the

formidable ram, which we on board the "Tennessee" fully realized as the supreme moment of the test of our strength. We had escaped from the "torpedo bed" safe and "on top," and were now to take our chances of being "run under" by the heavy wooden frigates that were fast nearing us. Each vessel had her own bows heavily ironed for the purpose of cutting down and sinking the "Tennessee," as such were the orders of Admiral Farragut.

Captain Johnson, in the pilot-house, now gave the word to officers and men: "Steady yourselves when she strikes; stand by and be ready!" Not a word was heard on the deck under its shelving roof, where the officers and men, standing by their guns, appeared, silent and rigid, awaiting their fate. Captain Johnson shouted out: "We are all right; they can never run us under now!" As he spoke, the leading vessel had struck against our "overhang" with tremendous impact; had shivered its iron prow in the clash, but only succeeded in whirling the "Tennessee" around as if she were swung on a pivot.

I was sitting on the "combing of the hatch," having nothing to do as yet, a close observer as each vessel in turn struck us. At the moment of impact they slid alongside of us, and our "black wales" came in contact. At a distance of ten feet they poured their broadside of twenty 11-inch guns into us. This continued for more than an hour, and as each vessel "rammed" the "Tennessee" and slid alongside they followed, discharging their broadsides fast and furious, so that the noise was one continuous, deafening roar. You could only hear voices when close to the speaker, and the reverberation was so great that bleeding at the nose was not infrequent.

**The "Tennessee"
Rammed by
Wooden Frigates.**

Soon the wounded began to pour down to me. Stripped to their waist, the white shins of the men exhibited curious dark blue elevations and hard spots. Cutting down to these, I found that unburnt cubes of cannon powder that had poured into the port had perforated the flesh and made these great blue ridges under the skin. Their sufferings were very severe, for it was as if they had been shot with red-hot bullets, but no serious effects followed.

Now all the wooden vessels, disabled and their prows broken off, anchored in succession over a mile away. Then Admiral Farragut signaled to the monitors: "Destroy the ram!" Soon these three grim monsters, at thirty yards distance, took their position on each quarter of the "Tennessee" as she lay nearly motionless, her rudder having been shot away with grape in the fight. We knew that we were hopelessly disabled and that victory was impossible, as all we could do was to move around very slowly in a circle, and the only chance left to us was to crawl under the shelter of Fort Morgan.

For an hour and a half the monitors pounded us with solid shot fired with a charge of sixty pounds of powder from their 11-inch guns, determined to crush in the "shield" of the "Tennessee," as thirty pounds of powder was the "regulation amount." In the midst of this continuous pounding the port-shutter of one of our guns was jammed by a shot, so that it would neither open nor shut, making it impossible to work the piece. The admiral

**The Deck Strewed
With Bloody
Fragments.**

then sent for some of the firemen from below to drive the bolt out. Four men came up, and two of them holding the bolt back, the others struck it with sledge-hammers.

While they were thus working, suddenly there was a dull sounding impact, and at the same instant the men whose backs were against the shield were riven into pieces. I saw their limbs and chests, severed and mangled, scattered about the deck, their hearts lying near their bodies. All of the gun's crew and the admiral were covered from head to foot with blood, flesh and viscera. I thought at first the admiral was mortally wounded. The fragments and members of the dead men were shoveled up, put in buckets and hammocks, and stuck below.

Engineer J. C. O'Connell, one of the wounded, had a pistol ball through his shoulder. "How in the world did you manage to get this?" I asked him. He replied: "Why, I was off watch and had nothing to do, so while the 'Hartford' was lying alongside of us a Yankee cursed me through the port-hole and I jabbed him with my bayonet in the body, and his comrade shot me with his revolver." Cutting the ball out I proposed to give him morphine, as he was suffering terribly, but he said: "None of that for me, doctor; when we go down I want to be up and take my chances of getting

**Fighting With
Bayonets Through
Port-holes.**

out of some port-hole." Another man was wounded in the ear when fighting in the same manner as the engineer, but he always declared he got even by the use of his bayonet.

I merely mention these facts to show how close the fighting was, when men could kill or wound each other through the port-holes of each vessel.

While attending the engineer, aide Carter came down the ladder in great haste and said: "Doctor, the admiral is wounded." "Well, bring him below," I replied. "I can't do it," he answered; "haven't time. I'm carrying orders for Captain Johnson." So I went up, asked some officer whom I saw: "Where is the admiral?" "Don't know," he replied. "We are all at work loading and firing; got too much to do to think of anything else!" Then I looked for the gallant commander myself, and discovered the old white-haired man lying curled up under the sharp angle of the roof. He was grim, silent and betrayed no evidence of his great pain. I went up to him

and asked: "Admiral, are you badly hurt?" "Don't know," he replied, but I saw one of his legs crushed up under his body, and, as I could get no help, raised him up with great caution, and clasping his arms around my neck carried him on my back down the ladder to the "cockpit," his broken leg slapping against me as we moved slowly along. After applying a temporary bandage he sat up on the deck and received reports from Captain Johnson regarding the progress of the fight. Captain Johnson soon came down in person, and the admiral greeted him with: "Well, Johnson, they have got me again. You'll have to look out for her now; it is your fight." "All right," answered the captain, "I'll do the best I know how."

In the course of half an hour Captain Johnson again made his appearance below and reported to the admiral that all the frigates had "hailed off," but that three monitors had taken position on our quarters. He added that we could not bring a gun to bear and that the enemy's solid shot were gradually smashing in the "shield," and not having been able to fire for thirty minutes the men were fast becoming demoralized from sheer inactivity, and that from the crushing of the "shield" they were seeking shelter, which showed their condition mentally. "Well, Johnson," said the admiral, at this precarious juncture, "fight to the last; then, to save these brave men, when there is no longer hope, surrender."

**A Courage that is
Truly American.**

In twenty minutes more the firing ceased, Captain Johnson having bravely gone up alone on the exposed roof with a handkerchief on a "boarding-pike," and the surrender was effected. Then we immediately carried all our wounded up on the roof into the fresh air, which they so much needed.

From that elevated place, I witnessed the rush of the petty officers and men of the monitors which were nearest to us, to board the captured ship, to procure relics and newspaper renown. Two creatures dressed in blue shirts, begrimed and black with powder, rushed up to the wounded admiral and demanded his sword. His aide refused peremptorily, whereupon one of them stooped as if to take it, upon which aide Forrest warned him not to touch it, as it would only be given to Admiral Farragut or his authorized representatives. Still the man attempted to seize it, whereupon Forrest knocked him off the "shield" to the deck below. At this critical moment, when a fight was imminent, I saw a boat nearing, flying a captain's pennant, and running down as it came alongside I recognized an old shipmate, Captain Le Roy. Hurriedly explaining to him our position, he mounted the "shield," and assuming command, he arrested the obnoxious man and sent him under guard to his boat. The sword was then given to Captain Giraud

by Admiral Buchanan, to be carried to Admiral Farragut. Our flag, smoke-stained and torn, had been seized by the other man and hastily concealed in his shirt bosom. He was brought before Captain Le Roy, and amidst the laughter and jeers of his companions, was compelled to draw it forth from its hiding-place, and it was sent on board the flagship.

Captain Le Roy, who was an old friend of us both, immediately had private supplies brought and did everything in his power to aid his former shipmate, the wounded admiral. He brought a kind mes-

**Chivalrous Acts
in the Moment
of Victory.**

sage from Admiral Farragut, in which the latter expressed regret to hear of Admiral Buchanan's wound, and offered to do anything in his power, wishing to know what he

desired. This was accepted by Admiral Buchanan in the same kind spirit in which it was given, and as one of his staff-officers, I was sent on board the "Hartford" with the reply that, appreciating the kind message, he had only to ask that his fleet-surgeon and his aides might be allowed to accompany him wherever he might be sent, until his recovery from his wound. Boarding the "Hartford" by Captain Le Roy's steam launch, and ascending by the "man-rope," I mounted the hammock netting, as the whole starboard

**Terrible Destruction
Caused by
Wood Splinters.**

side, amidship, and the gangway had been carried away, as I was afterwards told, by one of their own frigates having collided with the "Hartford," after "ramming" the "Tennessee." From the hammock netting the scene

was one of carnage and devastation. The spar-deck was covered and littered with broken gun-carriages, shattered boats, disabled guns, and a long line of grim corpses, dressed in blue, lying side by side. The officer accompanying me told me that those men, two whole gun's crews, were all killed by splinters, and pointing with his hand to a piece of "weather-boarding," ten feet long and four inches wide, I received my first vivid idea of what a splinter was, or what was meant by a splinter.

Descending, we threaded our way, and ascending the poop where all the officers were standing, I was taken up and introduced to Admiral Farragut, whom I found a very quiet, unassuming man, and not in the least flurried by his great victory. In the kindest manner, he inquired regarding the severity of the admiral's wound, and then gave the necessary orders to carry out Admiral Buchanan's request.

We then thought that the admiral's leg would have to be amputated that evening or the next morning. In speaking to the admiral about his chances of recovery and the proposed amputation, he replied: "I have nothing to do with it. It is your leg now. Do your best." It was this spirit of firmness and equanimity which not only saved Admiral Buchanan's

life but ultimately saved his leg also. He was carried on board of Captain James Jouett's ship, the "Metacomet," which was temporarily converted into a hospital. We remained on board that night and were cared for in a very kind way by Captain Jouett, to whom Admiral Buchanan always expressed himself as deeply indebted.

The next morning, at my suggestion, a flag of truce was sent to General Page, commanding Fort Morgan, representing our condition, sending the names of our dead, wounded, and the great number of Federal dead and wounded on board, and asking, in the name of humanity, to be allowed to pass the fort and convey them to the large naval hospital at Pensacola, where they all could receive the same treatment. To this request General Page promptly responded, and we passed out, and in eight hours were all safely housed in the ample hospital, where we were treated by old naval friends in the warmest and kindest manner. Medical Director Turner was in charge, and we remained there until December, when Admiral Buchanan, being able to hobble around on crutches, was conveyed to Fort Warren, with his aides, and I was sent back to Mobile in Captain Jouett's ship, under flag of truce.

Daily with the admiral in the hospital at Pensacola for four months, he explained his whole plan of action to me of that second fight in Mobile Bay, as follows: "I did not expect to inflict serious injury upon passing vessels; the guns of Fort Morgan were thought capable of doing that. I expected that the monitors would then and there surround me and pound the shield in, but when all the Federal vessels had passed up and anchored four miles away, then I saw that a long siege was intended by the army and navy, which, with its numerous transports at anchor under Pelican Island, were debarking nearly ten thousand infantry. Having the example before me of the blowing up of the "Merrimac" in the James River by our own officers, without a fight, and their being caught in such a trap, I determined by an unexpected dash into the fleet, to attack and do it all the damage in my power; to expend all my ammunition and what little coal I had on board (only six hours' steaming), and then, having done all I could with what resources I had, to retire under the guns of the fort, and being without motive power, there to lie and assist in repulsing the attacks and assaults on the fort."

Buchanan's Explanation of His Action.

The unexpectedness of the second attack is well illustrated by Admiral Farragut's remark at the time. After having anchored, all hands were piped to breakfast, when the officer on duty on the deck of the "Hartford," seeing the ram slowly heading up the bay for the Federal fleet, reported the fact to Admiral Farragut while he was taking breakfast. "What! is that

so?" he inquired. "Just like Buchanan's audacity! Signal to all frigates to immediately get under way and run the ram under, and to the monitors to attack at once."

The greatest injury done to the "Tennessee" was by the "Chickasaw," commanded by Captain G. H. Perkins. Our pilot, in pointing it out to Captain Johnson, said: "That — ironclad is hanging to us like a dog, and has smashed our shield already. Fight him! Sink him, if you can!" The "Chickasaw" really captured the "Tennessee."

Admiral Buchanan was in form and physique one in a thousand. Upright in his carriage, he walked like a game-cock, though halting in his gait in later years, in consequence of having received a minié ball in his right thigh, while commanding the "Merrimac" in the first ironclad fight in the world. It was while he stood on the deck after sinking the "Congress," that he was shot by some Federal infantry on the shore, and from 1864 to his death, in 1871, he was very lame in both legs, the left particularly, which was terribly shattered in the fight when on the "Tennessee." He always complained of his "bad luck" in his two great actions; in the first he was struck down at the moment of victory, and in the last at the moment of defeat. At sixty-two years, he was a strikingly handsome old man; clean shaven and ruddy of complexion, with a very healthy hue, for he was always remarkably temperate in all his habits. He had a high forehead, fringed with snow-white hair; thin, close lips; steel blue eyes; and projecting conspicuously was that remarkable feature which impressed everyone—his strongly-marked aquiline nose, high, thin and perfect in outline. When full of fight, he had a peculiar way of drawing down the corners of his mouth until the thin line between his lips formed a perfect arch around his chin.

The Confederate torpedoes, planted at the entrance to Mobile Bay, were the first, and were very primitive in their construction—merely a large beer keg, filled with powder and anchored by chains to a big, flat piece of iron, called a "mushroom." Projecting from the swinging top, some four feet under water, were tubes of glass, filled with sulphuric acid, which, being broken, fell into sugar or starch, causing rapid chemical combustion, and finally a mass of fire, thus exploding the powder. They had been planted so long that many leaked, only one out of ten remaining intact, and this fact explains why so many were run over by the Federal fleet without exploding.

During the four months that we were guarding the entrance to Mobile Bay, we were not by any means safe from the danger of our own contrivances. One hot July morning, we officers were up on the flat deck of the

**How the Confederates
Made Torpedoes.**

ram, enjoying the sea breeze, when a floating black object was observed, bobbing up and down. We supposed at first that it was a sort of devil-fish, with its young, as we had killed one with its "calf," only a few weeks previously; but the motion was too slow, evidently. A telescope soon revealed the fact that it was a torpedo drifting in with the flood tide. Here was literally the "devil to pay." We could not send a boat-crew after it to tow it out of the way. We could not touch it; we could not guide it. There were no means in our power to divert it from its course. Finally, at the suggestion of Captain David Rainy, of the marines, he brought up his whole guard, with loaded muskets, who at once began to shoot at the floating keg and sunk it, and not a moment too soon; for it only disappeared under the water about twenty feet from the ram.

As this sketch is confined exclusively to operations inside the "shield" of the ram "Tennessee," I have not thought it germane to detail anything in relation to the other three gunboats of the Confederate fleet, which, being wooden vessels, were sunk or captured early in the first action.

It may be interesting to state the cause of the wound received by Admiral Buchanan. It was by a fragment of iron, either a piece of solid shot or a part of the plating of the ram, which fractured the large bone of the leg, comminuting it, and the splintered ends protruding through the muscles and skin.

The admiral's aides were Lieutenants Carter and Forrest; they tenderly nursed him during the entire four months of his confinement in the hospital at Pensacola, accompanied him to Fort Warren, cared for while him there, and brought him back to Richmond after his exchange.



HOW THE BATTLE FLAGS WERE FURLED AT APPOMATTOX.

BY WILLIAM H. STEWART.

I BELONGED to Mahone's old brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia. The last reveille moved our brigade from the line of battle, where the night of the eighth of April, 1865, was spent, after the hard march from Cumberland Church. After a march of a few miles, a halt was ordered on the now famous field of Appomattox, just as the sun was throwing his curtains of crimson and gold over the eastern sky and while the newly-born leaves were yet burdened with dew.

The country is undulating, and an elevated position brings a large section within view. On the west, the Blue Ridge rose in its morning garb, and on the east a broad plateau of green, here and there broken by gradual elevations, appeared under the morning mists.

The everlasting artillery was thundering in front. Gordon's shattered columns were struggling there, endeavoring to re-open a path of retreat, now closed by the army of the James; Pickett's magnificent division, which had made the hills of Gettysburg tremble beneath its terrible charge, and the world stand with bated breath at its sublime courage and matchless heroism, had been overwhelmed and torn asunder at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek, and only forty-seven men remained for duty. Field's and Mahone's divisions, "staunch in the midst of all disasters," were the only troops ready to be brought into action against the combined armies of the Potomac and James, numbering probably 140,000 men.

The blue lines of the enemy, like a huge anaconda, were extending their coils to the right and left, but our troops were ignorant of how closely they were enfolded. General Gordon, in reply to a message, said: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzel, and can do nothing unless heavily supported by Longstreet's corps." On receiving this, the great captain exclaimed: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths." He had only 7,892 infantry with arms upon the field.

In this dire emergency, about sunrise, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States summoned to him our division commander. General Mahone found him with the "Old War Horse," General James

Longstreet, at his side. The staff were requested to retire, and the three held counsel together as to the situation.

Surrender was inevitable, but General Lee had before determined that the terms must be such as he felt were due to his army; that the soldiers should not be sent to prison, but be paroled to return to their homes; these must be the terms, or fight then and there to death. He was resolved to preserve, untarnished, the honor of the Army of Northern Virginia.

When the last council-of-war was over, General Lee mounted "Traveler," his war horse, saying to General Longstreet, "You take care of the command," and rode off to see General Grant.

General Longstreet sent General Mahone to take command of the rear left flank. Afterwards, General Lee was seen standing alone in the direction of Appomattox Court House, near the celebrated apple tree, with his staff near by, and a few soldiers in the vicinity grouped here and there. He was awaiting a messenger. Soon a Federal officer, with a courier, came galloping from the enemy's lines. The officer dismounted upon reaching within fifty yards of General Lee, then advanced on foot, and when within fifty feet, took off his hat and placed it under his arm. Colonel Walter H. Taylor, A. A. G., advanced and bore from him a note to General Lee. A message was returned, whereupon the officer replaced his hat upon his head, made for his horse, and rode off to his lines.

**Preliminaries of
the Surrender.**

Shortly after he returned, and in like manner approached General Lee and delivered to Colonel Taylor another note; upon reading this, General Lee, with great deliberation, tore it into many pieces and threw it upon the ground; afterwards pressing the pieces into the earth with his foot; a message was delivered to the officer, who, in like manner as before, made his exit. Soon after General Lee mounted, and, with Colonel Marshall and a courier, rode off in the direction the officer had gone.

It was then that the two opposing commanders first met, after which they retired to the McLean House, where the terms of capitulation were committed to writing. The reverence displayed by the Federal officer who bore the messages to General Lee, impressed all with the high sense of the true manly propriety of that officer. I have been informed that General Babcock was the officer who was so courteous to our commander.

When General Mahone returned from the conference the command was ordered in line of battle; the men took their position with cheerfulness, and words ran along the line, "Well, we will get a chance at Sheridan now, and supply Mahone's foot cavalry with horses." Mahone's men cherished an earnest desire to get hold of "little Phil;" they had driven his troopers

handsomely at Amelia Court House, and felt that they could now finally wind up the fierce career of his soldiers. But it was not long before the spirit which had never, not even yet, failed this noble corps, was suddenly seized with suspicions of surrender. A cavalryman had galloped across the open field from the right and disclosed the startling news, but they had little faith in his tale. They were actively engaged in building breastworks, when the order was passed to stop. This was singularly contrary to the precaution which had always governed. The cavalryman's story was true, the men's hearts sank with grief, and they wept like children over a mother's grave. They knew all was over, and these manifestations of sorrow and distress sublimely attested their fidelity to the Southern cause. There was not a man in the command who did not prefer fighting to surrender. Like the inhabitants of renowned Carthage, many of them would have preferred death rather than survive.

On that last march, they hoped to join their fortunes with General Joe Johnston's army and throw all in the scale of one grand trial at arms with the armies of Grant and Sherman, thinking by generous emulation and rivalry, and one determined effort, with Lee and Johnston clasping hands, they might crush the unwieldy column of the enemy; but Providence ordained that the army of Northern Virginia should fall by the way-side, gradually worn out by attrition—and thus the last hope of the Southern soldier fled forever.

The Last Courageous Hopes of the Confederates.

The tenth of April was spent by the soldiers in discussing their gloomy prospects around the camp fires; a chilly drizzling rain was falling, but foraging the immediate surroundings for scant food continued, as their commissariat had been long exhausted, and the Federals were unable to supply them. Hunger was gnawing sharply in their breasts, and fortunate indeed was the owner of a few grains of corn or a small piece of stale bread. After all the preliminaries were arranged, and General Lee had issued his farewell order, the formal surrender was made. I have often seen pictures, in school books, of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, but never dreamed that I should realize a like scene.

Crawford's division was drawn up on a hill just in front of Appomattox Court House, Mahone's division marched up within a few feet, halted, faced it and stacked arms, furling the proud old bullet-torn, battle-smoked flags across the stacks. It was truly a sad mission, as plainly depicted on every countenance in our ranks, but General Grant's chivalrous terms were awarded the highest praise from all the captured.

When General Lee took his departure the soldiers gathered about the

roadside, and as he passed through the broken and unarmed ranks every head was uncovered and each man was bidding a silent adieu with bursting heart and overflowing eyes. Even in disaster and defeat, all his manly characteristics stood out in his very appearance, and he seemed created to inspire love, respect and enthusiasm. His soldiers loved him with a deep and sacred affection no disaster could dampen or defeat destroy. After receiving their paroles the soldiers formed in groups and marched in the direction of their homes, relying upon kind-hearted citizens to supply them with rations on their desolate journey—a journey as dreary as a fugitive's through dismal avenues shrouded in the blackness of midnight and curtained on either side with the sombre forms of full foliaged shrubs and trees—all surroundings as black as death, terrible as a tornado, and almost as awful as the night of crucifixion.

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

BY WILLIAM HARPER BENNETT.

THREE days before, the creaky old gates of the college had swung open, the file after file of dusty, blue-coated soldiery had tramped between the twin lodges that flanked the entrance. Then came the quartermaster's lumbering vehicles, and that night a white-walled village had arisen on the campus, lighted by a hundred camp-fires.

The old bell high up in the college belfry, that had summoned the students to their daily labors and had tolled out the Angelus morning, noon and night, for nigh a hundred years, was silent now, and in its place the brazen notes of the bugle voiced the call to duty. Outside was all the bustle and noise of the camp, within the buildings the quiet and hush of the house of death.

Some days previous hurried word had come from the War Department that the troops would occupy the college grounds, and after a dozen plots to repel the "invaders" had been discussed and cast aside as impracticable, by the excited and angry students from the South, the break-up had come, until now there remained less than a dozen collegians awaiting remittances from home to enable them to depart.

A tall, slight student, with long, dark hair, oval face, beardless, save for the down on his lip, stood by an open window of the study hall, gazing across the broad Potomac at the Virginia hills, bright with spring sunshine.

At the sound of a bugle-call from the direction of the camp the hot blood dyed his olive complexion and tears of anger dimmed his large dark eyes.

"Vandals!" he muttered.

"Self-communing, Al?" inquired a fellow-student, who had approached unperceived.

"Yes, self-communing," replied the Southerner, "but I wish that I had the whole world for an audience. I'm cursing these invaders. What right have they——?"

"The right of——, but, no! You, my dearest friend, are unkind to me. These 'invaders,' as you call them, are the soldiers of my dear State, New York, and I love it as dearly as you love Louisiana, Al, dear friend," and the Northerner grasped his companion's hand. "Pray, don't forget our truce. Don't forget our old agreement not to discuss our country's sectional troubles. We can never, never agree on that subject, Al. For three years the coming storm has been gathering around us, but our truce has been respected until our little brush just now."

**A Question That
Divided Friends.**

"Forgive me, Jim," pleaded Albert Lapointe, "but it's so hard to see these strangers at our very gates and to be oppressed with the thought of what their coming means. In a few days, perhaps, their progress southward may be marked by blazing homes and a desolate country. Ah! you cold Northerners love your section, but not with the burning devotion of our warm Southern natures. The thought of the fate that may be in store for everything that I love, drives me frantic," and the youth's lips quivered and his eyes were suffused with tears.

"Don't let us discuss the question at all, Al, that's the only way to avoid a rupture between us," replied James Rogers. "Have you heard from home yet?"

"I have, and I leave for the South to-night. I'm going to let you into a profound secret. I feel guilty, Jim, old friend. I've had a secret, the first one I've ever had that you did not share, but, you know, I must regard you who was my friend an enemy now. I'll tell you all about it, because I know you love me too well to betray me to the canai—the Yankee soldiers out there."

"I think you may safely trust me," answered Rogers, gravely.

"Then come with me," said Lapointe. The young men ascended to the deserted dormitory. When they reached Lapointe's bed he pulled a package from beneath the mattress, and removing the covering, disclosed a new gray military coat, with shining brass buttons bearing the design of the pelican and her brood.

"My uniform, Jim," said Al, proudly, holding it up for his friend's inspection. "My father is lieutenant-colonel of the Thirtieth Louisiana Infantry, and he has obtained a lieutenant's commission for me. I had this uniform made on the quiet, in the city, and I was lucky enough to find our State button. Our regiment left New Orleans some days ago for the front, and I am to join at Richmond. When will you leave for home, Jim?"

"When the war is over, Al. I shall enlist in some New York regiment, maybe in the one out there on the campus. My parents will object, of course, but I know my duty to my country, and——."

"The truce, Jim, don't forget the truce. May the good God grant that we shall never cross swords on the battlefield. It is hard, Jim, oh, so hard, that two of the staunchest, the most loving of friends should be parted by that awful calamity, a civil war. I know you're too much of a Christian to laugh at me, Jim, but I'd like to go with you into the chapel on this last day we shall be together, that we may ask God to preserve us from meeting in deadly strife."

* * * * *

Since sunrise the treble of the musketry and the bass of the artillery had united in the grand chorus of battle. At no place on the field had the struggle been more obstinate than in a patch of woodland on the right of the Confederate lines.

The Union forces had wrested the position from their opponents, but had only held it a short time when the shot and shell from the Confederate batteries on the high ground beyond rendered the timber-land less tenable than the more open country. When the rattling fire of musketry gave way before the incessant pounding of the artillery, the long gray line swung down the slope, halting again and again to pour a volley in the direction of the foe. Into the shadow of the woodland, dim with powder smoke, plunged the men of the Thirtieth Louisiana. Hundreds were lying around, horribly mutilated by the shell and solid shot, and here and there lay a poor fellow howling with agony, pinned to the earth by the limb of a tree torn from its trunk by the projectiles.

"Halt!"

Just a moment's breathing spell before facing the dangers in front, dangers revealed by the jets of flame that pierced the murkiness.

Bing!

A musket ball tore splinters from the trunk of a tree not six inches from the head of Lieutenant Albert Lapointe, who was leaning against it.

"By Jove, Lieutenant! That bullet came very near to making a hole in your head," laughed a merry young Louisianian.

"Close shave, Théophile," assented the Lieutenant. Then there arose above roar of battle the nearby clicking of the musket hammers, followed by the crash of a volley, and the gray line moved forward cautiously through the blinding sulphurous smoke, stumbling over the fallen and the obstructions that blocked the way.

"Water! O, for the love of God, a drop of water," groaned a young wounded Union officer, propped against a tree trunk, the blood trickling between the fingers of the hand he pressed to his side.

**Wounded on the
Battle Field.**

His weak voice was unheard, and the gray line passed by him.

"Albert! Albert Lapointe!" gasped the wounded man, as the young officer hurried on. Lapointe heard the voice, and, turning, he bent and gazed at the quivering form.

"Jim! Jim Rogers! O, my God, to find you in this plight," and quickly uncorking his canteen he held it to Rogers' lips.

"My friend! My brother! What, what can I do to relieve you?" he asked, helplessly.

"Nothing, nothing, Al. I'm about done for," moaned Rogers, "O, this pain, this agony!"

Backward came the gray line in dogged retreat before the never-flagging blaze of flame in front. The two friends were left between the lines.

"Go! Leave me, Al. God bless and protect you, brother. This pain won't last much longer. I'm—I'm—dying. O, how cold I am." Lapointe arose, tore open his coat, pulled it off, and tucked it about his friend's body as carefully as would a loving mother around an infant. Bending, he kissed Rogers on the forehead. One last long look through tear-dimmed eyes, and then he crouched low and hurried in the direction of his regiment.

* * * * *

When night had fallen, and only the moans of the wounded broke the stillness of the battlefield, a squad of Union soldiers entered the wood and examined the bodies of the dead and dying.

"Quiet now, men," cautioned the commanding officer, "or you'll have that hellish battery on the hill yonder dropping shells on us."

"It must 'a' been about here I saw the lieutenant tumble over, captain. I sot him up agin a tree, an'—here he is, jest as I left him. We're too late, I guess. Seems to me he's a goner."

"Here, you men stand about me to shut off the glare, and I'll strike a match," said the captain. "Jove! It is poor Rogers. Poor boy! and a rebel's coat wrapped around him. Good! The heart beats yet. Lift him. Gently now! Throw away that old gray coat."

"Can't, captain! He's got the clutch o' death on it."

"Very well, let it be. Careful now, mind your footing, but make haste over there to the field hospital. We may be able to save him."

* * * * * * *

"Another of the old boys in blue laid at rest to-day," sighed Colonel Rogers, as he put down the evening paper and gazed around at the family group in the cosy sitting-room. "It is sad to realize that so many of the vigorous fellows with whom one touched shoulders thirty years ago have answered the last roll call, my children."

"Whose death caused you the keenest sorrow, papa?" asked the colonel's eldest daughter.

"Well, my girl, I was deeply grieved when dear old 'Uncle Billy,' as we called General Sherman, died, but the keenest sorrow I felt was to hear that a boy in gray was no more.

"Ah! the death of my old college chum, Albert Lapointe, was a terrible blow. I have often told you about my meeting Lapointe on the battlefield, where I was lying desperately wounded, and how he stripped the coat from his back for my comfort. I never heard anything about him again until Appomattox. Of course, like the rest of the Yankees, I was jubilant over the surrender, but let me tell you, boys and girls, I was full of sympathy for the brave soldiers of the South. There was mourning in many homes in the North, but down in the southland thousands had no homes in which to mourn their dead. Everything—relatives, friends, homes, possessions, prospects—all swept away.

"After the preliminaries of the capitulation had been arranged, I hurried to that part of the Confederate camp where Lapointe's regiment was quartered. I found there only a handful of men. I asked an officer to tell me where I could find Lieutenant Lapointe.

"'In the wilderness, sir,' he answered. 'Lieutenant Lapointe fell with his face to the foe. I wish to God, sir, that I was lying beside him this day.'"

"When I heard the fate of my friend, children, I grieved as if I had lost a beloved brother.

"If John will bring down the cedar case from my wardrobe, I will show you a hallowed relic, my children."

When John, the eldest son, had deposited the case upon the table, the veteran unlocked it, removed the protecting coverings, and took out a worn and weather-stained blue coat, with tarnished buttons.

"This, my children, is the coat I donned in '61, when I enlisted. You'll value it when I'm gone. This," he continued, reverently, lifting a shabby

**Oh, for the Touch
of a Vanished Hand.**

coat of gray, while tears glistened in his eyes, "this is the coat that my dear, dead friend, Albert Lapointe, exhibited so proudly to me in the college dormitory; the coat that he stripped from his shoulders to protect me from the cold on the battlefield.

"John, my son, it is my wish that you place it beneath my head when I join the bivouac of the dead."

THE DESERTER'S STORY.

BY LEIB PORTER.

IT is night, and a dying fire makes dimly visible the interior of a miserable room. Its walls and floor are bare; a bed drawn forward for warmth, a table at its foot, and a low splint-bottomed rocking-chair before the hearth complete its furniture. Outside, the snow is falling fast and the wind moans, while at intervals a dull roar, which shakes the hills with its hollow reverberation, proclaims that darkness has not entirely quieted the sounds of a battle which has been raging not many miles distant.

A woman's figure moves upon the bed, restlessly but feebly; she is white and wasted, as if with illness, and it is a task almost beyond her strength to lift and hush the wailing child lying by her side. Presently she rouses herself with a painful effort and staggers to the chair, holding her baby to her breast. Its feeble cries are stilled and soothed by the slow motion of her rocking figure. She shivers as a sudden blast shakes the cabin, and putting forth all her strength, lifts a log of wood upon the fire. The effort seems to exhaust her, and she falls back white and gasping; the infant slides down upon her knees, where it lies sleeping. Presently life seems to return to her a little, and bending forward with her clasped hands resting over the child, she watches the fire-light gleaming on her wedding ring, and words, low and tense, escape her white lips.

"All day I have heard the guns; the battle must be near. Oh, God! if Jim is with them spare him to come to me; let me see him once more before I die," and she raised her clasped hands imploringly. "Jim, Jim, I have struggled against it for your sake—for the sake of your parting prayer to me. I have fought it off so long. I promised you not to give up, I promised to live for you, to pray for us both, to believe that God would preserve you to me, that he would let us meet again; but I can struggle no longer; my strength is gone; the shadows are closing over me, and I'm too

weak—too weak to”——her voice died away in an exhausted whisper. Then, as the child upon her knees stirred slightly, once again she roused herself. “Oh, bring him back to me! let me see him only once again,—let me see him hold his child and kiss it, and then let me lay my head on his breast and die, for I cannot bear this torture any longer. It was all too hard, too hard; I tried to be brave for your sake, Jim; I knew it broke your heart to leave me, just one month married and yet to leave me all alone,—it broke your heart, my poor boy, and the thought of you and your last words held me up, they gave me all the strength I’ve had. I’ve fought against it for one long year—fought against it until now, and God has not yet brought you back! Poor Jim, when you do come home I won’t be here to meet you,” and low, tearless sobs shook her frail body.

There came another sound beside the noise of the storm outside the cabin, a sound of footsteps, a hand upon the latch—the door was pushed heavily open, letting in a blinding rush of snow and icy air, and in the midst of it a man’s figure muffled to the eyes in a cloak. He closed the door and dropped the heavy garment to the floor, then fell on his knees beside the motionless figure in the chair.

She had sat as still as stone, with the look in her face of one who sees a spirit of the dead; but at his touch, the blood leaped from her heart to her cheek, and, giving a cry of joy so sharp that it rang on the air like the keen accent of pain, she fell forward on his breast. For many minutes they remained without sound or motion, lost in the rapture of their reunion, and only the raging storm outside broke the deep, midnight stillness.

At last he drew away from her and looked into her face, with eyes in which a great fear grew and deepened. Where were the fair and youthful features he had left behind him,—where the bloom and brightness? As he gazed he seemed to trace the cold and blighting finger of death in every line. She read the unspoken anguish in his eyes, and tenderly kissing him, said:

“Dear Jim, I am very happy. God has been good; he has heard my prayer, he has brought you back to me once more. See, dear, your baby; kiss her, Jim, she has been a comfort to me. I think she will be a pretty child.” She broke off and sank back against the chair, exhausted by her effort to cheer him.

He bent and kissed the child, then took it from her lap and laid it down. He had no thought beyond the woman; his face was set and hard, his eyes dry and tearless.

“Mary,” he whispered, coming close to her, “you are ill and weak now, but I will nurse you; health will come back again, you will soon get strong,

for my sake, promise me," and he lifted her in his arms, a light burden that made him tremble, and placed her on the bed. She was too weak to speak, but a happy look was on her face and in the eyes turned toward his. He went on, in the wild hope of rousing her :

" Shall I tell you how I come to be with you now, dearest? Will you be glad to hear how I have passed this cruel year away from you?" He paused anxiously, and, encouraged by a faint smile from her, continued : " It is a long, long story of marches and encampments and battles, with sometimes victory and sometimes defeat, with cold and hunger and fatigue and many hardships ; but we were soldiers, fighting for our country's good, and we did not complain. The hardest of all to bear was the absence from home and loved ones, without the power to send or get one word of news, and the longing for this almost broke my heart, but we were down within the enemy's lines, and no letter could pass for love or money. I was twice wounded, Mary, and in the hospital,—for two months the first time and still longer with the second wound, but God be thanked ! I came out as strong as ever."

He watched her anxiously to see whether this mention of his pain and danger would rouse her to some show of grief, but though she heard him, the look of happiness on her face remained undisturbed. The past had no longer the power to torture her ; she was conscious only of her present joy, and of the close approach of a vast, peaceful future, which already seemed to overshadow her. He knew it was so—knew it though he crushed back the despair into his heart and went on desperately, with shaking voice :

" When I joined my regiment again I heard with such joy, Mary—for it brought me near to you at last—that all our available forces were to be concentrated at L—— to await the enemy, and to strike what was hoped would be a final blow. We came at sunset, after a severe march, and met other bodies of troops that had already arrived. There happened to be among the soldiers a boy, just recruited, whom I knew—Tom Harkness, from our own town, Mary, and he told me all the home news, of the women's suffering and struggles ; and he told me of you, my darling, and of our child, and that you were not quite well ; in fact, had been ailing for some time, with a cough which grew worse, and that it was thought you were pining for a sight of me.

" What he said just seemed to take away my senses—I was like a crazy man. I could not sleep or eat, or even think of anything but you. To be so near, just six short miles away, and yet not see you, and you not well and longing too to see me, and to think how we had been parted ever since our wedding day most, without a word or line to break the long, weary time—oh, God ! these thoughts drove me mad, and I made up my mind to do a

desperate thing. I took a vow to see you, darling. I planned to do my duty in the fight, to do it well and bravely and not to spare myself; then, if God spared my life,—and I felt in my heart that he would—I planned to steal away and run the six miles that lay between us; just to come to you, to look at you, and hold you in my arms, and kiss you, and beg you to keep up for my sake,—for me who loves you so, that if anything should happen that I should lose you, I would not care to live, Mary, not a day or hour.”

He spoke with desperately-restrained passion; but a faint gesture of dissent from her stopped the words. She had motioned feebly towards the child, though her eyes never wandered from his face.

“No, Mary, not even for her sake. You are all my life to me, God must not take you from me!” He fell on his knees beside her, and the agony, long repressed, came from his lips in passionate, beseeching words: “God has brought us together, He must not part us again. Oh, Mary, Mary! do not leave me. I will nurse you, care for you, stay beside you always, until you are well again. My love, my——” His voice died away, frozen by the look in her face. An unearthly change was coming over it, an unearthly smile of tenderness and pity looked from her eyes. With her last breath she held out her arms to him, whispering, “Poor Jim”—then fell back, dead.

He knelt beside her like a figure cut in stone, watching the cold, white marble of her face, and he seemed no more to move or breathe or be possessed of life than she, lying dead before him.

* * * * *

A sound of voices outside; the snow crunched under hurrying feet; a rude hand upon the latch, and a crowd of men burst into the room. They stopped suddenly, as their eyes met the sight within, and fell back one upon another. At last one man advanced timidly from among his comrades, and touched with a hesitating hand the stony figure kneeling by the bed. It rose and turned toward him.

“Good God! Jim, what’s come to you, man, to make you look like that?” and a hoarse murmur came from all as they saw the havoc made in one short night in the brave young face. The first man spoke again:

“Jim, old comrade, what did you do it for? You know the punishment, man, and you know there is no escape. You must have been mad to run through the snow and leave your footprints, clear as a sign-board, pointing the way you went.” He paused for some response, but receiving none from the motionless figure, he went on sadly:

“There was talk of your brave conduct on the field, and the colonel sent for you; and then they found that you were missing and others beside

you. When the colonel heard it he fell into a great rage and swore you should be retaken, and the others also, and made examples, and before day-break parties were ordered out in search of you; and Jim, poor fellow, it was a straight road that led us here. It's the saddest morning's work I've ever done, but we have our orders and you must come along with us."

Then, with sudden hope, another friendly voice said:

"Comrade, it may not be so desperate after all. When the colonel hears the story we've got to tell of how we found you, and when he knows how well you fought only yesterday, I think he will pardon you, Jim; I think he'll not let the sentence be death."

At last a sign of life from the man before them. Had he just awakened to the meaning of the words they spoke? A strange gleam, almost of joy, passed across his face. He answered nothing, but turned and bent over the still figure on the bed, and spoke to it, low and gladly. They caught a few words, indistinctly. They saw him gently kiss the cold lips. Then he rose and advanced toward the group, leaning on their guns. At this moment a baby's plaintive cry struck on their ears. One of the men went and lifted the infant tenderly in his arms, but the father took no notice; his face was again a face of stone.

They marched out of the house, a silent, awe-stricken band, with sorrow in all their hearts. The doomed man walked in their midst, and his heart was torn by a great agony which made him dead to all the world around him.

It was all in vain. The colonel was much moved by the story they told him and by his respect for the grief of so brave a man, but there could be no mitigation of the sentence. "In time of war there is nothing which can excuse the deserter, and there is no punishment for him but death."

These were his words, and the time was fixed for the execution of the sentence. Unnerved and shaken, a few of his comrades went to take their last leave of Jim. They found him unchanged; he heard them without emotion; when one of them promised to take the baby and care for it as his own, a faint look of gratitude came into his eyes, just for a moment. He shook hands with them all and they left him, much distressed.

At sunset he was led out and shot. Twenty bullets pierced his body. When they took the bandage from his eyes, they wondered at the look of joy on his dead face.

They buried them together—Jim and Mary. It was all they could do for him, and as they filled in the earth above the rude coffins, many stern eyes shed tears over the deserter's dishonored grave.

THE AUTHOR OF "MY MARYLAND."

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

ON the nineteenth of April, 1861, the first blood of the Civil War was shed in the streets of Baltimore. Early on the morning of that day news reached the city that several regiments of Federal troops were to pass through on their way to the invasion of Virginia. A sudden uprising of the Southern sympathizers resulted in a fight between the soldiers and the citizens, in which five of the former and twelve of the latter were killed. When this startling news was flashed through the country, it reached a young Marylander, who was a professor in Poydras College, at Pointe Coupee, in the distant State of Louisiana. This young Marylander was James R. Randall. His heart was fired, and after a sleepless and feverish night, he arose and wrote "My Maryland." The poem was sent to the New Orleans *Delta*, at that time one of the leading newspapers of the South. It was soon published, and James R. Randall, like Lord Byron, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." "My Maryland" became the favorite war song of the South. Under its inspiring influence thousands of young men rushed forward to die. It roused the "chivalry" of Maryland—a people ever open to "the intoxication of sweet sound"—and added 10,000 soldiers to the Confederate army. Milton received five pounds for "Paradise Lost," Poe received ten dollars for "The Raven," but Randall did not receive one cent for "My Maryland."

**The Favorite
War Song
of the South.**

With the other Southern youths, young Randall rushed headlong into the war, and showed a practical as well as poetical interest in the Southern cause. After the first battle of Manassas, when Beauregard's army was expected to march on Washington, the Maryland secessionists were said to be taking active measures for joining the Southern Confederacy. An extra session of the Legislature was called, and, as a majority of its members were secessionists, it was generally believed that they intended to precipitate the State into the Rebellion. When Randall heard this, he wrote his second war song, "There's Life in the Old Land Yet." But the "life in the old land" was soon quenched by the arrest and imprisonment of the secession members of the Maryland Legislature, after which "My Maryland" and other Southern songs were suppressed.

When Pelham, the wonderful boy cannoneer, was killed in an inglorious night skirmish, fighting as a cavalryman, Randall's muse was once more

inspired, and he sang an "In Memoriam" of the "Young Marcellus," full of beauty and pathos. "Arlington" finished our poet's quartette of Southern songs. I quote the following verse from "My Maryland," as a specimen of this spirited lyric:

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

The story of how the poem was set to music and adopted as a Southern war-song, forms a romantic and interesting incident of the Civil War. The music at first chosen was Frederic Berat's "Ma Normandie," but that was soon "swept away," to use Mr. Randall's own language, when the lovely German lyric, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," was selected as a more spirited air. Shortly after the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard invited several Maryland ladies, who were living in Virginia, to visit his headquarters, near Fairfax Court House. The ladies and their escorts encamped the first night at Manassas, where they were serenaded by the famous Washington Artillery, of New Orleans. The boys in gray, at the close of the serenade, called for a song from the ladies, and Miss Jennie Cary, standing at the door of the tent, sang "My Maryland." The refrain was quickly caught up by the soldiers, and the camp rang with the words, "Maryland, my Maryland." As the last notes died away, the wild Confederate yell was given, with "three cheers and a tiger for Maryland." A spectator of the scene relates that there was not a dry eye in the ladies' tent and not a cap with a rim on it in camp. This is how "My Maryland" came to be adopted as a national war-song of the South.

**A Romantic
 Incident of
 the Civil War**



AFTER MANY YEARS.

BY A UNION VETERAN.

IN the spring of 1864, I was a member of an organization attached to General Kautz's division of cavalry, and participated in his great Southside raid.

On the afternoon of May 7, we reached Stony Creek, Sussex County, Va., situated on the Petersburg Railroad, about twenty miles south of Petersburg city. We found the place fortified and quite strongly garrisoned, but after a sharp little fight which lasted about an hour, succeeded in routing the enemy and capturing the place.

Fifteen years later, business called me to Virginia, and on the afternoon of December 14, 1879, I stepped from a train at Stony Creek, and set out on foot for Parham's store, distant five miles, my destination. I took the road leading eastward, as directed by the station agent, and half a mile on my way came to where it forked, and here halted, being puzzled as to which was the route for me to follow. In my dilemma I looked about and discovered a horse and cart approaching from the direction of the station, the same being driven by a white man. Accordingly I waited for him, in order to inquire my way. As he drew near I perceived that the horse was old and lean, the cart rickety and dilapidated, and the driver, a man apparently about thirty-eight years of age, thin and poorly clad. A thick matted beard of light red color covered his entire face. Altogether, the whole outfit was about the worst I had ever seen. The cart, covered with small particles of cotton, showed plainly that hauling that commodity was the work to which it was then being put.

"Stranger, can you inform me which road leads to Parham's store?" I asked of the driver, as he drew near.

"This one to the right," he replied, driving by me, and turning into the same himself.

I followed along behind the cart for about a minute, when the driver, accosting me, said:

"Say, pard, I go a right smart ways on the road to Parham's myself, and if you are not afraid of getting cotton all over your clothes, you may jump in and ride with me."

As much for the sake of having company as for the benefit to be derived from the ride, I accepted his invitation and sprang into the cart, taking a

seat on the edge of the high box, the driver being seated down on the bottom of the vehicle.

"I reckon you're a stranger hereabouts," said my companion, as I seated myself.

"Yes, sir, I am," I replied.

"Whereabouts do you belong?"

"In the State of New York."

"I reckon you was never at Stony Creek before?"

"Yes, once before."

"When?"

"If I recollect aright, it was on the seventh day of May, 1864."

"What, pard," now ejaculated my companion in astonishment, "was you one of Kautz's men?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"Why, I was there myself, that day," declared the Virginian, enthusiastically, "so let's shake," putting up his hand, which I cordially grasped.

"So you was one of Kautz's Yankee raiders?" he continued, still retaining his hold on my hand. "Well, well, believe me, I am right glad to meet you, though you made us run right smart that day, and for forty hours I hid in the swamp above here, on the Nottaway, to escape being made a prisoner, while you were prowling hereabouts. Well, Yank, how have you been making it since the war?"

"Only just fairly," I replied; "how has it been with yourself?"

"Poor, pretty poor, pard. You see, my people, who were reckoned some consequence before the war, lost all they possessed, about forty thousand dollars, by the same. Therefore, when the trouble ended I had nothing but my hands to depend on. My health was bad, and I had not been accustomed to labor. However, I did the best I could under the circumstances, and by hard work have managed to get a few acres of cotton land, on which I do my utmost to make an honest living. But times are hard, and I tell you I have had a right smart struggle to get along. Yes, my people lost forty thousand dollars," he continued, "but, Yank, that is all right, and I lay up nothing against you or any one else. We each fought manfully for what we considered was just, and as manfully must we abide by the consequences. But, darn me, Yank, it just does me a heap of good to meet one with whom I have stood face to face in battle, though we were enemies at the time," and, impulsively seizing my hand again, he shook it heartily.

Just then a dilapidated carriage, containing two men, drove up behind us, and, looking around, my companion, addressing the driver, exclaimed:

"Good day, Jim; say, who do you reckon I have got here with me?"

"Haven't the least idea," answered the man addressed.

"Well, I have one of Kautz's d——d Yankees, right from the North, and a tolerable good fellow he seems to be, too."

Jim, it appeared, had also been in the fight at Stony Creek, consequently he was also greatly surprised to meet me, and he, too, expressed his delight in language warm and forcible.

By this time we had reached the point where I was to turn off and proceed southward, my companions' route taking them straight ahead toward Sussex Court House.

On parting with the two ex-Confederates, both shook my hand warmly, and insisted that I should visit them before I returned North.

As they drove off, the one with whom I had ridden, and whose name I regret I cannot recall, in a husky tone of voice, and with tears actually glistening in his eyes, exclaimed, waving his hand at me:

"Good-bye, Yank, and God bless you and grant you a safe return to your friends and home."

Wishing him a return "God-speed," I turned and walked away, feeling the tears also wet on my own cheek.

Never in all my life have I met with a man who treated me as royally as this man did. Though poor, ragged and uncouth, he was one of Nature's noblemen—generous, kind and brave, and by me our meeting, after many years, will never be forgotten.

GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.

BY GEORGE P. NORTHROP.

GENERAL EDMUND KIRBY SMITH, the last of the Confederate generals, has followed his old comrade, Beauregard, with but short delay. His noble spirit, on the afternoon of March 28, passed into the mystery of death, to rest forever with his ancient friends and foes, all in camp around the headquarters of the Supreme Commander.

He was one of the most beloved leaders of the lost cause. He had been the last hope of many an old, scarred soldier, who, after the surrender of Johnston, immediately started for the West. Where? "I join Kirby Smith, and fight it out to the end with him." These words express the

confidence held by the boys in gray for General Smith. Many and many a poor fellow, without home, fortune, or family, said these words, and started to join "Kirby" Smith during those dark days, when, after so much hard fighting, their indomitable spirits could not remain quiet and submit to the inevitable evils, as they thought, of that peace for which they had sacrificed their all.

The pure life, martial achievements, civic virtues, and stainless career, crown him as one of the foremost Americans. He was above all an American. He exemplified it by his brilliant services and imperishable deeds performed in the Mexican War, where his valor wreathed a chaplet of fame around his brow, and his name is written across the pages of that epoch to remain bright and undimmed for all time. In the Titanic struggle he was one of the first to shed his blood for his belief. His was the very last order issued in that fatal conflict. When invested with plenary authority, he did not abuse the power. As a civic ruler and as military commander, it is doubtful in which he excelled. His record in both capacities is matchless for ability and integrity. His thorough honesty and clean comportment challenge admiration from posterity. Since the war he was ever intent upon any measure which tended to benefit his people, or to make more prosperous the America that he loved—one and united.

**A Man of Sterling
Character.**

Edmund Kirby Smith was born in St. Augustine, Florida, May 16, 1824. His father was Joseph L. Smith, first Presiding Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Florida, but formerly he was a lawyer of prominence at Litchfield, Connecticut. He had also been in the United States Army. Edmund and another brother, Ephraim, were sent to West Point, and were graduated from that place. The latter fought in the Mexican war, and was killed at the storming of the City of Mexico.

Edmund was admitted to West Point in 1841, and was commissioned, upon his graduation, in 1845, a brevet second lieutenant of the Fifth Infantry. He was almost immediately assigned to duty under General Taylor, and participated in all old Zach's engagements in Mexico, except Buena Vista. After Taylor's last battle he was transferred to General Scott's command, fighting in every battle in which his commander led him. Smith was twice brevetted for distinctive gallantry—at Cerro Gordo and at Contreras. He attained the full rank of captain for his Mexican service. After peace was declared Captain Smith was transferred to West Point, where he remained for three years as assistant instructor of mathematics. He then served under Major Emory on the Boundary Commission, to locate and determine the line between Mexico and the United States.

Upon the organization of cavalry regiments, he was assigned to the Second Regiment as captain, and was ordered to Texas, where he did splendid fighting against the Comanche Indians. He served along the frontier until the spring of 1861. In January of that year he was commissioned a major, but when Florida seceded he resigned, April 6. For his services in Texas he received the thanks of their Legislature by a special act of that body.

**Smith as an
Indian Fighter.**

His reputation being made, and valued by the Confederate leaders, he was commissioned major of cavalry, and immediately after was made lieutenant-colonel of Van Dorn's cavalry. Before he could join his command he was set to work at Lynchburg, Virginia, to organize the recruits gathered there. Here "Joe" Johnston found him, and made him his adjutant-general, and took him to Harper's Ferry. While acting as adjutant-general, he was promoted a brigadier-general, and was assigned to a brigade of Johnston's corps. General Smith made himself felt early in the war. When the battle of Bull Run was fought he marched thirty miles to join in the movement, and he arrived at such an opportune time that, with Kershaw, he succeeded in changing the current of the battle. During the last charge he was so severely wounded that he was forced to retire from the field. He was carried to the residence of Colonel John R. McDaniel, of Lynchburg, where he was nursed back to health by the colonel's beautiful daughter. As the young general (thirty-seven years old) regained his health he lost his heart, and the romance had the happy ending that attached itself to so many similar events of the war. He became a benedict and a major-general at the same time.

Upon his complete recovery he was sent to East Tennessee, where he took command of the detached right wing of Bragg's army. In February, 1863, President Davis sent him to relieve Holmes, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Though at that time this was a position of considerable leisure, it soon became one of great importance. Grant's victories at Vicksburg and along the Mississippi had effectually cut the Confederacy in two, and communication between Richmond and Smith's headquarters was so irregular that it became necessary for the Confederate Congress to endow Smith with greater powers and a higher rank even than that of major-general. He was made full general, becoming thus the sixth officer of the Confederacy to hold that rank, the others being Cooper, Joe Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Braxton Bragg, in the order named.

**Highest Rank in the
Confederacy.**

His department included Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Indian Territory. Here he organized a government complete in every detail. He made and kept open his communications with Richmond by running the blockade

at Galveston, Texas, and into Wilmington, North Carolina. He sent constantly large quantities of cotton to the Confederate agents abroad, and introduced all kinds of machinery from England and France. He established factories and furnaces, opened mines, made powder and gun-castings, and had made his district self-supporting and of itself a powerful nation in the incredibly short time of two years. He refused to surrender until long after Lee and Johnston had laid down arms. In 1864 he opposed and defeated General N. B. Banks in the memorable Red River campaign.

After he laid down his arms he became President of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company in 1866-68, and later Chancellor of the University of Nashville in 1870-75, and subsequently had the chair of mathematics in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. Sewanee is the West Point of the South. The curriculum and high degree of proficiency attained there equals that of the famous Hudson River school for soldiers.

A LIFE SKETCH OF GEORGE DEWEY.

Story of the Great Admiral Whose Heroism has Won the Praise of the World.

IT is always the unexpected that happens. While all eyes in this country were turned to Cuban waters and speculation was rife as to when the Spanish fleet would make its appearance and give battle; while people on the New England coast, and New Jersey as well, were digging holes in the ground and hiding their valuables, the drama of the war unfolded itself in the far off South Pacific; the curtain was rung up and the Real Hero of the conflict made his initial bow to the American people. The navy has always been the favorite branch of our service militant, and while Admirals Gherardi, Bunce, Meade, Sicard and Captains Evans, Schley, Sampson, Taylor and a few others were more or less familiar by name, that of Dewey could not have been told by one person in a hundred prior to May 2, 1898. Even when on January 3, 1898, a cable message was received at the Navy Department from Commodore George Dewey, reporting that he had taken command of the Asiatic naval station at Nagasaki, Japan, no public comment was caused. Dewey at that time was not a name to conjure with. In this connection it is worth while to state that Commodore Dewey was the first officer to command a squadron who had not hoisted an

admiral's pennant. Heretofore all commodores assigned to flag command had had the rank of acting rear-admiral given them. Secretary Long had decided that this was unnecessary, and directed that officers should have the rank and title of their actual grade in the service.

It was reserved for the march onward of human events, to bestow upon Commodore Dewey the specially created rank of admiral, the highest held in the United States service.

1. Thomas Dewey came from Sandwich, Kent, England, in the year 1633, to Dorchester, Mass. He removed about 1638 to Windsor, Conn., where, on March 22, 1638, he married the Widow Frances Clarke. He died at Windsor, April 27, 1648.

**Genealogy of
Admiral Dewey.**

2. Josiah Dewey, born, 1641, settled first at Westfield, but subsequently removed to Lebanon, Conn. He married in 1662 Hepzibah Lyman.

3. Josiah Dewey, of Lebanon, Conn., born, 1666.

4. William Dewey, of Lebanon, Conn., born, 1692; died, 1759.

5. Simeon Dewey, of Lebanon, Conn., born, 1718; died, 1751.

6. William Dewey, settled at Hanover, N. H., born, 1746; died, 1813.

7. Captain Simeon Dewey, of Berlin, Vt., born, 1770; died, 1863.

8. Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, of Montpelier, Vt., born, 1801; died, 1877.

9. Admiral George Dewey, born, 1837, in Montpelier, Vt., and was appointed to the Naval Academy from his native State when he was seventeen years old. When he graduated, in 1858, he went with the steam frigate "Wabash" on a cruise with the Mediterranean Squadron, which lasted until 1859. Ensign Dewey was at home when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Just one week later, April 19, 1861, he received his commission as a lieutenant. He was assigned at once to the steam sloop "Mississippi," which was to form part of the West Gulf Squadron. The "Mississippi" was a side-wheeler of seventeen guns, and was commanded by Commander McLancthon Smith. The "Mississippi" was with the squadron when it ran past New Orleans on the way back. Later on she was knocked to pieces and blown up by the powerful batteries at Port Hudson.

In 1863 Dewey was on the gunboats that engaged the Confederates at Donaldsonville (just above New Orleans on the west bank of the river). In 1864 he was attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, assigned to the gunboat "Agawam." At the close of the Civil War Dewey served on the European Squadron, first on the "Kearsarge" and then on the frigate "Colorado."

In 1868 he was assigned to duty at the Naval Academy. In 1870 he received his first command, that of the "Narragansett," which was employed

on special service until 1875. The latter part of the time during which he was on the "Narragansett," Dewey was a commander.

The Pacific Survey of 1872-3 was intrusted to him. After two years as lighthouse inspector and five as secretary of the Lighthouse Board, Dewey was put in command of the "Juniata," on the Asiatic Squadron in 1882. In September, 1884, he was promoted to captain and placed in command of the "Dolphin," then brand-new, and one of the four vessels to which the name of "white squadron" was first given.

From 1885 to 1888 he was the commander of the "Pensacola," the flagship of the European Squadron. In 1888 his energy and ability to complete matters of detail was recognized by making him chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, which carried with it the rank of commodore. In May, 1893, he took another turn on duty as a member of the Lighthouse Board. He was made an actual commodore February 26, 1896, and was, about that time, put at the head of the important Board of Inspection and Survey. He was transferred to the Asiatic Squadron, January 1, 1898, and, as before stated, took command January 2.

Admiral George Dewey is the hero of this war who appeals most strongly to the popular imagination. He won his place by a splendid victory, in which personal daring went hand in hand with strategic skill, and he kept it by the exhibition of other traits not always found in a successful fighter. In the management of the delicate questions arising from the victory he won, he showed the qualities of a diplomat and an administrator. There is no parallel instance in American history of a great reputation so quickly made. Other military and naval commanders in other wars have come rapidly to the front, but with them there was some battle of minor importance or the gradually spreading publicity of a campaign before their achievement of great renown. There has never been another who in a single day sprang so dramatically from comparative obscurity to world-wide fame as Admiral Dewey.

Yet there is nothing dramatic in Dewey's character. He has always been known among his fellows as a modest, unassuming, competent officer, who went about his duties without demonstration and accepted responsibilities simply as they came. There are men in the navy of proved gallantry who have gained wide reputation from an effective phrase or catching speech. Dewey is not one of these. It would be quite foreign to his nature to fling out "Remember the Maine!" as a signal from his flagship, like Schley, or to threaten, like Evans, that he would "make Spanish the prevailing language in hell." He was never the kind of an officer whose name

lends itself readily to the embellishment of adjectives. Nobody ever thought of calling him "Fighting George," and he would have smiled on them with quizzical good humor if they had. There is nothing of the bluff sea-dog about him.

Not many stories are current about Dewey, and the few which are told illustrate rather his benevolence and generosity of mind than any striking military trait. There is the incident, for example, of the gunner aboard the "Olympia," who celebrated the victory of Manila Bay by getting gloriously drunk. He was court-martialed for drunkenness and was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, with a diet of bread and water. When the findings of the court came before the Admiral, he endorsed on it: "The verdict is approved; the sentence is remitted in view of the victory lately won by the fleet under my command."

**His Gentlemanly
Traits.**

There was a touch of human sympathy in this which every jackie in the navy could appreciate. Those who have cruised under him say he is one of the kindest officers to the men forward who ever commanded a ship. They speak of his tenderness of heart, of his reluctance to punish petty offenders, and of his toleration for the countless harmless peccadillos which a sailor-man may be guilty of. At the same time he maintained absolute discipline aboard, and to serious offenders he was a terror. He despised a liar and would show one no mercy. It is related that on one of his cruises a petty officer went ashore at Gibraltar, and came back the worse for liquor. He was brought before Dewey at the mast next morning and began to tell a story about his being ill. Dewey stopped him short. "You are lying," he said, severely. "You were very drunk. I heard you myself. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't ask them not to drink, but I do expect them to tell the truth. If you had told me frankly you had taken a drop too much on liberty you would have been forward by this time, for you returned to the ship. But for lying you get ten days in irons. Let me have the truth hereafter. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business telling lies."

No sailor ever lost by owning up frankly to a fault and throwing himself on Dewey's mercy. He might be sentenced in accordance with the regulations, but the chances were that he would be released from the brig before his sentence was half worked out. So it came about that Dewey's men like him and respect him. No skipper ever commanded more loyal crews. The same qualities which Dewey exhibits aboard ship he has shown in the executive positions which fall to a naval officer's lot ashore. When he was in charge

**His Men Devotedly
Attached to Him.**

of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department he was known for the thoroughness with which he administered the Bureau. Neatness of method, promptness and effectiveness characterized everything he undertook, while unfailing courtesy marked his bearing toward those with whom he had business. In person, Dewey is of medium height and slender, with just the suspicion of a stoop. His dark eyes are large and piercing, his face has the clear-cut firmness of the man of the world. His hair, just turning gray, is lined in the middle, with just the suggestion of a wave on either side. His dress is immaculate and always in the mode. He is a clubman and likes society, but he is not a story-teller or a wit. He is rather a well-bred gentleman who has seen much of the world and who combines a fondness for the company of his fellows with a gentleman's reserve and poise. He has never thrust himself forward or sought notoriety even in roundabout ways. He lived in Washington, while Harrison was president, as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment; but there were few in the city outside the service who knew him, and up to the first of May his was simply a faintly remembered name. But those who knew him are not surprised by what he has done. They knew that underneath a quiet and courteous exterior was as finely chiseled a mind as ever set to work upon a naval problem, and from his record as a lieutenant in the Civil War they were aware of the cool bravery which marked the man.

It was forty-five years ago that Admiral George Dewey entered the Naval Academy with seventy-one other boys, each anxious to be a naval officer. The members of his class represented only thirty-one States of the Union.

**Admiral Dewey's
Class.**

Before the termination of the four years' course at the Academy, forty-nine of these novitiate officers had resigned and one had been dismissed. Only twenty-two of the class remained to graduate and receive their first commissions as officers of the navy. Soon after, six others resigned and before they had advanced a single grade in rank. One resigned later on, two were killed in battle and three others died. When our war with Spain opened, only seven of these officers remained in the navy, and two of these, Allan V. Reed and Joshua Bishop, were on the retired list of the navy. The five officers on the active list were: Commodore John A. Howell, the inventor of the torpedo that bears his name and then commanding the northern patrol squadron; Commodore Henry L. Howison, Commodore Albert Kautz, Commodore Norman H. Farquhar and now Admiral George Dewey.

By such process of evolution and selection it is that we obtain our heroes. The foundation for the victory at Manila was laid in the section

room at the Academy ; in the experience gained in lonely watches at sea ; in the crash of battle at New Orleans under Farragut, and in the sincere discharge of the multifarious duties of the faithful officer during long and weary years. It is only by this that such results can be obtained ; yet there are men foolish enough to imagine that we need no preparation for war, or, at least, who talk and legislate as if they so believed.

At Hong Kong, April 26, 1898, the "Esmeralda" brought 600 refugees, mostly Chinese, from Manila. She reported that all American vessels at the Philippine Islands put to sea on March 23. The British Consul at Manila was caring for the interests of the Americans there, and, if necessary, they could find refuge on British vessels. Guns had been taken from Spanish ships to aid in the defence of the city. The fortifications were useless, the guns of obsolete types and ammunition scanty.

At Madrid, April 26, 1898, an official announcement was made regarding the movements of the American fleet, which, it was understood there, was under orders to bombard Manila. It said : "An American squadron, consisting of vessels of no great importance, was approaching Manila. There is much public enthusiasm at the place, and the inhabitants are preparing to resist with great resolution."

The newspapers made caustic comments on President McKinley's tardy hesitations and scruples. They scoffed at the slowness of the operations of the American squadrons, which, they declared, showed that they were inadequately organized and incapable of seriously taking the offensive.

Had Admiral Dewey's wishes been consulted by the Navy Department he would not have been the commander of the squadron that committed such terrific destruction in Manila Bay. It was one of the chances of war that sent him to far eastern waters. Admiral Dewey preferred another assignment. He did not care to go to the Asiatic station, and neither did half a dozen young officers to whom he offered the details of flag secretary and flag lieutenant. They all thought that if we had war with Spain the European squadron and that on the home station would figure more conspicuously. None believed that the United States would extend its operations to the Philippines. At the time Admiral Dewey was ordered to Asiatic waters the chances of trouble with Spain were apparently remote, although the situation was still threatening. When, therefore, Commander F. V. McNair was detached from his command early in January and ordered home, it was necessary to have a flag officer to relieve him at once, and the detail was between Commodore Howell and Admiral (then Commodore) Dewey. Both wanted the command of the European station, where Admiral Selfridge was due to be detached early in

**Dewey Nearly
Missed It.**

February. Dewey was especially anxious for the command, but Howell succeeded in securing the billet, and the orders to both officers were made out in December.

Commodore Dewey left the United States at once, and he raised his flag on the "Olympia" on January 3. Commodore Howell raised his flag on the "San Francisco" on February 7 following. Commodore Dewey had more trouble in finding a staff willing to accompany him to the station than usually falls to the lot of flag officers; not that officers were not willing to serve with the Commodore, but that they saw greater prospects of naval glory on the home station.

Captain Lamberton, who was sent out to command the "Boston" and who failed to get his ship before the fight, was another officer unwilling to join the fleet. He sailed after the "Maine" was blown up, and saw then that the chance of trouble with Spain was promising. He wanted to remain on the home station, but there was no command vacant for him and he took the "Boston." At least a dozen officers on the squadron appealed to their friends to try and get them home so that they could be on hand when war was declared. Through refusal of their wishes every one of them was in the hottest engagement of the war and received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal for their valor.

**Honor Found
Where Least
Expected.**

Manila is a very bustling port with a very beautiful bay. The town, which is the capital of the Philippines, is a city of 250,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1880. The large bay, on the shores of which it lies, is oval in form and at least 120 miles in periphery. Into it the River Pasig empties. The city proper, that is, the fortified portion of it, is on the left bank of the Pasig, a spot selected in 1571 by Lopez de Legaspi as the future centre of Spanish power in the islands. The Spanish and Creole portion of the population constitute about one-tenth of the whole, the others being natives and Chinese. Most of the Chinese are engaged in commerce.

**Manila and
Its Bay.**

The city proper is a group of forts, convents and administrative buildings. It is surrounded by lofty walls and connected with the commercial part of the community, on the right bank of the Pasig, by two fine bridges. As a centre of trade it is admirably situated at the mouth of a navigable river and of an interior sea, which insures it the products of a whole province. Upon the waters of the bay rides in times of peace a commercial fleet representing the nations of the whole world.

A canal connects Manila with the seaport towns on the other side of the island—the eastern side. In the narrows at the entrance of the bay is

the volcanic island of Corregidor. During the southwest monsoon, when the tides are highest, ships of 500 tons can anchor in the mouth of the Pasig, under cover of a long jetty, while small warships can enter the cove of Cavite nine miles further down. This cove is protected from the high tides by a long sandy promontory called the Hook.

Manila is very favorably situated for general commerce. It commands all the routes of navigation between the Strait of Londe and the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Laperause said of the city that its commercial location was the best in the world. Up to 1811 it was the connecting point of Spain's trade with her American colonies.

It was in the bay of Manila, defending the capital of the Philippines, that Spain had gathered eleven vessels of her war fleet, their services being required in an effort to repress the Filipino insurrection, that had cost Spain a large expenditure of blood and treasure. The Spaniards believed themselves to be secure against the attack of a hostile fleet, and ridiculed the suggestion of such a possibility, regarding their position, as well as the number of their war ships, as being unassailable, for the bay was well laid with torpedoes, while the fortifications that commanded the entrance to the bay and those defending Cavite mounted many pieces of modern heavy guns. Notwithstanding these fancied securities, Admiral Dewey did not hesitate to seek the enemy in his fastnesses, and to engage him on his favorite grounds.

**Straight Into the
Torpedoed Bay After
the Enemy.**

The American Asiatic squadron, Admiral George Dewey commanding, was made up of six steel ships, the storeship "Narstan" and the collier "Zaffiro." The warships were the protected cruisers "Olympia," Captain Charles V. Gridley; "Boston," Captain Frank Wildes; "Raleigh," Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, and "Baltimore," Captain Nehemiah M. Dyer; and the gunboats "Concord," Commander Asa Walker, and "Petrel," Commander Edward P. Wood. The "Concord" joined the squadron in January, and the fleet "Baltimore," which had been Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller's flagship at the Pacific station, joined the squadron a few days later. The "Concord" and "Baltimore" took the places of the gunboats "Helena" and "Monocacy." The former was with the blockading squadron off Havana harbor, while the old iron gunboat "Monocacy" was left behind at Woosung to look after American missionaries. The squadron assembled to take the Philippines was the most formidable American fleet ever seen in Asiatic waters.

**The Philippine
Fleets.**

The "Olympia," the flagship, is one of the finest ships in the navy. She ranks next to the "Columbia" and "Minneapolis" in speed, and besides these, the armored cruisers "Brooklyn" and "New York" were the

only other cruising ships having a greater length. Most of the service of the "Olympia" had been at the Asiatic station. On one occasion, when she was going to Yokohama, she was caught in a tremendous storm. In spite of the high head seas, she made remarkable speed, going straight about her business, undisturbed, at the rate of nearly twenty knots an hour. She was designed at a time when the unlucky "Reina Regente," the beautiful Spanish cruiser which visited New York at the time of the naval celebration in the spring of 1893, was the fastest cruiser afloat. The "Reina Regente" had been built for Spain in England, and had steamed nineteen knots under natural draught and twenty-one knots under forced draught. The Navy Department's idea was to build a cruiser which should resemble the fleet Spaniard, but should yet excel her.

A complete and picturesque description of how Admiral Dewey met and annihilated Montojo's squadron of eleven ships in the Bay of Manila (May 1), and of how, by his assistance, the city of Manila was captured (August 13), is described elsewhere in this volume. It remains only to be told that for his superb courage and skill the nation gave him the most generous recognition, Congress reviving the long obsolete rank of Admiral to which President McKinley immediately appointed him, so that Admiral Dewey's distinguished services have been fittingly rewarded, his rank now being the highest, with the largest pay (\$13,500 per annum), in the military service of the country.

**How the Nation
Rewarded Him.**

THE GRANDEUR OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE magnificent extent of the United States, not considering our new possessions, is scarcely comprehended by our own people, so that the ignorance of foreigners in this respect is hardly to be condemned as many of us are disposed to do. Our war in the Philippines has tended to increase the perplexities of people across the sea, as the dispatches to foreign journals of our doings in those far-away islands are much more numerous and definite than are those they receive from the United States. Indeed, it is a surprising thing to know that notwithstanding our extensive commerce with European countries, and the copious information supplied by our newspapers respecting affairs of Europe, America is scarcely mentioned in the incident columns of English, French or German

papers. For this reason foreigners, who have not visited the United States, have a scanty knowledge of the extent or character of our country. Thus it is that when report is made to foreign journals of our losses in the Philippines, of how Smith of Texas was killed, and Brown of Montana was wounded, our English, French and German friends wonder how long this may continue before the United States will have no more soldiers to send over to take the place of those fallen.

Have they never heard the old poem :

“Thebes marched her thousands from her hundred gates,
We march our millions from our hundred States.”

Most of the men who fought in Cuba were regulars, but most of the boys in Manila are volunteers, and are still reckoned by their State organizations. By the way, could anything be more splendid or give to a foreigner a more striking object lesson of the Republic's power? Imagine a foreigner watching an army of United States volunteers and asking natural questions. It would be something like this :

Foreigner—What men are these?

Answer—The Fourteenth Texas Infantry.

Foreigner—And what is Texas?

Answer—A State down on the Gulf of Mexico.

Foreigner—How large is Texas?

Answer—It has 265,780 square miles. It is somewhat larger than Austria-Hungary, a third larger than the German Empire.

Foreigner—What soldiers are these?

Answer—The Third Montana.

Foreigner—Where is Montana and how large is it?

Answer—It is in the Central West and close up to the Dominion line. It contains 146,080 square miles, or some 20 per cent more area than the United Kingdom.

Foreigner—And where do these soldiers hail from?

Answer—They are the Fourth Colorado, which is a Rocky Mountain State, with an area of 103,929 square miles, or say twice the size of England.

Foreigner—And these?

Answer—The Tenth California, on the Pacific, with an area of 158,360 square miles, or a little more than three-fourths the size of France.

Foreigner—And these?

Answer—The Second Oregon and Third Washington, also on the Pacific, and containing together 165,210 square miles, or say a little more than two-thirds the size of the German Empire.

Foreigner—And how many States have you in all?

Answer—Forty-five States and some territories; they fill all the space between the two great oceans, and at one bugle call last summer, in every one soldiers fell into line; the tread of the thousands was like the tolling of the bells of destiny, and the flashings of their standards reflected back the sunshine through one-eighth of the sun's daily round. And they all speak one language; all sing the same songs; all turn for inspiration to the same flag, and though each is a separate wave, when blended they make but one ocean, and when in full roar all the shores of the nation are shaken, for in majesty, in latent power, in unapproachable splendor there is no counterpart for them in all the records of the nations that have existed, since nations were first organized on earth.

A BRACE OF SPLENDID WAR STORIES.

Times When a Fellow Feels Like Running, and When the Enemy Becomes a Friend.

BY W. W. BYAM.

THE squad of old soldiers whose acquaintance I had made was one that proved of more than usual interest, for while warm friends and generous neighbors now, time was, in the long ago, when these same men had met as enemies in fierce charge and counter-charge on many a hard-fought field. But kindly time had healed the wounds and mellowed all the bitter past, and now, under the broad leaves of a spreading palm in the plaza of a little half-Spanish, half-American town in the Lone Star State, I sat and listened to the tales of a glorious past as told by these one-time foes. At times I was amused at the statements of comparative strength and losses—statements that would, no doubt, make the war records in the archives at Washington blush at their inaccuracies. However, these tales of unequal combat were common property, each in his turn being as reckless as to those “superior numbers of the enemy” as the other had been extravagant before him, so that in the end I doubt not that the average would compare favorably with the official reports made at the time.

It is surprising the exactness with which the veteran of his country's wars recalls the details of the glorious day when victory crowned his arms, an exactness that becomes amusing when compared with the apparent dim remembrance he seems to have of time and place when fortune frowned.

I one day ventured to suggest to one of these veteran Sons of Mars that where so many victories had been gained some one must have met defeat; at which the grim old warrior, straightening up, declared: "Never was whipped but once. Never but once, sir."

Almost surfeited with "victories gained," I begged this survivor of the Old Guard to tell me his experience of a battle lost, when, with an apology for his failing memory as to dates and numbers, the old soldier, shifting his "Climax," began the confession of his sole defeat by saying:

"I was one of that army of 25,000 men that led Banks up Red River. I say 'led,' because it is an historical fact that the general in command of that expedition never joined his army until the day before its defeat—in fact, overtaking it just about in time to meet the head of his column, turned back in broken rout. As I was saying, we went up there 25,000 strong, expecting to find about 15,000 rebels. We found the 15,000 rebels all right. They were at home, and expecting us. But the balance of the combination failed to work, and all because of too much train and wagon-master and not quite enough general.

"Banks, you know, was a politician; better politician than statesman, and, as it proved, a much better statesman than general. However, he had gained somewhat of notoriety by outrunning Stonewall Jackson in a race down the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, a year or two before, and the newspapers had discovered, in the success of that race, that his strategy was closely allied to divine inspiration. Be that as it may, the tactics of that political general in the battle at Sabine Cross Roads were—oh, dear!" And here the old veteran fairly groaned. "Those tactics were too new; were not flexible enough; lacked a swivel or something, for when we charged 'Dick' Taylor's army with our baggage-train those tactics failed to connect, and Richard got away with the baggage comfortable like, and with twenty-two pieces of artillery, 200 wagons, and a lot of healthy mules, men and other military impedimenta besides.

"That battle of Sabine Cross Roads was the first fight where my brigade had been compelled to take second money, and what was equally serious to me and the Government, it found me among the number that went over to call on 'Dick' that same evening. I may as well add that I went at Richard's solicitation, and that the gentleman who brought the invitation also brought a gun.

**A Warm Chase
Under Incentives.**

You see, at the moment Mr. Taylor's request reached me I was busily engaged in trying to induce an insubordinate ball to 'close up' on a charge of powder that was a long way farther down that gun-barrel, but the case proved an aggravated one, and beyond my ability to subdue. I suppose I lacked judgment in the matter, or had got mixed up with those peculiar tactics in use on the field that day. It certainly wasn't zeal or industry I was short on, for at the very moment I received Mr. Taylor's invitation to call on him I was all of a sweat charging that confounded ramrod against a tree, trying to force that stubborn ball down where it would be in a position to do the most good. The man who had called to escort me over to see Mr. Taylor remarked that he didn't think I would need my gun in the immediate future, and closed the conversation rather abruptly by saying that I might leave it and he would send for it later, and upon his suggesting that Mr. Taylor was in a hurry to see me, I dropped everything right there and went along with him; not, however, without somewhat of regret at leaving old 'Betsy,' as I called her, for she had been my constant companion from the first day at Shiloh, where she had kicked my shoulder black and blue, and I had really become attached to the old Springfield.

"That battle of Sabine Cross Roads was, if anything, more unfortunate for me than it was for the general in command, for while he only lost his tactics and a reputation, I lost my liberty and a gun, a loss the Government was far less able to bear.

"I have observed before now," continued the veteran, "that all the men I know of, or have read of, that were ever captured in battle, none ever surrendered themselves prisoners of war until each individual found himself surrounded by at least half a regiment of the exultant enemy. But truth compels me to admit that on that day at Sabine Cross Roads it took only one lone man to capture me, and what is more, the one man I surrendered to was an undersized fellow at that.

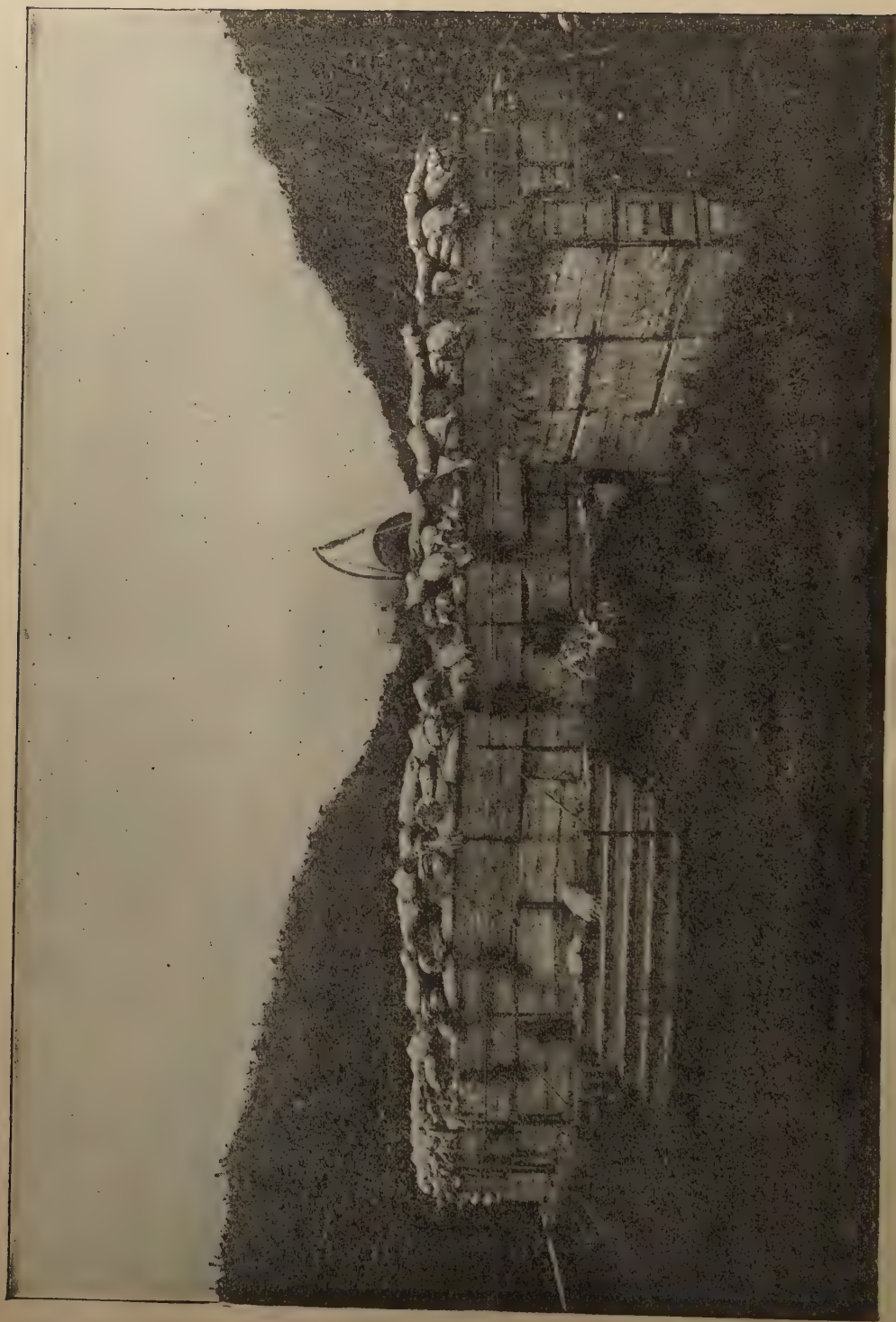
"But, gentlemen," the old soldier remarked, with rising emphasis, "you should have seen the gun the fellow carried. It was the first thing I noticed on turning my head when the owner of it first spoke to me. I stood so near to it, and the fellow held it so steady that I could look into the muzzle clean down the barrel, and see that English-made bullet lying snug and businesslike at the bottom. What calibre, did you ask? Well, really, I could not say. I only recall at that moment it looked to me about the size of a nail-keg. Anyhow, I never saw, before or since, a gun that looked as big until I saw that Krupp affair at the Columbian Exposition.

**His Gun's Bore
Big as a Keg.**

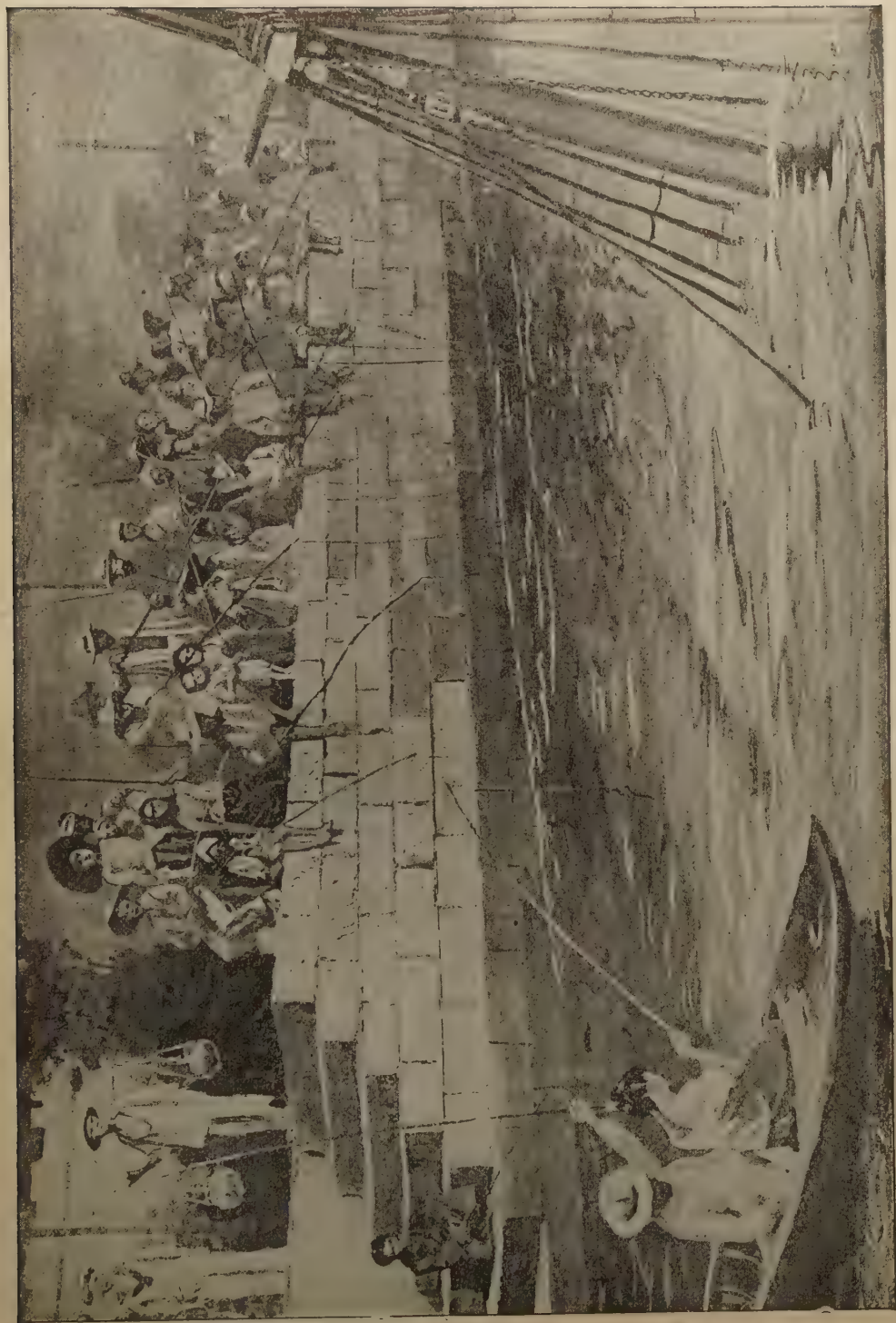
"No," the old veteran sighed, "it only required one man to take me



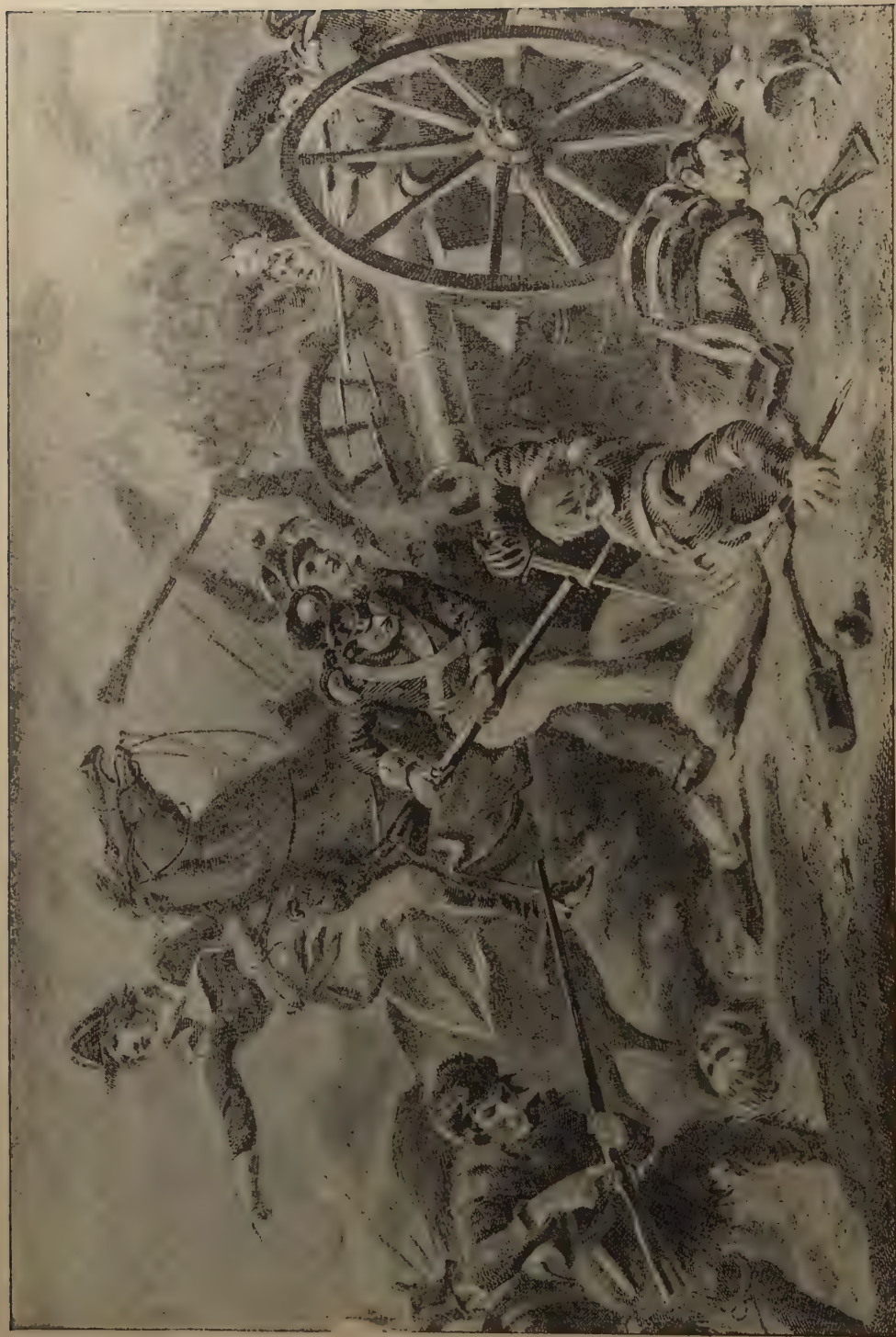
CAPTURE OF A BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR COAMO, PORTO RICO, BY GENERAL ERNST'S BRIGADE, AUGUST 9, 1898.



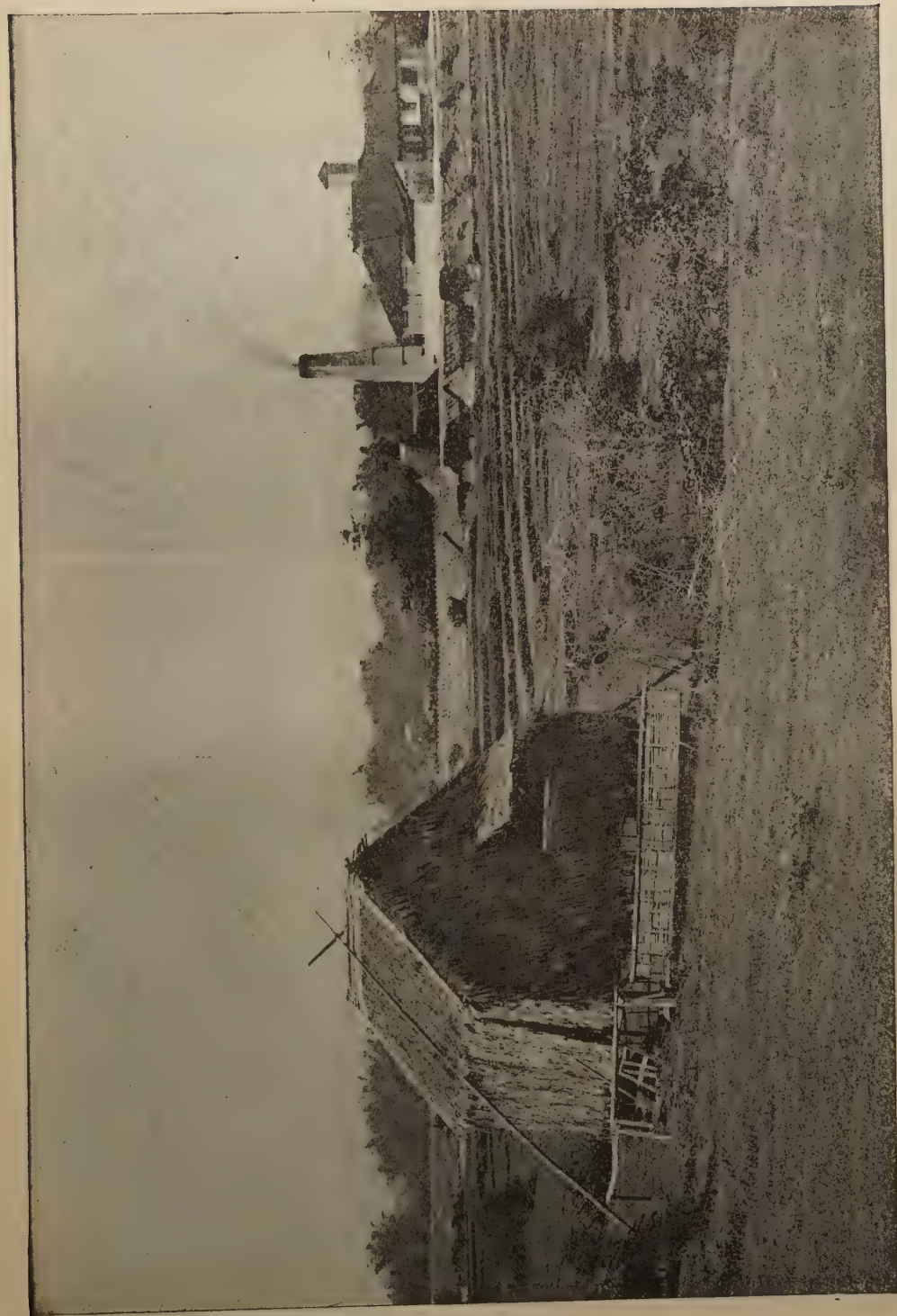
LUNETTE AND 12-INCH KRUPP GUN DEFENDING CAVITE.



THE POOR OF HAVANA REDUCED TO SUBSISTENCE ON FISH DURING THE SIEGE OF THE CITY.



THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA, NEAR NIAGARA FALLS, FOUGHT BETWEEN GENERALS SCOTT AND RIAL, JULY 25, 1814



A CORDAGE FACTORY AND NIPA HUT FOR DRYING MANILA HEMP.



THE AMBULANCE WAGON.



WASH-DAY IN CAMP.



THE TELEGRAPH CORPS.

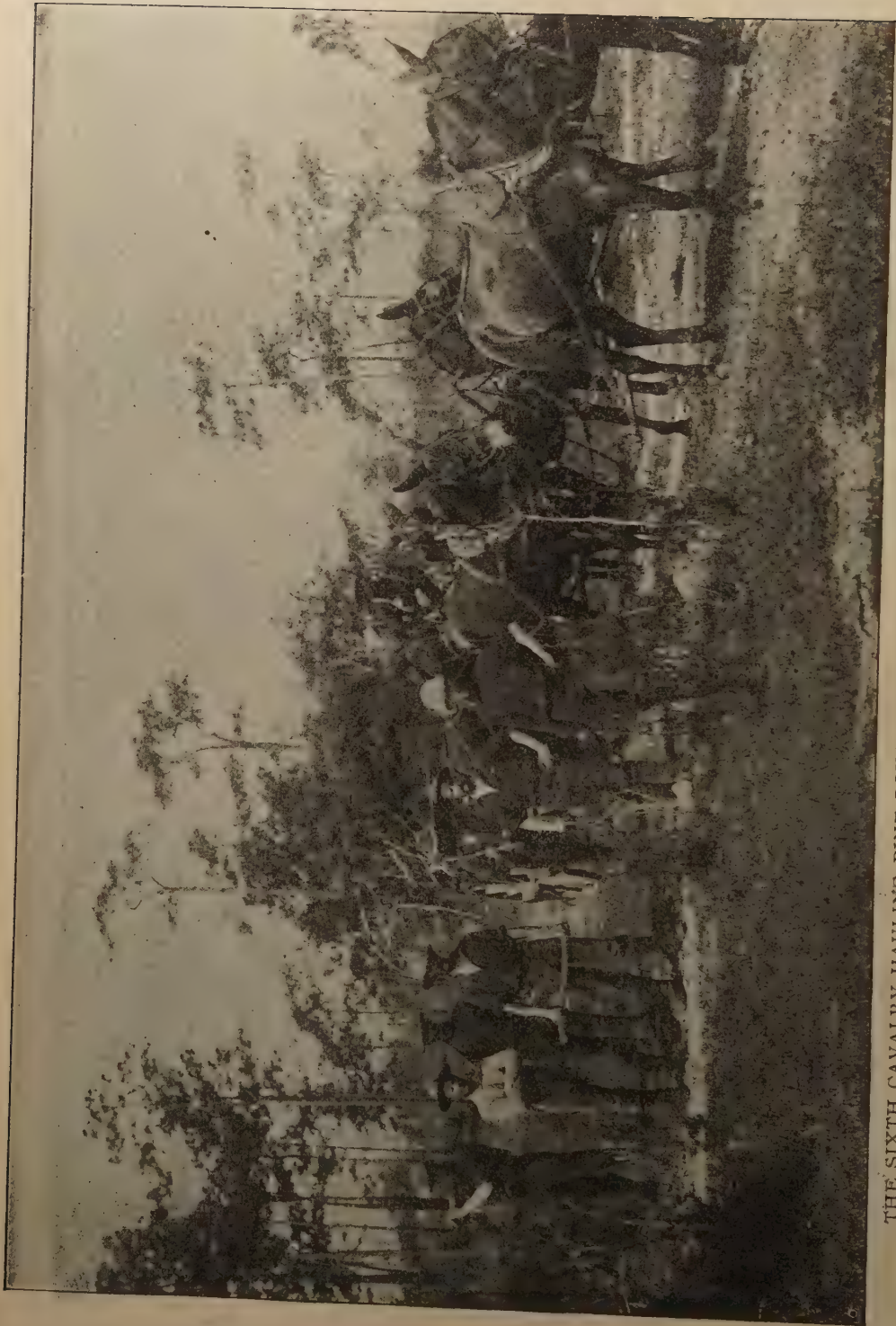


READY TO MARCH.

IN ACTIVE SERVICE.



OUR ARMY AT TAMPA.—A COMPANY MESS AT DINNER.



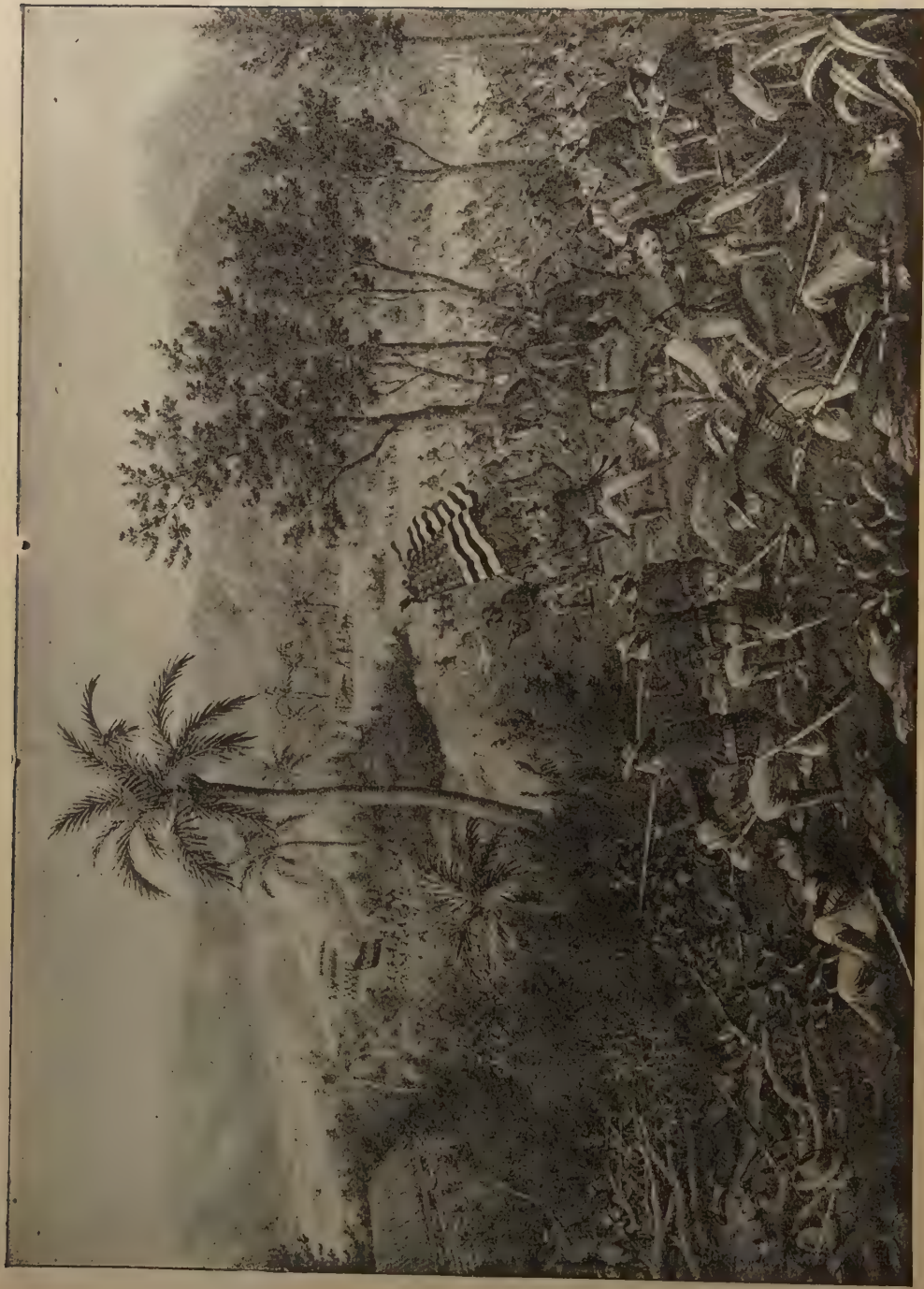
THE SIXTH CAVALRY HAULING PINE BOUGHS NEAR TAMPA TO MAKE SHELTERS FROM THE SUN.



Copyright, 1898, by the Woolfall Company.

THE ASTOR BATTERY GOING INTO ACTION AT MANILA.

From the original drawing by J. S. Davis.



AMERICAN ASSAULT ON THE SPANISH BLOCKHOUSE AND INTRENCHMENTS NEAR EL CANEY, JULY 2, 1898.



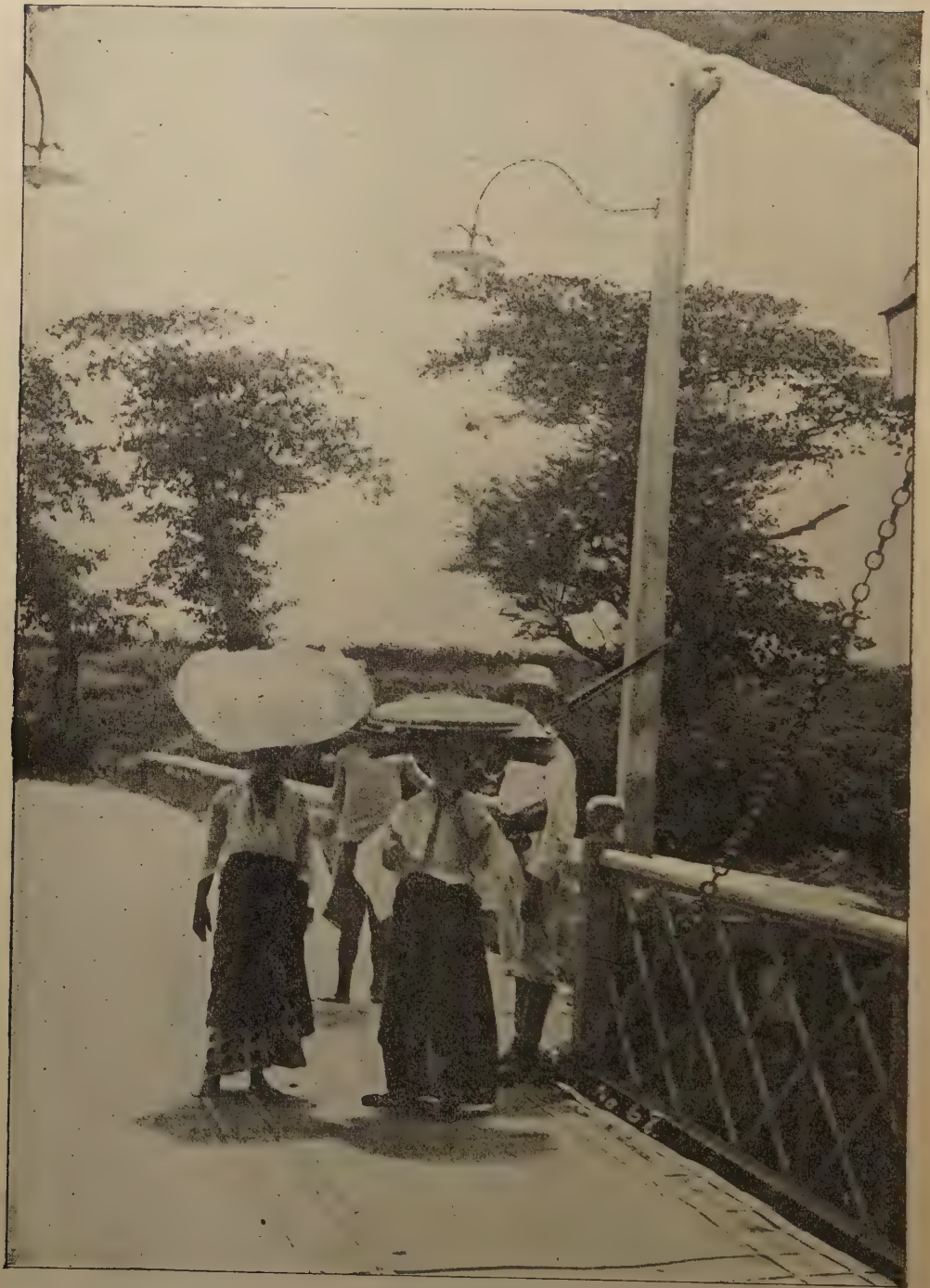
A COMPANY OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS.



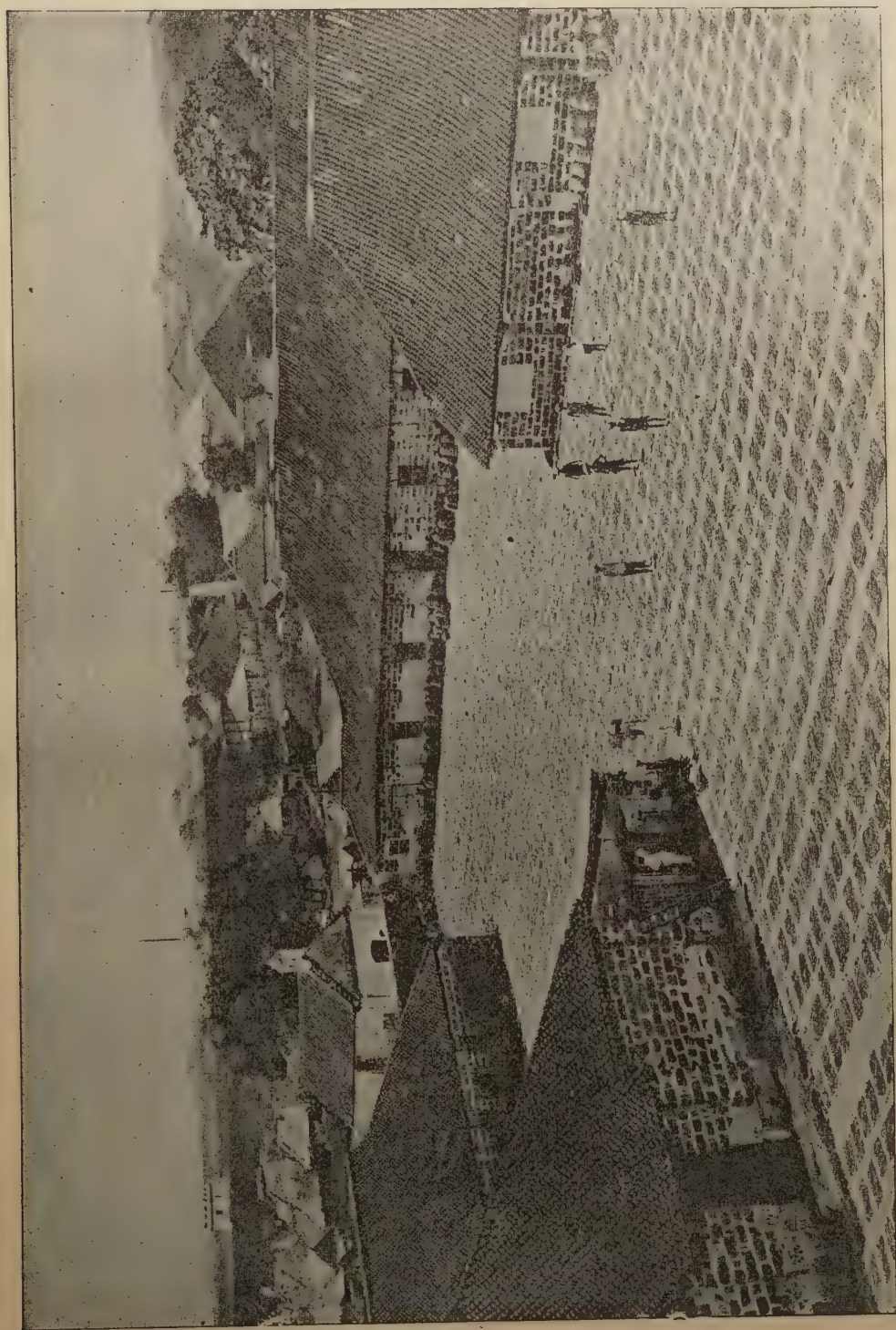
BATTLE OF CAMDEN AND DEATH OF GENERAL DEKALB, AUGUST 16, 1780.



WOUNDING OF GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA, OCTOBER 12, 1777.



NATIVE WASHWOMEN OF MANILA CROSSING A DRAW-BRIDGE OVER
THE CITY WALLS.



SUGAR MANUFACTORY IN MANILA.—THE SQUARES ARE PILES OF SUGAR DRYING.



ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS ASCENDING SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 1, 1898.

prisoner. And do you know," he added, "I have always felt under obligations to that one man for not shooting me with that infernal big gun."

"Well, comrade," remarked one of the squad, addressing himself to the old soldier who had confessed losing his liberty and a gun to one lone rebel, "just about the time you started over to call on the Taylor family, my regiment took its first lesson in learning the difference between chasing the other fellow and having the other fellow chase us. The difference is remarkable.

"You see, we discovered that we had bit off somewhat more than we could chew, so we started back to find the Nineteenth Army Corps, that we knew were taking it comfortably five miles in the rear. It was growing late, you remember, and we all wanted to get back there before dark. However, that only accounted for part of the hurry.

"I never before had the least suspicion that my speed and staying qualities were of so high an order, and, in fact, nothing surprised me more, unless it was the speed and staying qualities developed by that other fellow. I never saw such persistent people as that Taylor family proved themselves that day. I had run about a mile, when I thought I had gone far enough to slow up and catch my breath, and was just looking around in the brush for it, when r-r-ip came about a wagon-load of lead circulating around my locality. I found my breath at once. It is wonderful what encouragement there is in a volley, at the proper time and place. Well, I had that experience repeated a number of times before I finally tired the Taylors out, a matter, I must admit, we did not fully accomplish until next morning, when, having fairly outrun the whole Taylor tribe, we beat them into Pleasant Hill by a couple of hours, just time enough to allow such of our generals as were sober enough for duty to lay a very nice trap, into which the rebels walked in a most accommodating manner, enabling us to thrash them just about as soundly that morning as they had mauled us the day before, with the result that the rebs started north on the run for Mansfield, and we started south on the run for Porter's fleet at Grand Ecore.

**A Sharp Run
for Life.**

"Well, comrade, it may be as you say, that we did not *run* from Pleasant Hill, but you will have to agree that we struck a gait that didn't have a bit of lost motion in it.

"Did any of you ever read Banks' official report of that battle of Sabine Cross Roads?" the old soldier asked. All confessed they had never perused that interesting document. Thereupon, the veteran continued:

"I read that report some years ago, and it went a long way to confirm my belief that much of history in general, and war history in particular, is mighty interesting—fiction.

"In that official report Banks explains how General A. L. Lee brought on the fight with the cavalry and got whipped, and that when Lee was whipped he had sent in Ransom with the Fourth Division of the Thirteenth Corps; and that as soon as Ransom was pulverized, how he had sent in Cameron's Third Division of the same corps. After Cameron had been thoroughly whipped, and no other division standing around waiting for a thrashing, he tells how we 'all fell back, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground.'

**It Wasn't the Way
They Report.**

"How differently different individuals view the same transaction or situation! Now every man in the fight that day, except the author of that official report, supposed we had received a royal sort of whaling, and that instead of 'stubbornly contesting every inch of ground,' we all thought it was a go-as-you-please through five miles of scrub pines and brush, for the rear; that it was every man for himself, and 'Dick' Taylor take the hindmost. And so it was. And, gentlemen, the man who did not run that day either took a trip to the stockade at Tyler, Texas, or is back there yet—lying under the pines."

A STRANGE EXAMPLE OF SECOND SIGHT.

"We had no fault to find with our generals on that campaign," remarked the grim old Texan cavalryman in the squad.

"Kirby Smith was an able general, who, with Fabian policy, had shrewdly drawn Banks up there a hundred miles or so from his base of supplies, and then turned 'Dick' Taylor loose on him. You fellows seem to agree pretty well as to the manner in which 'Dick' did the business for you. My share of the work, however, ended early in the first day's fight.

"That morning our regiment had a stubborn New Hampshire brigade in its front, which gave ground in a sullen manner, emptying a number of saddles for us, while leaving about as many of their own men lying here and there through the woods. By two o'clock we had pushed the blue-coats back onto their supports, where we ran up against an ugly battery planted at the edge of the woods across the field just in front of us, which, for the number of guns and the limit of time, sent us a greater assortment of cast-iron than I had ever seen before. We halted under that battery's fire to reform our somewhat disordered ranks, preparatory to charging its vicious guns, when our old, white-haired colonel, accompanied by his fifteen-year-old

son, who was acting as his orderly, rode along the line, telling the men of the work ahead, and what he expected of them. Returning to the right of the regiment, the boy still at his side, the colonel took his position a few paces in the front, then, rising in his stirrups, gave the command, sharp and clear: 'Attention, battalion! Draw sabres! Forward! Charge!'

"I was a sergeant in troop 'A,' and sat in my saddle, at a distance not exceeding ten paces from the colonel, and vividly recall seeing the boy, at the first word of that command, pitch headlong out of the saddle. I saw the colonel turn his head and look down at the body of his son, heard him complete the command, and then saw the line sweep forward in the charge. Then everything seemed to fade away in a blank.

**A Last Sight Before
Unconsciousness.**

"Now, the remarkable feature of that circumstance was the fact that a piece of the same shell that unhorsed the colonel's son killed my horse, while another fragment gave me a dangerous wound in the head, one that the surgeon, upon examination, said must have rendered me unconscious the instant it struck me. In fact, I was afterwards told by a number of my comrades, who were in the ranks, that with the explosion of the shell the boy and I fell at the same instant of time. Nevertheless, I saw the boy fall to the right of his horse, and saw the riderless animal dash away in the charge, keeping close to the colonel's left side,—facts that, I was afterwards told, occurred just as I recalled them; still I had no remembrance of being wounded, nor any sensation of falling. Another peculiar feature to me of that incident was, that with returning consciousness I retained for some time the vision of that riderless gray keeping his place in the charge alongside the colonel.

"Our surgeon, a man of some scientific attainment, explained my recollection of the events on the hypothesis that I had fallen in a manner that left my face exposed to the front (which was a fact), where the pupils of my wide-open but unconscious eyes had received and retained the image of the events as they transpired, and that the panoramic image thus retained had been gradually developed to my recovered reason—claiming, in fact, that I had seen nothing of what occurred until at least an hour after it had taken place. He further explained that I had never necessarily heard more than the first word of the command to charge, but knowing what was to follow, I had anticipated its completion in my mind, and, as it was the last mental impression I had received up to the moment the shock had rendered me unconscious, my returning reason had simply taken up and completed that final impression. Nevertheless, the incident, with all its details, remains as real to me as any event of my life.

"With the full recovery of my faculties, I discovered I was lying with my left leg under my dead horse, and from the pain my imprisoned limb gave me I knew it must be broken. Raising myself on my hands, hoping to discover some one able to aid me, I was pleased to see 'Sammy,' the colonel's boy, sitting up on the spot where I had seen him fall, chatting as lively as a cricket with a blue-coat who sat near him. The Yankee, I

**Gave His Life for
the Enemy.**

learned, had been attracted by the boy's suffering cries, and had crawled up the slope to the side of the wounded lad, where, making a rude but serviceable tourniquet from a piece of his own shirt, he had succeeded in stopping the flow of blood and saving the youngster's life. On discovering I was alive, the Yankee dragged himself over to where I lay, when I observed that he was a slim, smooth-faced boy, and, although wearing the uniform and straps of a lieutenant, he certainly could not have been more than nineteen years of age. He told me that he was shot through the lungs, and was very weak from loss of blood, and, furthermore, that our cavalry had ridden over him in their charge, injuring his leg. Nevertheless, he volunteered to try and release me from my painful position, and began at once by digging in the soft ground under my leg, using my sabre to loosen the earth, then scratching it away with his hands. After removing quite a quantity of dirt in this manner, he cut away my boot and carefully pulled it from my foot. He then got on his knees, and putting his arms about me dragged me bodily away from under the horse. The pain was so intense at the movement of my broken leg—the bones protruding through the skin—that I became unconscious, and remained so for some time. Upon recovering, I saw the young lieutenant lying quietly near me, and 'Sammy' by his side, bathed in tears. I was surprised to see the lad crying, for, notwithstanding his ugly wounds, he had before seemed cheerful enough. In reply to my inquiry as to the cause of his tears, he pointed to the young officer, saying, 'He's dead.' The boy then told me that the lieutenant's effort to pull me from under the dead animal had broken his wounds open afresh, and that while I was lying unconscious he had bled to death.

"Sore with our stiffening wounds, we lay there waiting and hoping for help, until the sun went down and the stars came out, and then, weak and exhausted from loss of blood, we slept, the boy never to wake, for when help and morning finally came, we found that in his restless sleep he had loosened the bandage the lieutenant's kindly hands had wound about his shattered limb, and the little fellow, unconscious of the fact, had gone to join the generous foe that silent lay beside him."

NICKNAMES OF 1861-1865.

SCHOOLBOYS and soldiers seem to share an especial fondness for nicknames. In our great war, the comrades that gathered around the camp-fires had a familiar sobriquet for almost every one of their leaders. Sometimes it would be a mere abbreviation of surname or Christian name; more often it would be some epithet that gave a picture of the man—a character-study in miniature, as it were.

It would be interesting to make a collection of these war-time nicknames. In many cases they throw no little light upon the personality of their wearers, and the relations that existed between commanders and men—a factor that often influenced the course of a campaign. There was General Thomas, for instance, who will go down to history as the “Rock of Chickamauga.” To his soldiers he was always “Pap Thomas.” General Meade’s spectacles, and his proverbially keen powers of observation, were alike commemorated in his familiar appellation of “Four-eyed George.” Meade accepted the name in the kindly spirit in which it was given, but other officers were more sensitive to the rough yet good-natured humor of their troops. General Butler, for example, could hardly be expected to relish the sobriquet of “Old Cockeye,” due to his slight facial peculiarity. Hooker, too, is said to have protested vigorously against “Fighting Joe”—so vigorously, indeed, that he frequently proved its aptness.

“Rosy,” for General Rosecrans, was a mere abbreviation. More expressive were “One-armed Phil,” for General Kearney, who had left an arm in Mexico; “Saddlebag John,” for General Pope, who once declared that his headquarters were in his saddle; and the “Black Eagle of Illinois,” for the dashing Logan. What a wealth of affection and loyalty is crystalized into “Little Phil,” the name that Sheridan’s troopers gave their brilliant leader! McClellan, too, was a commander of great personal popularity, and his men spoke of him as “Little Mac.”

Few of the nicknames of the generals on the other side of the conflict are as well known as these. “Stonewall” Jackson is historic; General Lee was always spoken of by his faithful, loving soldiers as “Mars’ Bob.” General Joseph E. Johnston was dubbed “Uncle Joe” by his comrades during the Mexican War, and continued to bear the same title during the “Civil War,” probably because of his proverbial care and thoughtfulness of his men. General J. E. B. Stuart was always “Jeb” to his troopers.

These patronymics, like the animosities which brought them into being, no longer exist save in memory, for all that noble band are now fraternizing on everlasting fields, where war’s drums and battle’s screech are heard never more.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S VICTORY AT BUENA VISTA.

The Most Gallant Exploit of the Mexican War, that Made Old
Rough and Ready President.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

(*Historian.*)

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT arrived off Vera Cruz in January, 1846, and assumed command of the American forces in Mexico. He had come to carry out the suggestion of General Zachary Taylor that Vera Cruz should be captured and made the point from which a strong force should penetrate into Mexico. To do this effectively, Scott took most of Taylor's best officers and troops, leaving him with less than 5,000 men, of whom not more than one-tenth were regulars. This reduction of his effective strength was a severe blow to Taylor, who was preparing to make a vigorous campaign, but he submitted without protest.

Santa Anna had gathered an army of twenty thousand men, full of enthusiasm, and eager to be led against the "northern barbarians." When Taylor learned that his enemy was approaching, he was exultant, and with his small army he set out to meet him. He left Monterey on the 31st of January, arriving at Saltillo on the 2d of February. Pressing on to Aqua Nueva, twenty miles south of Saltillo, on the San Luis road, he remained nearly three weeks, when he fell back to Augustina, a gorge in the mountains opposite Buena Vista. Here with his army of barely five thousand men, Taylor strengthened his position and calmly awaited the coming of his antagonist.

**Santa Anna's Big
Army sent to
Crush Taylor.**

On the morning of February 22, the armies were almost within sight of each other. A flag of truce entered the American camp, with the following message from the Mexican commander to General Taylor:

You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but, as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from such a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment my flag of truce arrives at your camp. With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration. God and liberty!

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

The messenger did not have to wait an hour to take back the following from "Rough and Ready:"

A Laconic Answer SIR:—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request. With high respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

Taylor waited for Santa Anna to begin the battle. Well aware of the desperate resistance he was certain to meet, the Mexican leader was cautious. There was some skirmishing through the afternoon and night. Although it was winter, the weather was soft and balmy, and the music of the Mexican bands, mellowed by the intervening distance, floated to the Americans who were sleeping upon their arms and formed a strange prelude to the terrible scenes that were to be enacted on the morrow.

It was hardly light when the battle began and raged furiously throughout the day. An attempt was made to turn the flank of the American right, but it was defeated by the Illinois troops. An assault against the centre was then repulsed by Captain Washington's artillery, after which the left flank was assailed furiously. An Indiana regiment, through a mistaken order, gave way, and for a time the American army was in peril, but the Mississippians and Kentuckians threw themselves into the breach, the Indiana and Illinois troops rallied, and the Mexicans were driven back. General Taylor, standing near Captain Bragg's battery, saw just then signs of wavering in the enemy's line. "Give them a little more grape, Captain," he commanded, and Bragg did as he was ordered.

**"A Little
More Grape."**

At sunset, the Mexicans broke and fled in confusion. The Americans slept on their arms, expecting the battle to be renewed in the morning, but when daylight came it was discovered that the army had disappeared, leaving five hundred dead and dying on the ground. Many were suffering from hunger, thirst and exhaustion, and General Taylor gave them all the care possible. The Mexicans lost about two thousand men, the American casualties being seven hundred and forty-six. Among the killed was Colonel Henry Clay, a son of the Kentucky statesman. Colonel Jefferson Davis, in command of a Mississippi regiment, displayed great gallantry. The fame won by General Taylor at Buena Vista made him President of the United States within the following two years. It was the last battle in which he ever took part. He had nobly finished the task assigned to him, and soon after returned to the United States.

FOR TEXAS INDEPENDENCE.

Story of the Most Terrible Battle ever Fought on American Soil.

BY SENORA CANDELARIA, A WITNESS.

"Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

SENORA CANDELARIA, who died in San Antonio, Tex., on February 10, 1899, at the great age of 114 years, was the sole survivor of the Alamo. She alone could tell how Travis, Crockett, Bowie and 114 other heroes defended the old mission house for fifteen days against 5,000 Mexican regulars, led by the ferocious Santa Anna; how they held the Mexicans in check so that the Texans might rally to the defense of their homes; how they fought until they were overwhelmed and annihilated, and won this immortal legend for their monument:

"Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

Three days before her death Senora Candelaria told the tragic story of the fiercest fight ever waged on American soil. Notwithstanding the great age of this extraordinary woman her mental faculties were singularly clear, her memory was unimpaired and her powers of description were remarkable, as the story taken from her lips and recorded here shows, constituting one of the most valuable contributions to history that was ever made.

"Yes, it is true that I was in the Alamo during its siege and terrible fall, and I am the only survivor of that awful struggle.

"Colonel Bowie died in my arms, shot dead by a Mexican bullet that grazed my own chin. Good old Davy Crockett died fighting like a wild beast within a few feet of me, and brave Colonel Travis within a few feet the other way, while all around in heaps lay the dead bodies of every man who had defended the Alamo, tumbled together with three dead Mexicans to every one of them.

"I was in the fort as a nurse for Colonel Bowie. I was living in San Antonio, near by. Five days after the cannonading began in the fort—I can never forget that frightful, incessant rumble of guns!—five days after it began I received a letter from General Sam Houston, which I took as an order and obeyed immediately. It read:

"‘Candelarita,’ as General Houston always called me, ‘go and take care of Bowie, my brother, in the Alamo.’ It was signed ‘Houston.’ Bowie had typhoid fever,"

Mme. Candelaria briefly recalled the events that led up to the tragedy and sketched the heroic men that figured in it. The commander of the garrison, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Barrett Travis, was a native of North Carolina, twenty-eight years old, six feet tall, a lawyer. He was on the proscribed list of Santa Anna. The second in command was Colonel James Bowie, famous as the inventor of the knife which bears his name. He was a native of Georgia. David Crockett was a native of Tennessee and a typical frontiersman, famous as a mighty hunter. He was elected for two terms in the House of Representatives, where he figured as a sort of eccentric. Failing a third term, he went to Texas. With twelve Tennesseans he arrived in San Antonio three weeks before the siege of the Alamo.

**The Alamo
Besieged; the
Beginning of War.**

Determined to subjugate Texas, Santa Anna had pushed on through Mexico to San Antonio, appearing before the Texas city on February 22, 1836. After consolidating with Cos and Sesma, Santa Anna's army numbered between six and seven thousand men. This force had been depleted to about five thousand during the hard winter march.

The small Texan garrison at San Antonio was taken by surprise and it hastily retreated across the river to the Alamo, Lieutenant A. M. Dickenson catching up his wife and child on his horse on the way.

Santa Anna's demand for immediate surrender was answered by Colonel Travis with an emphatic "No" from a cannon. The blood-red flag of "no quarter" was hoisted on the tower of the church of San Fernando and the siege was begun.

The mission of the Alamo was established by the Franciscan friars where it then stood, and still stands, in 1722. The buildings consisted of a church with walls of hewn stone 5 feet thick and 22½ feet high. The church faced the river and the town. The central portion was roofless at the time of the siege, but arched rooms on each side of the entrance and the sacristy, which was used as a powder magazine, were strongly covered with a roof of masonry. The windows were high, close and narrow, to protect the congregation from Indian arrows.

Adjoining the church was the convent yard, a hundred feet square, with walls 16 feet high and 3½ feet thick, on the inside embanked by earth to half their height. At the further corner of the convent yard was a sally-port, defended by a small redoubt. The convent and hospital building, of adobe bricks, two stories in height, extended along the west side of the yard 191 feet. The main plaza in front of the church and convent covered nearly three acres. It was enclosed by a wall 8 feet high and 33 inches thick.

To defend this place Travis had fourteen pieces of artillery, but none of the Texans had been drilled in their use. It was impossible to perfectly guard so wide a space, so the defence was concentrated about the church and convent. Travis had been careless about provisions. Only three bushels of corn were found at first in the Alamo, but some eighty or ninety bushels were afterward discovered in one of the houses. When it took refuge in the Alamo the garrison numbered 145 men, which was increased during the siege to 177 men. Few as they were in number, the men were without military organization and were held together only by a common heroic purpose.

**The Heroic
Defence; the
Devoted Garrison.**

Santa Anna erected batteries and prepared to make a long siege, rather than trust the results of an assault upon the stronghold. The defenders were equally cautious, and, husbanding their ammunition, made little use of their cannon, placing their reliance in the rifle, which they knew so well how to handle. General Castrillon attempted to build a bridge across the river, but the constructing party was within reach of the rifles of the Texans, and in a few minutes thirty were killed and the survivors withdrew.

Little by little the Mexicans advanced, fighting during the day and pushing forward during the night, until the investment was nearly complete. On March 3 Travis sent his last message to the government. In it he said :

I am still here, in fine spirits and well-to-do. With 145 men I have held the place against a force variously estimated from between fifteen hundred to six thousand, and I shall continue to hold it until I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in its defence. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have been injured. . . . A blood-red flag waves from the church of Bexar and in the camp above us, in token that the war is one of vengeance against rebels. . . . These threats have had no influence upon my men but to make them fight with desperation and that high-souled courage which characterizes the patriot who is willing to die in defence of his country, liberty and his honor, God and Texas, victory or death.

The Mexicans had effected little by their cannonade, their guns being only field pieces of light calibre. The Texans, however, were worn by constant vigilance and frequent alarms in expectation of an assault.

After the last of Santa Anna's troops had arrived, on March 2, they took three days to rest. On the fifth the Mexican general held a council of war and determined on an assault the next day. In the meantime, Madame Candelaria had entered the Alamo to nurse Colonel Bowie.

"After fighting like a demon for ten days," continued the centenarian, every muscle in her wrinkled face twitching as she warmed up to the most tragic part of her story, "brave Colonel Travis got word that no more men

could come to his aid. He knew then that there was no hope, but he never thought of such a thing as giving up the Alamo ; no, not he. He called his men together at night, told them how matters stood, and, drawing a line on the ground with his sword, said : ‘ Those who want to fight it out with me come inside that line, and those who have had enough and think they can escape go outside.’ All stepped over the line to Travis’ side but one Mexican. Some say he escaped. I do not know what became of him.

**The Line of the
Sword—Death
Chosen by All.**

“ All day and all night long there was shooting with cannons and with rifles. Sometimes the Mexicans got brave and advanced in small parties, but they were always driven back. God must have been with the Texans up to the last day, for not a man was killed until then, although bombs and cannon balls came thick and fast inside the fort at times, and bullets kept whizzing through the air.

“ All this time I was taking care of good Colonel Bowie. Besides his fever he was suffering from a fall from a platform. He was not able to get out into the yard to fight, but he would stay with his men, and I nursed him as well as I could.

“ With so many in the fort, and with working and shooting going on all about, it was not easy to take care of a man with a fever. But it made little difference, well or sick was all the same after Santa Anna’s savage men broke into the fort. All were shot, clubbed or bayoneted to death together.

“ Between three and four o’clock in the morning of March 6, Sunday, the Mexican forces were formed for assault. The troops were divided into four columns and each column was supplied with scaling ladders, crowbars and axes. The cavalry were drawn around the fort to prevent any attempt at escape, but, laws ! there wasn’t any need of that !

“ Through the gray light of the morning the bugle sounded, and the bands began playing the Spanish air of ‘ Deguelo ’ (cut-throat). It was the signal of no quarter. The troops came on a run. The men in the Alamo were ready for them, and they were received with a fire from the artillery and rifles which must have killed scores.

**The Trumpet Call,
“ No Quarter.”**

“ The column headed for the northern wall was driven back in a hurry by Davy Crockett and his men. The attack on the eastern and western walls failed, and then all four columns hurried around to the north side of the Alamo and were driven forward like cattle, by the blows and curses of their officers.

“ There was an awful drove of them—more men than I had ever seen together or ever have since. Once again the Texans drove them back, but

on the next trial they scaled the wall, tumbling over it twenty at a time, while the retreating Texans shot them at a frightful rate. The Mexicans carried the redoubt at the sally port and swarmed into the convent yard, driving the defenders into the convent and hospital.

"It was an awful scene—Mexicans and Texans all mixed up. The range was too short for shooting, so they clubbed their rifles and fought hand to hand. The terrible bowie knife did great service. Some of the enemy turned the captured cannon against the soft adobe walls and began firing. Soon all was bang! bang! smoke, swearing and general confusion. Crazy men were fighting everywhere, bullets rattled against the stones and blood spattered all about. Oh, there was never anything so bad before and I know there never has been since.

**The End of the
Defence; The
Massacre Begins.**

"The Texans fought from room to room in the convent, using their clubbed rifles and their bowie knives so long as they had life in them. Colonel Travis and Colonel Bonham fell dead early in the struggle near the door. Twice the Mexicans fired a howitzer loaded with grapeshot into the big room of the hospital. Fifteen Texans were found dead in that room and the bodies of forty-two Mexicans lay just outside.

"The last of the fight took place in the church, into which the Mexicans poured in droves, having got through the stockade. Seeing that it was all up with the defenders, Major T. C. Evans started for the powder magazine to blow up the building, as agreed upon by the defenders. But as he entered the door he was shot dead. I shudder when I think what would have happened if he had succeeded. I wouldn't be here, that's certain; no, there wouldn't have been even one survivor of the Alamo. Poor Davy Crockett was killed near the entrance to the church, his rifle in his hands. He was the last to die.

**Attempt to Blow
Up the Magazine.**

"I had hard work keeping Colonel Bowie on his couch. He got hold of his two pistols and began firing them off, shouting all the while to his men not to give up. He was raving. I had moved his cot to the arched room to the left of the entrance to the church.

"Finally a bullet whizzed through the door, grazing my chin—see, it left a scar which is there to-day—and killed Bowie. I had the Colonel in my arms. I was just giving him a drink. Mrs. Dickenson and her child had gone into the room opposite the one I was in. A wounded man, Walters, I think was his name, ran into that room with Mexicans after him. They shot him and then hoisted his body high on their bayonets until his blood ran down on them.

"At nine o'clock the Alamo had fallen. Not one of its defenders was alive. It seemed to me that the fighting lasted days instead of only a few hours.

"The Mexicans spared all of us women and the children in the fort. The survivors were Mrs. Dickenson and her child; Mrs. Alsbury, a niece and adopted daughter of Governor Veramendi, and her little sister, who had gone to the Alamo with Colonel Bowie, their brother-in-law; a negro boy, servant of Colonel Travis, and myself. They all died long, long ago, and poor old Senora Candelaria cannot live much longer.

"After the fighting was ended, five men who had hidden themselves were found by the victors. By this time Santa Anna had left his shelter and come to the shattered fort. The five men were brought before him. A kind officer asked that they be kept prisoners, but Santa Anna laughed and ordered his soldiers to kill the men with their bayonets.

"Then, by order of Santa Anna, the bodies of all the dead Texans were piled in a heap with brush and wood and burned. That was the end of the heroes of that great struggle. Is it any wonder that the old senora's thin blood runs a little faster whenever she hears 'Remember the Alamo?'"

Senora Candelaria did not tell the story as connectedly as it is here set down. She was very feeble then, but possibly realizing that her end was near she threw all of the fire left in her worn old brain into the telling. Sit-

ting in the sunshine in sight of the Alamo she loved so much, she unfolded the narrative slowly, with frequent intervals for rest. She spoke mostly in Spanish, with occasionally a sentence in broken English. Her voice had lost its force, but her hands had not. Her gestures were eloquent. Much of the story was told by gestures, for which words have been supplied.

Apart from her wonderful experience in the Alamo, Senor Candelaria's life was full of incident. She was born amid turmoil. Her parents, Don Jose Antonio and Senora Castanon, led a party of settlers along the Rio Grande in 1785. They halted for a night on the bank of the river where Laredo now stands. That night they were attacked by Indians. During the panic which ensued, while the settlers were shouting, clapping their hands and swaying the bushes in order to lead the savages astray as to their number, the future Madame Candelaria was born. After soldiers from Rio Grande had driven the Indians away, the settlers returned and founded the town of Laredo. There the battle-born Mexican child grew to womanhood, noted for her beauty. When she was eighteen she married and moved to San Antonio. Her first husband was killed by Indians while on a surveying

**Like a Ghost of the
Past, The Seeress
of Slaughter.**

expedition. She married again, and her second husband met an equally violent death. She had three sons, only one of whom lived to manhood.

The State of Texas long ago voted her a small pension, and she lived in a little cottage near the Alamo. Toward the end she grew blind, and tottered the last few steps of her long road to the grave in darkness.

Texas will see that her memory is kept green.

DECATUR, THE YANKEE TAR.

BY COLVILLE BALDWIN.

IT was a bright, cool morning in October, 1812, that the great fight between the American frigate, the "United States," commanded by the immortal Decatur, whose fame is the common heritage of the American people, North and South alike, and the British frigate "Macedonian," commanded by Captain Carden, took place.

As an illustration of the grand fighting qualities that belong to the American Navy, it deserves a place even above that which would naturally be given it as a story of mere heroic achievement. Without courage man is a poor thing. The coward is everywhere and universally despised. And yet courage is a quality found with almost every people, in differing forms and degrees.

There is a courage of brutality which has won many battles, oftener on the wrong than the right side. It is based upon a cruel instinct for blood, a fierce, wild impulse to conquer and hold others in subjection, and an utter disregard of all chivalric considerations.

There is, again, a courage that is born of a devotion to a noble cause, as, for instance, when it springs from so great a love for liberty for all mankind that its possessor willingly dares the worst that may befall man, and cheerfully sacrifices not only life, but his own freedom, that others may enjoy that which he sets above all other earthly blessings. This courage can only be found in the loftiest, noblest spirit. It cannot exist in the vulgar, commonplace man. It flourishes by the side of the sweeter attributes of that type of human nature nearest akin to the divine. The man who has it is sympathetic, tender toward misfortune, unselfish in impulse, even to the utmost of personal sacrifice, scorning that which is low and unworthy, yielding to the

**Courage Belongs
to the Good.**

leadings of the heart even after bitter experiences which in another would chill the confidence of man in his fellow-man. Our own American poet has sung of the men who have this heaven-inspired courage :

“ The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

In these two lines he paints the composite picture of the long list of heroes whose exploits crowd the pages of American history.

And of these, no man was more deservedly conspicuous, no man more universally loved, no man more distinguished for the possession of the characteristics of the highest type of manhood, than Commodore Stephen Decatur.

He was born at Sinnepuxent, Md., January 5, 1779, and was the son of Captain Stephen Decatur, also for many years an officer of the United States Navy. The younger Stephen, the subject of our sketch, entered the service in 1798 as a midshipman, and so efficient was he that a year later he was promoted lieutenant. It is a coincidence that before joining the navy he was employed, at the age of seventeen, to superintend the getting out of the keel pieces for the frigate “United States,” that he was in that vessel when she was launched, was assigned to her as midshipman when he first entered the service, and afterward as lieutenant, subsequently commanded her as captain, as well as when she served as flag-ship of one of the squadrons of which he was commodore, and in her fought one of the most brilliant battles history records. She seems to have been a favorite with him, and right staunchly did she respond to every demand her great commander made upon her.

From the beginning of his career, Decatur manifested those heroic impulses which have made his name and fame an imperishable ornament to the history of our navy—a matter of undying pride to every true American. As a youth it was said of him that he was possessed of an uncommon character, was an officer of rare promise, “one not equaled in a million.” While still a midshipman, serving on board the “United States,” he was on deck one day when, in the midst of a howling tempest, the ship rang with the cry, “Man overboard !” and the boats were lowered away.

“Without hesitation,” says the historian, “Decatur sprang from the mizzen-chains, and in a few moments his muscular arms were holding the drowning man above the waves, which he continued to do until the boats reached the spot, when he passed the nearly dying youth into one of them, and then climbed in himself. It is of such men that heroes are made, and the one that Decatur saved, while himself gaining celebrity, lived to see his preserver attain a

**Risks His Life to
Save Another.**

fame unsurpassed by that of any officer of his time in the American Navy." Decatur served as lieutenant under Commodore Barry, on the West India Station, and in 1801 joined the frigate "Essex," and was sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale, in consequence of the hostilities with Tripoli. Here he afterwards served under Captain James Barron, as first lieutenant of the frigate "New York," and distinguished himself on every opportunity. At Malta he was second to an American ensign, Joseph Bainbridge, who fought a duel with a British officer who lost his life in the affair. In 1803 Commodore Preble was sent to take charge of the squadron, which had been greatly strengthened, and Decatur was placed in command, first of the brig "Argus," and subsequently the "Enterprise."

It was at this time that he gained great renown by recapturing and burning the frigate "Philadelphia," an American ship, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. She was lying in the harbor of Tripoli, surrounded by other Tripolitan warships, and under protection of shore batteries and forts. Selecting a crew of seventy men and thirteen officers, he placed them on board a captured Tripolitan vessel called the "Intrepid," and boldly sailed into the port on the night of February 15, 1804. He had a Greek pilot, and under the pretense of a vessel in distress, got alongside the "Philadelphia" before his true character was detected. Followed by his men, he sprang on board the doomed ship, and, after a fierce fight, obtained possession of and destroyed her by burning, having only one man wounded, and he but slightly, while the enemy suffered severely. This feat was pronounced by Admiral Nelson "the most daring act of the age," and in recognition of his courage and skill Decatur was at once commissioned a full captain, and a sword was voted him by Congress, he being then only twenty-five years of age. His gallant crew was also handsomely rewarded.

One of the Most Daring Acts of History.

The remarkable career of this brave man cannot, however, be followed minutely in the limits of this article. During the subsequent hostilities with Tripoli, he continued to distinguish himself. In August, 1804, having three Neapolitan gun-boats under his command, he participated in an attack upon the enemy's flotilla of gun-boats, which were lying under the guns of the shore batteries and a formidably armed brig. Each of his boats singled out and boarded an antagonist, and, after desperate hand-to-hand conflicts with sword and pistol, overpowered them. Decatur captured a vessel, and, taking her in tow, went after a second. On boarding her, he engaged in a personal and most desperate struggle with her commander, who, after pretending to surrender to Lieutenant James Decatur, our hero's brother, had treacherously assassinated him. After a few moments of fierce fighting, Decatur killed

his opponent and held the vessel. In this action, Decatur lost only fourteen killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss amounted to fifty-two, out of eighty.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Captain Decatur was placed in command of a squadron, with his old friend, the "United States," carrying forty-four guns, for a flag-ship, and it was on the twenty-fifth of October that he met and captured the "Macedonian," as we are about to describe.

Captain John Carden, of the Royal Navy, who was in command of the "Macedonian," was one of the ablest and most famous of the officers of the British Navy, conspicuous no less for his skill than daring and tenacious bravery. He and Decatur had become acquainted prior to the war, and had learned to esteem each other most highly. When the two vessels came near enough to each other to be recognized, each commander felt at once that he had met his peer, and that the fight to follow would be a duel to the death.

The "Macedonian" was an entirely new ship, having just been built and equipped at the Portsmouth navy-yard, whence she had sailed only two weeks previous. She mounted forty guns, consisting of thirty-eight carronades, a pivot-gun on the fore-castle, and a smaller piece on the quarter-deck. She had 300 men aboard, a selected crew, all but twenty of whom were veteran and well-trained man-of-war's men.

The fight took place off the Azores, about two hundred miles distant in a southwesterly direction. As has been said, the morning was bright and cool. The sea was fair, with a heavy swell running. The captain of the "Macedonian," evidently not anticipating a call from his old friend, had concluded that for that day

**A Memorable
Sea Fight.**

his men should enjoy a much-needed relaxation from the rigorous routine of drill and hard labor incident to life on a man-of-war, and especially severe on board the "Macedonian," a new ship to which everybody was strange. He therefore gave orders that the members of the crew should be permitted to engage in sports and amuse themselves in such way as they chose, and, by his direction, they were given an extra allowance of grog.

All went merrily for an hour or two. The men, released from the toilsome duties which for weeks had pressed upon them to the entire exclusion of everything like pleasure, entered upon the enjoyment of the occasion with the keenest zest. Fiddles were produced, and while in one part of the ship the nimble-footed tars were showing off their fancy steps in hornpipes and jigs, in another, groups surrounded the singers, who, to the accompaniment of wheezy instruments, sang the rhymed legends of the glorious deeds of valor performed by the British hearts of oak. Apart from these sat the veteran salt, spinning the endless yarns of strange and moving incidents

that a life-time at sea had supplied. Here was one writing home to wife or sweetheart, there another conned laboriously the Bible his dear old mother had given him. Scattered about, the prudent and careful fellows, wonderfully deft with big needles and coarse, yarn-like thread, repaired their clothing. Some sought in sleep to repair the wear of the hard strain of the past fortnight of incessant labor, while some lounged about, pipe in mouth, enjoying the unsurpassable luxury of doing nothing, saying nothing and thinking nothing. The frigate was spinning along under top-sails, top-gallant sails and courses. The day bade fair to be one of pleasant repose and comfort to all, and there was no thought or presentiment of the awful scene so soon to present itself.

In the meantime, on board the American ship everything was proceeding in the usual routine of the American man-of-war. The morning duties had all been performed; the decks were white after a vigorous holy-stoning, the brasses had been cleaned, the guns carefully looked after, and everything was ship-shape. The gallant Decatur was never caught napping. His look-outs at the mast head knew too well the man they served with to relax for an instant the vigilance with which they scrutinized the great waste of water in every quarter, on the alert for the enemy.

The serenity and repose on board the "Macedonian" was suddenly disturbed by a hail from the foretop mast-head:

"Sail ho!"

Captain Carden sprang at once up the companion-way, leading from his cabin to the deck.

"Can you make her out?"

"Can't make her out, sir!"

At once the scene was changed! In the twinkling of an eye, every man was filled with excitement. The sound of the fiddling and dancing came to an abrupt close. The singer stopped half-way in his droning verse, the yarn-spinner dropped his story at the most interesting point, the letter writer threw down his pen, the reader stuffed his Bible into the bosom of his loose shirt, and the sleeping man was in an instant broad awake, peering over the side for the strange sail. After a lapse of two or three minutes, Captain Carden again called out:

"Mast-head there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you make out that sail?"

"She's a square-rigged vessel, sir!"

"Here, Mr. —," said the captain, summoning an officer to his side,

**Hushed are
all Sounds
of Merriment.**

"send a lookout to each mast-head, and an officer into the top, and keep a close eye on that fellow."

"Ay, ay, sir."

A moment later came a voice from aloft—

"A frigate, sir, and bearing down upon us!"

"Can you make out his rig?"

"He looks like a Yankee, sir!"

That settled it! Surrounded by his senior officers, the captain gave his orders promptly and comprehensively. Turning to his executive, he said quietly:

"Clear ship for action, sir, and get the people to the guns!"

Scarcely had the last word left his lips, when the shrill whistle of the boatswain summoned all hands to stations. Springing to their work with the greatest alacrity, the 300 nimble fellows swarmed all over the vessel, and in three minutes the bulkheads were knocked down, the preventer-braces reeved off, the rigging "swiftened down," boats made secure, boarding netting rigged, ladders unshipped, hammocks transformed into breast-works, and everything in shape for action.

Be sure the American ship was no less well prepared. Decatur's lookout had sighted the "Macedonian" even before Captain Carden had been called from his cabin, and Decatur was on deck sweeping the horizon with his glass, impatiently seeking his antagonist. So soon as her whereabouts was located, he clapped on all sail, and staggering under her weight of canvas, the "United States" bore rapidly down upon her.

The long roll of the drum summoned the "Macedonian's" people to the guns. They were cool and skillful. Seasoned in a hundred fights, and filled with a belief in the invincibility of the British Navy, they had no doubt as to the result. Of all fighting peoples on earth, the English at that day acknowledged no superiors, and especially none at sea. It was no child's play upon which the Americans were about to enter, and right well did Decatur know it. But the thought only spurred him on to greater haste, and inspired his courage to a loftier determination.

**Quick, Man the
Guns!**

At last he came within 2,000 yards of the "Macedonian," which, under foresail, fore, main and mizzen-top sails, main clew-garnets hauled up, royal yards in the rigging, and top-gallant sails furled, and with her jib, foretop-gallant staysail and spanker set, was eagerly closing in. Even when Captain Carden became satisfied that it was Decatur with whom he had to fight, he showed no hesitation although he became more wary. He passed calmly among his men, cheering them with words of encouragement.

At 1,500 yards, the "Macedonian" opened up with a shot or two from her pivot-gun forward, but they fell short, without damage. Decatur made no response, but pressed steadily on. Again the "Macedonian" essayed to bring matters to an issue, opening on the "United States" with three of her port guns. Being to windward, she had a great advantage in manœuvring. The port guns also failed to reach. Impatiently, the two ships rushed closer together, till finally the distance was reduced to 1,000 yards.

This was the time Decatur was waiting for. He knew that the decisive moment had arrived. At the lifting of his hand, his gun-deck battery opened up, and, following his instructions previously given, the shot ripped through the enemy's sails, his object being to cripple her at once. Simultaneously, the "Macedonian" opened up with every gun that could be brought to bear; but without effect. Either the distance **The Battle Opens.** was still too great, or the marksmanship was bad. At all events Captain Carden, seeing that he was likely to be disabled before he could even injure his adversary, ordered the firing to cease, and bent all his energies to closing in on the "United States."

At 500 yards, he opened fire again, and this time with some effect. But the fates were against him. From the moment Decatur's first gun opened, the fire from the "United States" was incessant and directed with rare skill. The "Macedonian's" mizzen-top mast went by the board, and the main mast was now the mark for Decatur's fire. The British marines were drawn up in the waist, and shots from the American guns were tearing great holes through them. Carden ordered them forward, and then distributed them about the vessel as sharpshooters.

Decatur pounded away like a fiend. The "Macedonian's" main-top mast went down, and wreck clearers were called away.

The scene at this moment was indescribable. Every available gun on each ship was hot from rapid and incessant firing. Broadside after broadside was poured into the oaken ribs of the noble vessels, which seemed like sentient things, and trembled and shook with the shock of the conflict. The very sunlight of heaven was obscured by the smoke. Splinters filled the air, the shrieks and groans of the wounded smote the ear with appalling significance, and the sharp, short orders of the officers, with the stern "ay, ay, sir," of the responses, came through set teeth, as the men breathed hard and set all upon the hazard of the fateful moment.

Decatur, having pretty well destroyed the "Macedonian's" rigging, now directed his fire to the gun-deck of his enemy. Crash after crash, the volleys filled the air with booming thunder, as of a deafening summer

storm. From the "Macedonian," survivors say, the American ship seemed to vomit forth solid masses of fiery flames.

The havoc was frightful, and the slaughter on the "Macedonian" was sickening. One shot killed and wounded seven men. Another caught two powder-monkeys and dashed their bodies, mangled out of all semblance to human forms, into the carlins overhead.

**Fighting on Blood-
Red Decks.**

About the main-mast lay thirty marines, some dead, and some wounded and dying. The door of the cockpit was surrounded by the poor, mangled fellows, who lay about in heaps, their yells of pain ringing out even over the roar of battle. Every sail on the "Macedonian" was gone but the foresail. She was almost utterly crippled, and yet, with the advantage of wind and sea in her favor, she was still a most formidable antagonist.

Captain Carden maintained his post on the quarter deck, undismayed by the horrible slaughter of his men, and the destruction of his vessel. Feeling that he had but one chance to retrieve almost certain disaster, he gave orders to bring the "Macedonian" alongside, and every effort was made to accomplish this.

Decatur saw the point as quickly as the commander of the "Macedonian" did. He knew that it was to his advantage to keep his antagonist where he could pour his heavy volleys into her until she became helpless. But it took skill and seamanship to avoid the contact which favoring circumstances seemed about to enable the British commander to bring about. Keeping up his tremendous cannonading, therefore, Decatur at last met his opportunity, and by an adroit manœuvre, drove out of the smoke ahead, when the "Macedonian" was not more than a pistol shot away, then gave his order to destroy his adversary's foresail. A vigorous use of sections of chain and bags of bolts fired from his forward guns soon tore the canvas completely to pieces. Then, swinging around under her stern, he had the "Macedonian" completely at his mercy, and her flag was hauled down.

Decatur sent Lieutenant Allen on board the "Macedonian" to take possession. When that officer arrived there he was fairly shocked, seasoned fighter as he was, at the dreadful sight that met his eyes. The decks were literally running with blood, and the dripping of the crimson fluid onto the gun-deck from the deck overhead, where the killed and wounded lay in piteous heaps, was like the falling of a ghastly rain. To keep the decks clear, the British had thrown at least twenty bodies overboard, some of them having been thrust through the port-holes, even before life had left their bodies.

The surgeons were busy in the cockpit, working with an earnestness and zeal that seemed almost inhuman. The amputation of a limb was a quick process. The cut was made with lightning-like quickness, the saw grated savagely through the bone, the flap was slapped back, and a coating of hot pitch was pressed upon the bleeding stump to sear the wound.

**Short Shift for
the Wounded.**

Out of her 300 men the "Macedonian" had lost 112. The rigging and masts were almost utterly destroyed, and her hull had been riddled by more than 100 solid shot.

The meeting of Decatur and Carden was a painful one to both of them, but it gave to the generosity and nobility of Decatur's character an opportunity to display itself. As has been said, the two men were old friends. There was also a singularly marked resemblance between them, not only in form and features, but in their finer characteristics of heart and mind.

The British captain, almost heart-broken over his defeat and the awful sufferings of his men, advanced toward Decatur, with his sword extended, handle first, in token of surrender, but uttering no word. With a grand impulse which nothing could restrain, Decatur waved the sword aside, and came impetuously forward, with both hands extended—

"Captain Carden, I could never forgive myself if I took the sword from the hands of a man who has used it with the bravery and courage you have displayed. I decline to take it!"

The "Macedonian" after two days' hard work, was rigged up with jurmasts, and, accompanied by the "United States," was taken to New London, under command of Lieutenant Allen. After having been thoroughly repaired, she was refitted as an American war-ship, and afterwards formed one of a squadron commanded by her valiant captor.

Captain Carden, upon exchange, was tried and acquitted of all blame for having lost his ship, and remained for many years an ornament to the Royal Navy, and a steadfast friend to Stephen Decatur till the day of that noble man's untimely taking off.



90 MEN AGAINST 2,000.

BY LIEUTENANT R. H. JAYNE.

THERE'S no use of denying that we made a sorry exhibition with our land forces at the opening of the War of 1812. It brings a blush to the cheek to recall the surrender of Detroit by the timid old General Hull; the cowardice of the militia of New York at Niagara; the abortive attempts at the invasion of Canada; the humiliating capture and burning of Washington (relieved by the splendid valor of Commodore Barney and his marines at the Bladensburg bridge), and the general hurly-burly of the campaigns. These were not of a nature to cause a quickening of the pulse of an American, though often lit up by thrilling instances of bravery, ending in more than one magnificent victory, as the officers and the troops swung into place, and grasped, as may be said, the exigencies of the situation.

But on the ocean, how we made things hum! From the days of the old Vikings, a thousand years ago, down through the fierce conflicts between the nations of Europe on the high seas, and the tremendous blows struck by Paul Jones and the privateers in the Revolution, no more stirring naval battles shook the deep and dyed the waves with crimson, than took place between our infant navy, in the War of 1812, and the mighty fleets of Great Britain, the "mistress of the seas."

We were caught unprepared. We had a few men-of-war, the number hardly worth mentioning, while the English navy numbered 1,036 vessels, of which 254 were ships-of-the-line, every one carrying at least seventy guns of large calibre. She had thirty-five war vessels at the different stations on our coast, ready for action, the whole manned by a prodigious force of 144,000 sailors.

No wonder our government decided to make no contest against such overwhelming odds. Where would we have been but for the protest of those grim sea-dogs, Bainbridge, Stewart and others? They succeeded in gaining the consent of the government that the privateers should have a chance, along with the few men-of-war, whose officers and crews were yearning for an opportunity of measuring strength with the British cruisers.

The exploits of the little American navy are familiar to every school-boy. They added imperishable lustre to our glory upon the ocean, and humbled the pride of Great Britain as never before. The first time that that

power ever surrendered an entire squadron to an enemy was on the 10th of September, 1814, when Commodore Barclay, with his arm shot off having lost the other in a previous engagement, ordered the white flag run up as token of submission to young Perry, the American, who had never seen a naval battle before, but who, at the close of his terrific engagement, sent the message to General Harrison :

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours ; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

Baltimore furnished more privateers than any other port, but they sailed from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Salem, by the dozen. Some of the most famous were fitted out in Charleston, Bristol and Plymouth. The majority were schooners, well armed, swift, and crowded with men, so as to furnish crews for the captured prizes. There were also brigs and brigantines, which were often so depleted, for the purpose named, that barely enough men were left to handle the original privateer.

Captain Samuel C. Reid, of Connecticut, commanded the privateer brig "General Armstrong," whose armament consisted of nine long guns, the largest being a twenty-four-pounder, the others nine-pounders, or "long nines," as they were called, while in the usual position, on a pivot at the front, was the famous "Long Tom," so useful when pursuing an enemy.

Good luck attended the "General Armstrong," which, setting out with several hundred men, captured prize after prize, and sent them home, until Captain Reid was left with a crew of only ninety. In the month of September, 1814, he put into the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azores, for the purpose of laying in provisions, of which he was running short.

While he was leisurely engaged at this work, Captain Reid was surprised by the arrival of a British squadron for the same purpose. It was on its way to Jamaica to join Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane's naval expedition against New Orleans. It consisted of the flagship "Plantagenet," of seventy-four guns, under Captain Robert Floyd ; the frigate "Rota," thirty-eight guns, under Captain Philip Somerville, and the brig "Carnation," eighteen guns, under Captain George Bentham. The destination and intended service of the squadron make it hardly necessary to state that the ships were all thoroughly equipped for action. They were manned by 2,000 men.

The English squadron arrived at Fayal on the 25th of September. As soon as Captain Floyd recognized the terrible little Yankee privateer, he placed his ships so as to shut off her escape. Inasmuch as all the vessels were in the waters of a neutral power, Captain Reid doubted whether the enemy would attack him. But he was too wise to take any chances. He spread his nets and made ready for action.

A sharp watch was maintained through the night, but nothing took place. The next day, however, several boats put out from the "Plantagenet," and headed for the privateer. In his subsequent report of the affair, Captain Floyd stated that he had no purpose of attacking the American, but he was engaged only on a reconnoissance. Captain Reid was not to be caught napping. The favorite method of attack in those days was by boarding, and such he believed was the intention of those boats. Accordingly, he hailed them and warned them to keep off.

They paid no attention, but rowed straight for his ship. He repeated his warning until they were but a few rods away, when he let drive at them. Several were killed and wounded, and the astonished enemy concluded to terminate their reconnoissance then and there, the survivors returning to the flagship.

Captain Reid knew that the most serious business was to come. So he swung his brig nearer shore, with springs on her cables, and held himself in readiness for the attack of his enemy.

As night was closing in, a dozen or more boats were lowered from the British vessels, all filled with men and guns. Each boat carried a carronade in her bows and had a crew of thirty or forty men. The expedition was under the command of Lieutenant William Matterface, of the "Rota."

Instead of making directly for the privateer, the boats sheltered themselves for several hours behind some rocks near her, while the "Carnation," being light of draft, took position within shot of the privateer, so as to be ready in case she attempted to slip out to sea.

The full moon was shining in an unclouded sky, so that objects could be seen for a short distance with the distinctness of daylight. It was almost midnight when the boats that had been sheltered behind the rocks shot into sight, and the splash of oars showed that the attack was to be made within the next few minutes.

**Moonlit Waters
Splashed with
Blood.**

While still some way off, the enemy opened with her carronades, and the privateer replied with her long nines. Little if any damage, however, was done; but the boats were coming fast, and the fight grew hotter and fiercer every moment. The Americans fired with deadly accuracy, sinking three of the craft before they reached the nets, and leaving the occupants drowning, swimming and struggling in the water. The English made determined and desperate attempts to board. They slashed and cut at the nets, and grasping them, drew their boats close against the side of the privateer, and strove to climb over the gunwales,

Captain Reid, fighting like a tiger, repelled the attack at the starboard quarter, and then ran forward to the help of First Officer Frederic A. Worth, at the bow. He and his men were not a moment too soon, for the boarders were bearing down the defenders, as they clambered up the sides, shouting, "No quarter for the Yankees!"

"No quarter!" roared back the Americans, blazing away with their pistols in the faces of the enemy, prodding them with pikes, meeting them hand to hand, and flinging them sprawling like so many frogs into the sea.

The fight was of the fiercest character. Repeatedly the boarders were on the point of success, and more than once the Americans were compelled to yield ground. But it was only for a moment. Nothing is calculated to make a man fight harder than the certainty that it is his only chance for life, since surrender is out of the question. Under the inspiration of the captain and officers, who were everywhere, shooting, prodding, striking, wrestling with grim, fearless energy that seemed to know no fatigue, fear or abatement, the sailors proved themselves every one a hero.

**The "Armstrong's"
Crew of Tigers.**

There could be but one ending to such heroism as this. Several boats filled and went to the bottom; a half dozen, crowded with dead and dying, drifted ashore; only two returned to the ships.

The Americans had two killed and seven wounded. Captain Floyd admitted a loss of thirty-four killed and eighty-six wounded. It was double that. Lieutenant Matterface, the leader of the expedition, was among the killed.

Naturally, Captain Floyd and his men were infuriated by the frightful repulse they had received at the hands of the Yankee privateer. He had already violated the law of nations in making his attack in neutral waters, and when the Fayal authorities sent him a request to stop fighting in their harbor, he angrily replied that he meant to have that privateer if he had to knock down the whole city, and that if the authorities allowed the Americans to destroy or harm the brig, he would treat Fayal as a hostile seaport.

Captain Reid learned of this threat, and could not mistake its meaning. He sent his dead and wounded ashore, and told his men to leave their most valuable effects in the town, where, if they survived, they could recover them. That done, it may be said the "General Armstrong" was stripped for the fight.

The brig "Carnation" opened the attack by approaching quite near, and pouring repeated broadsides into the privateer, whose replies, owing to her fewer and smaller guns, were so ineffective that the "Long Tom" was

appealed to again. Bang! went one of the monstrous balls between wind and water; another bit in two the foremast; others crashed and splintered the rigging, until the wounded assailant was glad to limp off for repairs.

But the privateer was doomed. She had made one of the bravest fights in all history, yet there is a limit to the possibilities of bravery. When Captain Reid saw the other two vessels approaching, he knew that a general attack would be made in the course of a few minutes. It was 2,000 men against ninety; 130 guns against nine smaller; three vessels against one not so large as the least. Fight in the face of such odds was without hope or excuse.

Captain Reid determined the enemy should not capture his vessel, so he lowered his boats, scuttled the privateer, and then rowed for shore. The enraged English threatened to pursue him and his men, but the Americans hurried into a strong fortress, and Captain Reid challenged the British to attack him. They did not accept the challenge.

The effect of this splendid exploit was more far reaching than would be supposed. The English squadron was so crippled by its rough usage, that it returned to England to refit. This so delayed the arrival of Sir Thomas Cochrane's expedition at New Orleans, that he found on his arrival General Jackson was several days ahead of him.

Captain Reid and his men received a characteristic reception when they returned to this country. From Savannah, where they first set foot on shore, it was one ovation all the way to New York. The Legislature of that State presented Captain Reid with a sword, and he was made a sailing-master in the navy.

**An Ovation to the
Gallant Reid.**

Captain Samuel C. Reid was not only a consummate seaman and daring fighter, but possessed of superior mental accomplishments. He invented the signal telegraph, which was put up at the Battery and Narrows, established the lightship off Sandy Hook, and numbered and regulated the pilot boats. He was the designer, also, of the present form of our flag, which retains the thirteen stripes, and adds a star for each new State.

England was afterward compelled to apologize to Portugal for the act of Captain Floyd in attacking an American vessel in a neutral port belonging to Portugal. We were awarded an indemnity, but Louis Napoleon, to whose arbitration the matter was referred, reversed the award.

The "Long Tom," which played such a prominent part in this fight, was recovered by the Portuguese, and mounted in the castle of San Juan, in Fayal. Some months ago, the king offered to return the gun to us. When received, it will be set up in Lafayette Square, Washington, opposite the White House.

The song-writers of those days could not overlook such a thrilling theme as the fight of the "General Armstrong" with the British squadron. Here is the first verse of the poem by James Jeffrey Roche :

"Tell the story to your sons,
Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
Ninety guns against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight,
In the harbor of Fayal, the Azore."

DEATH OF GENERAL WARREN.

BY EPES SARGENT.

ON THE day of that memorable engagement on Bunker Hill, General Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer. "Tell me where I can be the most useful," said he, addressing General Putnam. "Go to the redoubt," was the reply; "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I will be in the most danger—tell me where the action will be the hottest." At the meeting of the Committee of Safety, previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person. "I know there is danger," said Warren, "but who does not think it is sweet to die for his country?" When Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered the last at the redoubt, and was slowly and reluctantly retreating, when a British officer called out to him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face upon the foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

When the war-cry of liberty rang through the land,
To arms sprang our fathers, the foe to withstand.
On old Bunker Hill their intrenchments they rear,
When the army is joined by a young volunteer.

"Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade them good-bye,
Saying, "Oh, it is sweet for our country to die!"
The tempest of battle now rages and swells,
'Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells;

And a light, not of battle, illumes yonder spire—
 Scene of woe and destruction ; 'tis Charlestown on fire !
 The young volunteer heedeth not that sad cry,
 But murmurs, "'Tis sweet for our country to die !"
 With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near ;
 A volley of musketry checks their career.
 With the dead and the dying the hillside is strewn,
 And the shout thro' our line is : "The day is our own !"

"Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they fly;
 Stand firm ; it is sweet for our country to die !"
 Now our powder is spent, and they rally again.
 "Retreat," says our chief, "since unarmed we remain !"
 But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,
 Reluctant to fly and disdaining to yield.
 A shot—ah, he falls ! but his life's latest sigh
 Is, "'Tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet for our country to die !"
 And thus Warren fell. Happy death, noble fall,
 To perish for country at Liberty's call.
 Should the flag of invasion profane evermore
 The blue of our seas or the green of our shores,
 May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry,
 "'Tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet for our country to die !"

PATRIOTIC DEEDS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY J. W. BUEL.

WE are accustomed to speak, write and to read of the valorous exploits of our soldiers and sailors, the sons of liberty and fathers of our independence, often mindless of the heroism and sacrifices of the no less noble and patriotic women of America, to whom, in a sense, our obligations are equally great. Not only have they endured the privations incident to a settlement of our country, and performed their part with marked fidelity, but instances are not few where they have exhibited a valor as conspicuous and effective as that with which our bravest defenders are credited, and performed deeds deserving of an imperishable fame, which to our shame, however, are not generally remembered.

Examples of female gallantry in the hour of National trial are many, but two that are specially great must suffice here for illustration of woman's strength of character, physical courage and devotion to country. The darkest period to American hopes during the war of the Revolution was in the year 1778, when Washington was sorely beset by Sir Henry Clinton, with an army of 60,000 of the best equipped and most thoroughly drilled soldiers in the world at the time. Our entire army did not number more than 30,000, though Congress had ordered its increase to 40,000 men; such soldiers as Washington had, too, were poorly clad, badly fed, indifferently armed, almost without knowledge of military movements, and the country was in the most direful financial straits. A less resolute leader would have despaired under such ill conditions, but difficulties seemed rather to infuse Washington with a more dogged determination.

**Women
Who Deserve
Immortal Fame.**

It happened, through our good fortune, that in June an order was given to General Clinton by the British Government to transfer his troops, of some 30,000, from Philadelphia to New York, but for want of a sufficient number of transports to carry this large force, Clinton sent about 20,000 by water and then set out overland, through New Jersey, with the remainder. Washington, a remarkable tactician as well as strategist, foresaw this action of the enemy and acted so promptly that scarcely had the main army of the British left Philadelphia when he, with his full force, crossed the Delaware, June 21, fifteen miles above Trenton, and began a vigorous pursuit of the British contingent. Washington was ably assisted by General Lafayette, who found the enemy encamped at Monmouth Court House, New Jersey, on the twenty-eighth. It was in the engagement that followed that General Charles Lee, by a perfidious, if not treasonable act, came near betraying and causing the defeat and probably the destruction of the American Army.

**Washington
In Pursuit
of Clinton.**

It was during the bloody engagement at Monmouth Court House, which resulted in a defeat of the British, that Moll Pitcher so distinguished herself as to gain immortal fame. There is some dispute as to her name, but the records seem to show that she was married to an artilleryman named McCauley, though history will hardly fail to preserve that of Moll Pitcher, which may have been her maiden patronymic. She appears to have been a sturdy camp-follower, twenty-two years of age, who had already won distinction at Fort Clinton, where she is credited with having fired the last shot.

The day the battle of Monmouth was fought was one of almost insufferable heat, and Molly Pitcher made herself useful carrying water from a

spring to her husband and the others serving the fieldpieces. This service she performed, regardless of all danger, until her husband was killed,

**Wonderful Bravery
of Moll Pitcher.**

when, there being no one to take his place, the gun was ordered removed. At this supreme juncture, when the very fate of Washington's army seemed to hang in the balance, brave Moll Pitcher dropped her bucket and begged permission to take the place of her fallen husband. The need of using every gun was so great that her request was granted, and, with astonishing courage and industry, she acted as a gunner during the remainder of the fight. On the following day, after Clinton's retreat, Moll Pitcher was presented to Washington, with report of her exploit, and as a mark of recognition of the value of her services she was made a lieutenant of artillery, and Congress voted her half-pay during life.

In appearance Moll Pitcher is described as having been a stout, red-haired Irish woman, with freckled face and dark, piercing eyes. She lived in Carlisle, Pa., after the close of the war, and over her grave in the cemetery of that town is a plain stone monument which bears the following inscription:

MOLLIE McCauley,

Renowned in History as Molly Pitcher,

The Heroine of Monmouth.

Died January, 1835, aged 79 years.

Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County,

July 4, 1876.

**Sacred to the
Memory of
a Heroine.**

Another display of patriotic daring, scarcely less remarkable than that which made Moll Pitcher famous, was performed by Mary Doyle, wife of a private in the American artillery, at the bombardment of Fort Niagara by the British, November 21, 1812. There is a singular coincidence in the name and situation of the two heroines, each being wife of an American artilleryman and each taking a husband's place, but in the case of Mary Doyle she acted from a slightly different impulse, her husband having been made a prisoner by the British at Queenstown, and she practically joined the army, or acted in his stead, with the hope that thereby she might become an instrument to secure his liberation.

The British, under General Dearborn, erected strong earthworks at Fort George, and when in readiness began a fierce bombardment of the American fort, Niagara, across the river. From morning till night they maintained a terrible fire of shells and red-hot balls, throwing 180 of the former and

2,000 of the latter during the day. The Americans were fewer in number and had not more than half the number of guns used by their assailants, but they fought with amazing firmness until their extremity became so great as to discourage further defence. When the Americans were upon the point of yielding hope, when red-hot balls were setting fire to the barracks and causing the most fearful destruction, Mary Doyle came upon the scene, a very impersonation of the fierce spirit of war and valor. With eyes blazing and hair streaming she took her position beside an abandoned six-pounder, and with amazing endurance, loaded and fired it herself many times and then turned to serving red-hot balls, which she continued with such resolution that every fainting soldier was animated by her conduct and gained fresh spirit that enabled them finally to beat off the enemy.

**Mary Doyle,
the Heroine of
Niagara.**

THE FIRST AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. N. S. STOWELL.

HOW many people are there who know that in Louisiana, as far back as 1768, there was an attempt made to establish a republic upon the soil of North America, and that five citizens of New Orleans paid for the attempt with their lives? Yet such is the fact, and the dusty records in the official archives at Madrid and Paris bear testimony to their gallant, but fruitless, endeavor.

It occurred shortly after France had ceded Louisiana to Spain. The helpless inhabitants disliked the transfer, but they were powerless to help themselves. Although the Spaniards formally accepted the gift in 1762, the Spanish Governor, Ulloa, did not arrive in Louisiana until four years afterward. The colonists had made up their minds to dislike him, and they did so. He seems to have been a gay, good-humored, not very dishonest, ruler, who tried to suit his unruly subjects, and found that he had set himself an impossible task. They were scandalized because he married without the consent of "Father Dagobert," and hurt because he sent to Havana for a nurse for his child. Was not Louisiana able to furnish a good enough nurse? The colonists complained of his presence at New Orleans, but declared that he had insulted them when he stayed at Balize for eight months. They shut him and his wife out of society, and then accused them of haughty exclusiveness. A severe charge against him was that he made

the inhabitants of New Orleans go six miles out of town in order to whip their slaves, because Madame Ulloa's nerves were disturbed by the shrieks of the victims of the lash.

When he saw that the colonists had agreed to disagree with him in everything he gave up trying to please them, secluded himself and studied science, of which he was a devotee. Meanwhile the popular discontent grew apace. Several prominent citizens formed a plot to overthrow the Spanish authority and establish a republic under the protection of a British officer then commanding at Pensacola.

On October 25, 1768, the crisis came. Armed bands occupied the streets of New Orleans. Ulloa fled to a frigate which lay off the city. The superior council met, expelled, in the style of more recent days, all the adherents of the other side, and adopted an address declaring that the colonists' allegiance was due to France, not to Spain. This was a blind, the real intent, as the archives of Paris show, was to establish a republic modeled after the Swiss government. Ulloa reported to Madrid: "One plan was to transform the colony into a republic under the protection of England, but, seeing that they could not obtain from her the assistance they wished for, they came to the determination to rise without it, and to trample under foot the orders of their sovereign."

For several months the colonists were left to govern themselves. Then the future grew dark. France and England both refused their aid. Spain sent General O'Reilly, with twenty-four ships and over three thousand troops, to seize the rebellious colony. When the fleet came in sight, advancing up the Mississippi, one of the conspirators, Marquis ———, proclaimed the republic, but less than a hundred men responded to his call for troops. O'Reilly landed, undisturbed. Four days afterward the principal leaders were arrested. A month of torture and trial ended in the sentence of one of them to death. One had already been killed while trying to speak to his wife. The lack of a hangman saved the rest from the scaffold. They were shot on the morning of October 26, 1769—the first martyrs to independence in America.

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON.

One of the Most Heroic Characters of American History, and How
He Won the Battle of New Orleans.

BY JOHN JACOB CUSHMAN.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, was born in a log cabin in Union County, South Carolina, March 15, 1767. His first graduation was from the "old field school," his second from the Revolutionary War, where he developed the hatred which found its vent in the battle of New Orleans, in 1815.

He was an apprentice, a lawyer, an attorney for the State of North Carolina, served in Congress for that State, went to Tennessee and helped build up the region; served as Senator when Jefferson was president of the Senate; fought Indians and debtors alike; was appointed judge in Tennessee; fought in the Creek war, the second war with Great Britain; carried the punishment of Arbuthnot and the Florida Indians into Florida, and waged a little war of his own on Spanish territory; returned, was honored; was elected to the Presidency of the United States; served two terms; returned to a quiet life at the Hermitage, near Nashville, and died in 1845. Such, in brief, was the career of perhaps the most typical of Americans.

"Old Hickory," as he was known affectionately, was a gay, careless, rollicking youth, penniless most of the time, fond of horses, racing, cock-fighting and mischief. The mischief, as well as the fondness for gaming, stayed with him to the end, but, like many other great men, he seemed to possess a dual nature, which one moment led him to froth at the mouth with anger, the next to consider tenderly the rights and woes of others. And it is this dual nature which makes the life of this pugnacious old warrior replete with choice gems of wit, humor, tenderness, wrath, justice.

He came from a Scotch-Irish family. Parton, speaking of the characteristics of this combination, says: "They were a tenacious, pugnacious race; honest, yet capable of dissimulation; often angry, but most prudent when most furious; endowed by nature with the gifts of extracting from every affair and every relation all the strife it can be made to yield; at home and among dependents all tenderness and generosity; to opponents violent,

ungenerous, prone to believe the worst of them." This excellent description of the race describes Andrew Jackson as if it were a personal character delineation.

In physique Jackson was about six feet tall, rather spare and delicate. He stooped slightly, and his face was seared with pain from his ill health; scarred with the marks of innumerable battles, great rage and iron will. His chin was square, long and tapering; his nose enormous; his ears were large and his shaggy, sandy hair stood up from a massive forehead. He looked in this respect like a German musician. His head was extremely large. He wore a 7½ hat. His blue eyes were deep and brilliant.

**Physique and
Manner.**

The trouble with Jackson seems to have been his lungs and his back. Several times it was thought he would die of pneumonia. Once his doctor returned from a short walk and found him up and ready to go out when he had left him but a few minutes before, as he thought, as good as dead. "You took too much stimulant," said the doctor, remonstrating. "Haven't touched your stimulant!" he replied, disdainfully. "Read that!" handing the doctor a letter from Clay denouncing Jackson for his action in the Arbuthnot case. That was all the stimulant the general needed.

In the fall of 1803, Jackson—then a judge—was on his way from Nashville to Jonesboro, where he was about to hold court. A friend met him on the road and told him that a combination against him had been formed, and he might expect to be mobbed when he arrived. Jackson was then sick with intermittent fever, which had so weakened him that he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. He spurred forward, however, and reached the town, but so exhausted that he could not dismount without help. Burning with fever he retired to his room in the tavern and lay down on a bed. A friend soon came in and said: "Judge, Colonel Harrison and a regiment of men are in front of the hotel to tar and feather you. Lock the door quickly." Instead of doing so Jackson threw the door wide open and exclaimed:

His Lack of Fear.

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to lead his men, not follow them."

Nothing more was heard of the colonel or his men. Judge Jackson got up from the fever and held his court as usual and without molestation.

A distinguishing mark was a deep scar on his forehead. It was inflicted by a British officer in South Carolina when Jackson was a boy of thirteen. A squad of British took his family prisoners, and one of the officers asked

"Andy" to polish his shoes. He refused and was given the scar—but he didn't black the shoes, and he made it lively for that officer despite the difference in their ages.

Jackson's enemies in his later career got Dickinson, a young lawyer in Nashville, who had the reputation of being the "best pistol shot in the world," to speak slightly of Mrs. Jackson. This news was told to the general. Jackson for thirty-seven years had kept a pair of pistols in readiness for use on any one who ever spoke disrespectfully of his wife. He oiled the pistols and then demanded an explanation from Dickinson, who claimed that if he said anything disrespectful he must have been drunk, as he had no recollection of any such remarks. But the enemies fanned the flame and the remarks were repeated, resulting this time in the duel, which ended in a slightly different way from that originally intended by Dickinson, who was killed in the affair, though Jackson himself received a wound from which he suffered until his death.

Jackson boarded when he first went to Tennessee with the Widow Donelson. Here he met the widow's daughter, Mrs. Rachel Robards. Mrs. Robards was taken with Jackson's gallantry. Mr. Robards became jealous and applied for a divorce.

**Jackson's
Marriage.**

Jackson married Mrs. Robards at Natchez in 1791, although the divorce was not granted until 1793. Jackson was at fault in not taking more care to ascertain the non-existence of a divorce, but by forty years of honorable and devoted love he recompensed the blame which he had caused to be attached to her, and, from the day of her death in 1831 until his own spent some time each day in silent mourning and loyal reverence. They had no children.

The War of 1812 found Jackson at the Hermitage. Since 1801 he had been commander-in-chief of the Tennessee militia, but there had been no previous occasion for him to take the field. Late in 1812, after the disasters in the Northwest, it was feared the English might make an attempt on New Orleans. Jackson was ordered to Natchez at the head of 2,000 men.

Armstrong, the new Secretary of War, stupidly instructed Jackson to disband his troops when it became evident that the British were not planning an expedition southward. Jackson got mad, marched his troops back en masse to Nashville, became an idol and won in this campaign the name "Old Hickory."

The Creek war then followed, in which he showed such wonderful military capacity that he was made major-general in the regular army and was appointed to command the Department of the South. When at last the British did head toward the south Jackson started for the front.

On November 22, 1814, General Jackson left Mobile for New Orleans, where he arrived on December 1. It was known that a large British force was on its way to that city, and the importance of defending it could not be overrated. The troops that were to invade it were flushed with the victories of Bladensburg and Washington. Citizens who should have defended the city were strongly suspected of disaffection. While a hostile army of tried veterans, strong in numbers, exact in discipline, confident of success, were advancing in front, the ill-regulated levies of militia who were to oppose them were surrounded by the timid, the doubtful and the treacherous. When Jackson reached New Orleans few thought it capable of defence; in two days after, none thought it susceptible of being taken. But it was obvious to General Jackson that success depended on a prompt offensive movement, and an attack must be made on the invading army the moment they landed.

Intrepidity at New Orleans.

"I am resolved," he wrote in answer to General Carroll, whose division had been delayed on its way to New Orleans, "feeble as my force is, to assail the enemy on his first landing and perish sooner than he shall reach the city."

The execution of that determination is history. The British landed on the twenty-third, fifteen miles below New Orleans. The news reached Jackson at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The same evening he hurled his whole available force at them, lost seven wounded during the twenty-five minutes of the subsequent engagement, while of the enemy 700 were killed, 1,400 were wounded and 500 made prisoners.

The final and overwhelming defeat of the British took place in the battle of January 8, 1815. Jackson's men fought behind a breastwork of cotton bales. The British lost in twenty-five minutes 2,600 killed and wounded. Pakenham was among the slain. Jackson's loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Peace had already been signed at Ghent, but the news, of course, had not yet arrived.

How the British Were Beaten.

A fact showing the confidence of the British is that when they invaded Mississippi they brought with them territorial and civil authorities prepared to take charge of the government.

Once an old aristocrat called upon Jackson to exempt him from military service. "I am lame," he said in explanation. "Can't you run?" asked the General. "No; I can hardly walk," was the reply.

"Well, I wish to God all my men were in the same fix," the General quickly replied, and, turning to the quartermaster, said: "Give him a gun."

An assassin confronted him in the Capitol with a double-barrelled pistol as he was making his way out of a funeral gathering. After one barrel had been snapped within ten feet of his face and the other was pointed at him, Jackson advanced upon the madman with uplifted cane, and would have struck him but for the interference of friends. He was never taken by suprise; he never counted odds.

"I doubt," says an old friend of his, "if ever a man lived of such immovable nerve, who was so unconscious of personal danger, so wholly forgetful of himself and his perils." An incident illustrative of this happened one afternoon during his presidency. An exasperated mob surrounded the President's house and threatened his life. The marshal offered him a score of constables; the military and naval officers volunteered to guard him; the members of his Cabinet and other friends desired to watch with him in his house. He declined all these offers. Toward evening he collected two or three guns, and with only his nephew and a servant in the house went to sleep "as quietly," says one who witnessed the affair, "as an infant in his cradle."

Louis Phillippe, during the war of the Revolution, contracted a debt with the United States. This obligation he had refused to meet and it was still uncanceled when Jackson entered the Presidential office. He sent over a Minister and got a note for the amount. When the note came due Louis allowed it to go to protest. Jackson got mad.

The French Minister to Washington at that time was a little chap, who had married the daughter of Colonel William B. Lewis, a warm friend of Jackson. He went over to the President's house the day the note was protested and found him raging like one mad.

**A Specimen of
His Anger.**

"I will get one of the biggest ships we've got," Jackson said, "and go and see Louis Phillippe. He owes the United States money and I'll go and collect it myself," and he stormed worse than ever. The Frenchman was very much alarmed. He took his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Peyton, out of the room and asked with anxiety: "What is it zat ze President wants? Does he want ze Congress to make him one grand high sheriff to go across ze ocean and collect ze money from my master, ze king?"

"That's it exactly," Colonel Peyton replied, "and he'll make the damnest sheriff you ever saw. If he goes over there after that money you may bet he'll have it before he leaves." The Frenchman thoughtfully scratched his head and in a tone of amazement found voice to utter, "Ain't he one remarkable man?"

In 1844 a very panicky neighbor of General Jackson visited the Hermitage one day about the time that the trouble with Mexico was brewing.

"The Mexicans are the most stubborn race in the world," excitedly remarked the visitor, "and if we get into a war with them I am afraid it will last forty or fifty years."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that," calmly replied the General; "I can go to Sumner County, raise 2,000 volunteers and run every Mexican into the Pacific Ocean in six months." The panicky man's nervousness seemed to be almost entirely allayed by this expression of confidence.

At Clover Bend a mob got after Patton Anderson, who was a warm friend of the general. They were determined on taking his life. Anderson had retreated and entered the yard, with the mob in close pursuit. Jackson intercepted the angry crowd, and with an explanation of warning threw his hand to his hip pocket, and withdrawing a spectacle case opened it with a snap which could be distinctly heard some distance.

"By the eternal God," he shouted, "the first man that puts his foot on this step is a dead man!" This effectually checked the mob. "I had no pistol," said Jackson to an intimated friend afterward, "but the snap of the spectacle case deceived them."

"The corporations and wealthy individuals who are engaged in manufacturing establishments desire a high tariff to increase their gains.

**Jackson's
Farewell Address.**

Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favor and to obtain the means for profuse expenditure for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters.

Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled in this subject. It is a system of injustice, and, if persisted in, will lead to corruption and must end in ruin."

The counsel which Jackson gave in his farewell address exhibits his lofty patriotism no more than his wise statesmanship. Among other impressive observations he said: "In presenting to you, my fellow-citizens, these parting counsels, I have brought before you the leading principles upon which I have endeavored to administer the government in the high office with which you have twice honored me. . . . Our growth has been rapid beyond all former example in numbers, in wealth, . . . and there have never been . . . millions of people associated in one body who have enjoyed so much freedom and happiness as the people of the United States. You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad; your strength and power are well known throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves—from cupidity, from disappointed ambition and inordinate thirst of power—that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs that you have especially to guard yourselves.

"My own race is nearly run. Advanced age and failing health warn me that before long I must pass beyond the reach of human events and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that He has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son."

OUR MOST SERIOUS BATTLES WITH THE FILIPINOS.

THAT our government entered upon a grave undertaking, which, though great in the beginning, has assumed a more serious aspect than could be foreseen, was clearly proved by events directly following conclusion of the peace treaty with Spain. The Filipinos quickly manifested their intention to form an independent government, and when Aguinaldo's request of the United States to make a declaration of purpose respecting the acknowledgment of a Filipino republic was refused, that ambitious leader took the offensive by preparing to continue the struggle for independence which the conclusion of our war with Spain had interrupted. In an earlier article to be found in this work, description is given of the battle precipitated by the Filipinos on the night of February 4, and of the capture of Iloilo and the engagements near Manila to February 10, resulting in a defeat of the insurgents at Caloocan and Malate. These conflicts were believed, for a while, to have so discouraged Aguinaldo that he was well disposed to treat for peace, and overtures to this end were actually made, but General Otis refused to consider any terms except such as provided for an unconditional surrender of all the insurgents, and their unqualified submission to the dictates of the United States government.

Aguinaldo, as has been previously shown, is a man of unbounded ambition; who having risen to not only the position of leadership, but to the presidency of the newly organized Filipino republic, was unwilling to descend from the high estate which he had gained by the fortunes of war, and elected to continue a war for independence against the United States, hopeless as it appeared, rather than relinquish the power he had achieved, which to him was the pearl of great price. Resolutely therefore he reformed his shattered ranks, and set all the machinery of his influence in motion to stir up and encourage the several tribes of the archipelago to wage war against the American army of invasion. So well did he succeed that insurrections followed in the islands of Mindanao, Panay and Cebu, and all the tribes in

**Aguinaldo
Encourages His
People to Fight.**

Luzon acknowledged allegiance to him, and flocked to the support of his banner.

There was almost constant skirmishing after February 10, but the Filipinos always retired before the Americans, endeavoring to lure their enemies into the interior, beyond the range of Admiral Dewey's fleet, and to points where it would be most difficult for our army to manœuvre effectively. It was not therefore until Saturday, March 25, 1899, that a movement was made to engage the Filipinos, the main army of which was known to be concentrated in the vicinity of Polo, twenty miles north of Manila, and supposed to be 25,000 strong, by which position they were able to guard the approach to Malolos, the Filipinos Capital. The movement of our troops was begun by General MacArthur advancing with two brigades towards Novaliches, which is twenty-five miles northeast of Manila, and then swinging to the left to strike Polo from the north. Wheaton's brigade, which lay in front of Caloocan, pressed forward at the same time, and Hall's brigade on the old line north of Pasig made a demonstration towards the left. The enemy in our immediate front was estimated to be 12,000 strong, with a reserve of as many more, while east of Pasig there was a force of 5,000, which had to be reckoned with, the line being thus a semi-circle with a radius of twenty miles and a sweep of fifty miles.

The troops engaged were the Third Artillery, as infantry; the Montana, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota, Minnesota and Oregon volunteers; the Third, Fourth, Seventeenth and Twenty-second regulars; the Utah Artillery battalion and Twenty-third regulars.

**Volunteers and
Regulars Engaged.**

The Nebraska and Colorado volunteer regiments encountered the first strong resistance. This was at San Francisco del Monte, four miles from Manila, and in the surrounding trenches. The cavalry outflanked the enemy, who broke and ran, suffering a severe loss, but they directly reformed and made a stubborn stand in the woods north of the Laloma Church.

General MacArthur's division, composed of General Harrison Gray Otis' brigade on the left, made up of the Third Artillery and the Twentieth Kansas and First Montana regiments, and General Hale's brigade, which included the First South Dakota, Tenth Pennsylvania and First Nebraska regiments, led the advance. As this force moved forward beyond the trenches that had been deserted by the Filipinos, the reserves occupied the trenches, prepared to advance when their services might be needed. The reserve force was made up of General Wheaton's command, composed of the Second Oregon Regiment and the Twenty-second and Third Infantry, and General Hall's brigade, which included the Fourth Infantry, two battalions of the

Seventeenth Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota and First Wyoming regiments.

General MacArthur advanced to the eastward, encountering sharp and immediate opposition from the Filipinos, who were massed in considerable force in that direction and poured a heavy small-arm fire upon the Americans. General Hale quickly extending his front, Otis' artillery rushed to the firing line two guns of the Utah battery of light artillery under Lieutenant Naylor, two guns of the Sixth Artillery under Lieutenant Flemming and a Colt automatic field gun in command of Ensign Davis.

A Stubborn Resistance by the Enemy.

While the artillery vigorously shelled the village of Masambong, the infantry charged across the level open fields in utter disregard of the terrible volleying of the insurgents, and with a great cheer carried the trenches, driving the enemy from them in disorder. The Filipinos gave ground stubbornly, but they could not withstand the impetuous rushes of the United States troops, which continually advanced in the face of the most galling fire. They stood the assaults for a time, but the relentless oncoming of the Americans was demoralizing; they could not understand such deadly, earnest work, and at last they fell back.

After carrying the trenches the Americans swung to the northward, capturing in splendid style the fortified towns of Balintauac, Baeza and Cathuhan, and finally driving the enemy before them through the swamps bordering the Juliaha River toward the town of Novaliches. The rough character of the country, with its dense undergrowth, and the determined resistance of the enemy, prevented further advance in this direction, and the line swung to the left along the river.

General Wheaton began operations from Caloocan, which is seven miles due north of Manila. He was met with a heavy fire from Malabon, about a mile to the west and slightly north of Caloocan, and from the trenches directly in front, where the enemy were stationed in large numbers.

Fighting in the Malabon Trenches.

At 8.30 o'clock the Twenty-second regulars advanced with the purpose of forming connection between Colonel Egbert's regiment on the right and the Third Artillery, which formed the left of General MacArthur's division. The attempt was a daring one, and was pluckily maintained under a galling fire, but the end was failure, which left a gap of a mile on the extreme left of the American line.

The Oregon regiment advanced almost to the confines of the town of Malabon, thus receiving the heaviest fire of any of the United States troops who were engaged. The natives fought like demons, at times actually

leaving their trenches and with reckless bravery charging the Oregon regiment. It was only by the most magnificent fighting on the part of the latter and their utter disregard of the incessant volleying of Aguinaldo's followers that they were enabled to hold their ground. In this engagement they lost eight killed and twenty-three wounded.

The position of the Oregon men was still a most trying one when they were reinforced by a battalion of the Third Infantry in command of Captain Cook. With the arrival of reinforcements the assault was renewed with spirit and the enemy was soon compelled to yield. The Filipinos retreated upon Malabon helter-skelter, the Americans pursuing them clear into the streets of the town and inflicting great loss. The Oregon regiment and the Third Artillery suffered the heaviest loss on the American side, the latter being particularly exposed in storming a strong earth fort, which they carried at the point of the bayonet.

The Montana and Kansas troops met the hottest resistance in a strip from which the rebels had greatly worried the Americans recently during the night time. Ninety minutes after the start—at six o'clock—the whole front for a distance of three miles to the north had been cleared. General Hale's brigade had simultaneously swept in a northwesterly direction, routing the enemy and burning the town of San Francisco del Monte and a number of scattered huts. The line was then opposite Novaliches, the artillery advancing along a good road from Laloma, to Novaliches, the wagons, carrying pontoons, telegraph supplies and ammunition, following. The infantry moved in splendid order. Smoke from the burning huts marked the line of the American advance. Ambulances and horse litters, led by Chinese, brought in the wounded, among whom were a few Filipinos.

A strong opposition was offered by the enemy that made a stand between Malabon and the river Tuliahan, where, being well protected by the woods, they held their fire until General Wheaton's troops had approached within 200 yards, when a murderous volley was delivered that did frightful execution. Our soldiers never faltered, however, and charged the brush so resolutely that the Filipinos retreated in disorder, dividing up, after the manner of Indians, so that they could not be successfully pursued. The heat was overpowering during the whole of the engagement, and so many prostrations occurred that the army was seriously incommoded.

The fighting continued throughout Sunday and nearly all of Monday, always to the advantage of the Americans, but without decisive results. Aguinaldo is said to have personally commanded his army and to have acted with great skill and courage, for though defeated at every point where a stand

was made, he prevented a disastrous rout and succeeded in drawing off his forces towards Malolos without having sustained great damage. The losses on both sides were severe, that of the enemy being estimated at 500 killed and 1,000 wounded, besides 100 prisoners taken. This estimate, it may be admitted, is no better than a guess, but our own losses prove the courage and effective fighting qualities of the Filipinos, and that to conquer them will require the expenditure of a large amount of blood and treasure. The number of killed on our side in the two days' engagement was approximately forty, and there were 207 wounded. Among the former was Colonel Harry C. Egbert, of the Twenty-second Infantry of Regulars. He was shot in the abdomen while leading a bayonet charge, and fell from his horse. General Wheaton saw him fall and went immediately to his aid. He was laid upon a litter and carried to the rear, but died before reaching a hospital. Colonel Egbert was a second lieutenant in the Twelfth United States Infantry during the civil war, and was twice taken prisoner, being confined some time in Libby prison. After the war he remained in the army and was made major of the Seventeenth Infantry, afterwards being promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Infantry. He was with General Shafter's army in the campaign against Santiago, and succeeded Charles A. Wyckoff as colonel of the Twenty-second Infantry after that brave officer was killed at San Juan Hill. He was wounded soon after, but recovered in time to accompany his regiment when it sailed for Manila February 1, arriving March 4.

Lieutenant Maurice G. Krayenbuhl, commissary of subsistence, with the rank of captain in the volunteer service, was also mortally wounded. He had distinguished himself by specially valorous action in the battle of Malate, fought with the Spanish July 31, 1898, where he is credited with having saved from panic the first platoon of Battery K, Third United States Artillery, serving as Infantry. In the same engagement Adjutant Jonas H. Lien and Lieutenants Frank H. Adams and Sidney E. Morrison were killed while heroically advancing in front of the line.

There was a lull in the fighting on March 27 because the retreating Filipinos crossed the Bulican river and burned the bridges so as to stop the advance of their pursuers until the pontoon corps provided means for crossing the stream. On the following day, however, a passage was made and the fighting was renewed before Marialo where the Filipino army made a stand in the open and a sharp conflict took place. The enemy was commanded by four generals, viz: Aguinaldo as generalissimo, and Garcia, Torres and Pacheco, who boldly advanced to meet the Americans under MacArthur, consisting of the Nebraska, South Dakota, and Tenth Pennsylvania on the right. The Kansas regiment, the Third Regular Artillery, and the Montana

regiment on the left. Brigadier-Generals Hale and H. G. Otis were in command of their respective brigades, General Hale on the right and General Otis on the left. Following the formation that General MacArthur observed during his march to the northward, General Wheaton's brigade was in reserve, guarding the railroad. As the Filipinos advanced for the first time in battle order, our line reserved its fire until the enemy was well within four hundred yards. Then the command to fire was given all along the American front. There was a roar from field artillery and a shriek from rifles. Immediately the Filipino line was broken, and the soldiers of Aguinaldo began to retreat in confusion. The soldiers of our advance could plainly see the insurgent officers trying to stop the flight of the men under their command, but no control obtained against the advance of our soldiers, and soon the plain was clear for our force to cross.

**Renewal of the
Fighting.**

Prisoners who were taken in the engagement declared that the officers stood behind the Filipino soldiers with whips instead of swords, and lashed the unwilling men to force them to hold their positions, a declaration which was supported by the appearance of marks found upon the bodies of Filipinos that were killed in the trenches. Aguinaldo employed, according to the relation of the prisoners, even more potent discouragers of hesitancy than the whip, for it is claimed that he daily executed sentence of death, summarily imposed upon men in his force who refused to further fight and those taken who fled from his camp.

In the stand made on the field four of our men were killed and about thirty-five were wounded. Of the killed two were members of the First Montana, one was a member of the First Nebraska and one was a member of the Tenth Pennsylvania. Among the wounded was an officer of the Kansas regiment.

Thenceforward our troops had little opposition. The Filipinos retreated in the general direction of Malolos. In their retreat they tore up sections of the railroad to harass movement of our supplies and burned the small villages.

We had expected stern resistance at Bocave, having been informed of concentration there of Filipino troops after the fall of Marilao. Aguinaldo

Our Advance Meets Small Opposition. evidently was not inclined to repeat his experiment of the plans north of Marilao, for MacArthur found no foe at Bocave, and entered the town without opposition, the artillery crossing the bridge. After a halt at Bocave to rest the men, the advance was resumed, and later in the day our army marched into Bigaa without having to fight their way across the river at that town. The Filipinos had set fire to the bridge at Bigaa, but the damage was slight.

Along the line of march were many unfinished trenches, indicating that the insurgent leaders were not prepared for the speed of our troops. Evidently the Filipinos had relied upon halting MacArthur at the Marilao River. Failing there, they tried on the plain north of Marilao. Again the resistance was futile, and they retreated in disorder beyond Bocave, passing to the westward from Bocave and halting east of Bulacan. Bulacan lies westward of Bocave and Bigaa is a little north of the latter; after the capitulation of these places, our army pushed ahead steadily towards Malolos, expecting the enemy to make a final stand in defence of their capital.

MacArthur's advance towards Malolos was continuous, except when interrupted by streams which it was necessary to bridge by the pontoon corps. But his progress was not by peaceful marches, for the Filipinos harassed the flanks of his lines and several times made a stand that was broken only by fierce charges

**Capture of the
Insurgent Capital.**

of our determined troops. On March 30, MacArthur crossed the Guiguinto River, and rested a few hours in the jungle less than three miles from Malolos; when the army began their movement again, along the railway, the enemy was encountered, in considerable force, intrenched on the border of the woods on the right of the track. As the Americans were in the open they suffered from a galling fire poured into them by the concealed enemy, which killed four and wounded thirty of the Nebraska regiment, and a slight loss was also sustained by the Dakota and Pennsylvania regiments. After sharp fighting for half an hour the Filipinos were driven from their first intrenchments, and retired to two other lines, which, however, they held for only a few minutes, when they broke into a precipitate retreat towards their capital. General MacArthur and his staff were walking abreast of the advance, and were fired upon by sharpshooters hidden in the trees and houses, a shower of bullets falling about them, but without damage.

Mariguina, a small village, was taken before the close of the day, and after a rest of ten hours the victorious advance was resumed, about three o'clock on the morning of March 31, receiving a heavy fire from the right, but halted a mile and a half from Malolos where our lines were formed for a final charge across the open country as follows: Third United States Artillery, Montana Volunteers, Kansas Volunteers, Tenth Pennsylvania, South Dakota Volunteers, Nebraska Volunteers, Fourth United States Cavalry.

There was great deliberation in the action of General MacArthur, who felt that the situation was sufficiently secure to allow of some indulgence to his tired but enthusiastic army. A good breakfast was partaken of just before daylight without any signs of hurriedness, and when the men declared themselves properly refreshed the line formations were perfected and at six

o'clock the charge was sounded. The fight which followed was far from a bloodless one, for the Filipinos offered a stubborn resistance for nearly two hours, but failed to stop the advance. The Americans dashed into the city and then the battle raged in the streets, and from house to house, sometimes hand-to-hand, until the place broke into flames, set on fire by the Filipinos, when the enemy retreated northward leaving their burning capital, in our possession. In this desperate engagement our losses were three killed and fifteen wounded, and the casualties of the enemy were considerably greater.

**A Terrific Struggle
in the Streets.**

The Filipinos left only smoking ruins to mark their line of retreat, for from the time they evacuated Bulacan, they applied the torch to all villages and country houses, and at Bocave they murdered twenty Chinamen who protested against the destruction of their property as aliens. The retreating army was accompanied by great numbers of women, children, and other non-combatants, and large bodies of Spanish prisoners were driven along in front of the fleeing columns, the Filipinos being careful to prevent their escape, reckoning that a large ransom may be offered for their release, or that better terms of peace may be arranged upon the conditions of setting them at liberty.

Aguinaldo's capital was captured before 9 o'clock a. m., of March 31st, but few houses were saved from the conflagration, and the insurgent chief-
tain contrived to not only make his escape but to bring off nearly the whole of his army, where it will probably scatter among the mountains in small bands and harrass our troops and the country by predatory excursions and sharp dashes. A guerrilla warfare must now follow, with a prospect of long continuance unless some fortune shall depose Aguinaldo, who is the head and heart of the insurrection.

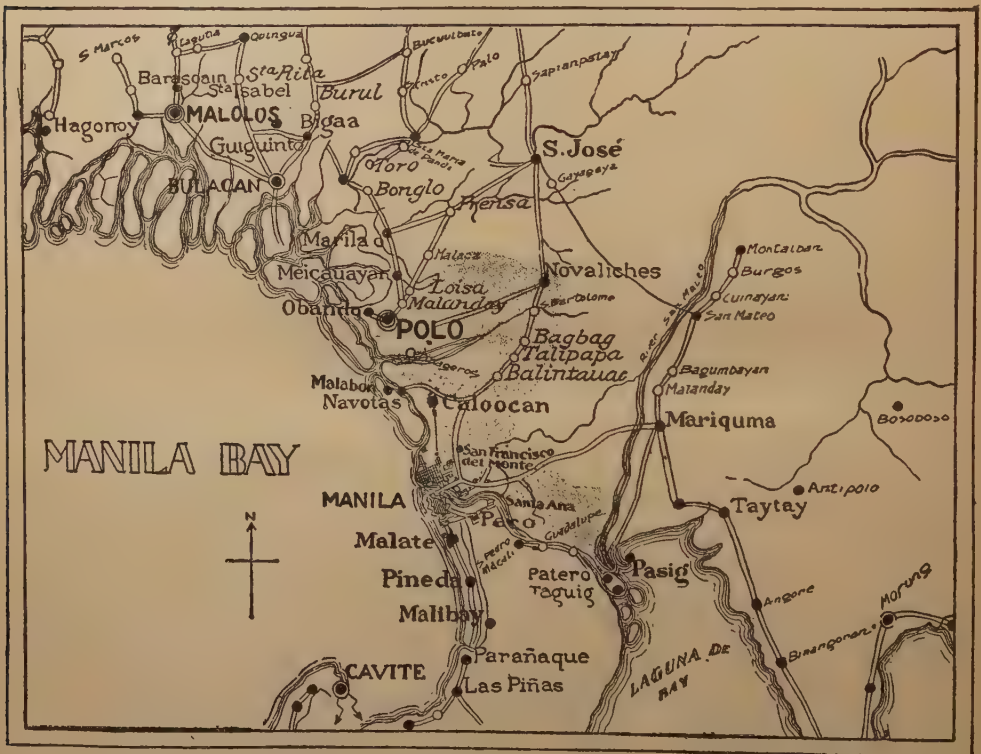
**A Guerrilla War
Inevitable.**

While MacArthur was operating against Malolos General Hall's brigade advanced from Mariquina up the Mateo valley to a point near Montalban, the enemy retreating without offering resistance until at the junction of the Nanca and Ampit rivers with the Mateo where a stand was made and some sharp fighting took place. The insurgents exhibited great courage until our artillery was brought into action which struck terror into their ranks and caused them to break into a pell-mell rout, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field. To General Hall the credit must also be given of having driven the enemy from Mariquina, and of chasing 2,000 Filipinos into the hill country where it was not practicable to follow them at once.

It would be idle to deny that the commanders of our forces in the Philippines have had many anxious moments, or that the resistance of the

Filipinos has been unexpectedly stubborn. The fighting quality of the Tagal insurgents has been proven to be clever, courageous, and unremitting, and the advantages which we have gained have been due to the discipline, determination, and control exerted against a wily foe, intrenched in and supported by a favorable field of action and inspired by a mistaken idea as to his fate in the case of defeat or capture.

The startling phase of the campaign was the forced abandonment of our declared plan. The original intention of General Otis was to take the initiative with two divisions. The first, under General Lawton, was depended upon to hold in check the force south of Manila, about Pasig, and his contin-



MAP OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS WERE DRIVEN BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

ued belief in the success of this strategy is demonstrated in a despatch where it is asserted that the movements of this southern enemy are giving him no concern—because “Lawton will look out for them.”

The second disposition of the army was to be an advance by General MacArthur's division northward and westward, one-half of the force attack-

ing the insurgents to the south and the other closing its retreat to the north. It was hoped that this taking "in reverse" would be the resultant of a surprise, but unfortunately the Filipinos at Malabon escaped before the lines were drawn. This demanded a readjustment of the initial theory, and General Otis was compelled to consolidate both attacking columns and direct them for a united assault upon the insurgent stronghold and capital at Malolos.

The topography of the tropical country assailed offers a difficult problem to the attack. It is thickly wooded and bushed; many small creeks traverse it on their way to the bay; the roads are impassable for light artillery and scouting or quickly manœuvring cavalry; ambushes await at every turn, and, owing to the nature of the soil and woods and undergrowth, intrenchments can easily be thrown up without the implements or the skill demanded in ordinary military engineering.

**Serious
Impediments
Encountered.**

These impediments made our progress slow; though it is comforting to know that in less than three days' fighting our troops forced the enemy to retire fifteen miles, and were able without serious loss to advance our main army nearly ten miles. The strategy therefore resolved itself into a stolid, determined advance of our troops upon a slow and dogged retreat of the enemy, the objective point being Malolos—twenty miles north of Manila.

Admiral Dewey had disposed his vessels so as to cover the water flanks of the troops, and in a position where his ships could be called upon at any time to transport brigades to a point north of Malolos, where an attack upon the rear was expected to decide the day. An army flotilla was in the meantime patrolling the Laguna to the southward of Manila, to hold in check the insurgents of that district.

TRAGIC INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CAPTURE OF MALOLOS.

The last stronghold of the Filipino insurgents fell before ten o'clock Friday morning, March 31, and the shattered army of Aguinaldo, thought to be five thousand strong, and the administration, with all its official impedimenta, seals, banners, insignia, throne, and family, hurried away to the north-east in a most undignified retreat. There were some comical scenes enacted during the rout but the incidents connected with the assault and evacuation were chiefly tragic. The sight that broke upon the vision of MacArthur's advancing columns, as they approached Malolos, was beautiful, and to the victorious troops it was inspiring. The morning was clear, with a sunlight that made the rich vegetation appear in glorious colors, while across the intervening low-lands towards the sea there was an ineffable calm and

opalescent haze of indescribable grandeur. This peaceful scene was very soon interrupted by a boom on the right, which was taken as a signal for the battle that had been prepared for. As was afterwards ascertained, Aguinaldo had foreseen the result of MacArthur's attack, and, with the main body of his broken army, made his escape from the capital on Wednesday the 29, leaving two thousand of his soldiers to hold the city and cover his retreat. This remnant, small and poorly armed as it was, exhibited great courage during the first onset, but were awed by the extraordinary heroism of our soldiers, whose charges were in such striking contrast with those to which the Filipinos had been accustomed in fighting the Spaniards.

The campaign was conducted on the most humane principles by our troops, but this did not prevent the commission of many deeds which ruthless war made unavoidable, that caused the eye of pity to moisten and the heart of sympathy to beat with awe, for sorrow everywhere abounded between Caloocan and Malolos.

**Sad Scenes
Along the Way.**

One would be very inhuman indeed who could visit these scenes of desolation without a deep sense of sympathy for the houseless and homeless. The country is naturally a perfect paradise. From the city of Malolos the land rises in gently undulating ridges to the hills in the rear. Fertile plains are broken by hedgerows of bamboo, banana and acacia trees, and the eye rests with grateful repose on the soft yellow flower of the amargosa, or welcomes the effective red blaze of the bougainvillea. In places the waving grass was ripe for the sickle that could never garner it; the fruit was ready to be plucked. Yet this paradise was devastated and made to show the blighting trail of the serpent. Crops were trampled under foot, the husbandmen who should have been reaping the fruits of their labor, or preparing the soil were summoned by the fiery cross of Aguinaldo, and soon thereafter were watching the smoking ruins of their homes from the adjacent hillsides, unable in the majority of cases to understand why this evil thing had come upon them. But it was war, grim, gaunt, inexorable, that spares nothing, and destroys without limit with the blood-cravings instruments of hate. These were now employed to drive the Filipinos from their capital, whose resistance, inspired by Aguinaldo's bootless ambition, had brought this grief upon their land.

The engagement was begun by the Third Artillery, which poured a terrific stream of shells into the trenches where the enemy was in force, and from which a hot fire was returned. The Utah battery quickly joined in the action, followed in half an hour by a charge of the South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas regiments that swept along both sides of the railroad over open fields, through

**Opening of the
Battle.**

thickets and across streams to the main trenches south of the city. The insurgents' earthworks were well constructed, and had they been held by a thousand such fighting soldiers as our own might have repulsed a force ten times as great. But the Filipinos, while brave, lack the genius and the indomitable, irresistible dash of trained veterans, and also lacking modern firearms they could not long withstand the charges of our troops and the hail of bursting shells that broke so fiercely over them. The conflict was so impetuous that the enemy became demoralized after an hour's fighting, abandoned their trenches and took to the cover of adjacent thickets, from which they harassed Hale's brigade.

Seeing that our troops would soon pour into the city, the insurgents decided to destroy what they could no longer defend. The torch was accordingly applied to the palace, where for several months the Filipino congress had held its sessions, and from which Aguinaldo had fulminated so many boastful pronunciamientos. When our battalions poured through the streets they found it more necessary to combat flames than to do battle with the insurgents, who were now fugitives. The fiery scene was an appalling one. Hundreds of terrified, panic-stricken Chinamen were shrieking for mercy and striving to save their effects, while women and children were crying and piercing the air with appeals for help. Down the main streets our victorious troops charged, near the end of which they encountered a barricade, behind which a few insurgents lay concealed, to become sacrifices in covering the retreat of the main body. These delivered three volleys into the Kansans' ranks, and then broke into retreat, followed by their assailants, at the head of which was Colonel Funston, who, swinging his hat, leaped over the barricade and cheered his men to pursue. Having routed the enemy from this point, the Kansans advanced to another part of the town, where they rescued several Chinamen who had been driven to the woods and whose lives were in the greatest peril from threatening Filipinos.

When the enemy had abandoned their capital a scene of desolation marked the place which two hours before had been a city of some pretension to elegance. The Presidencia was a building of considerable architectural beauty, and its decorations and furnishings were finer than one might expect to see among a semi-civilized people, especially among such as they are mistakenly represented to be. The Filipinos had a profound admiration for this stately building, which was to them the very enshrinement of their hopes of independence. It must, therefore, have been with deepest sorrow that they applied the torch, to preserve it from profanation by their enemies, and we may imagine their grief when fleeing for their lives they

**The Last Sight
of the
Filipinos.**

looked back to see boiling clouds of smoke, riven by flashes of flames, that marked the now desolated spot where their once proud capitol had stood.

After occupying Malolos our troops addressed themselves to the work of subduing the fire that was destroying the main part of the city. So energetic were the measures taken, and plenty of water being providentially at hand, that most of the town was saved, and few of the large, important buildings were seriously damaged. But the capitol having been reduced to ruins, our flag was raised in the public square, where it now floats triumphantly.

Our losses were strangely few, due to the poor marksmanship of the insurgents, who are unfamiliar with firearms, and who, while not wanting in courage, are very excitable, which causes them to fire at random and without discipline. As they retreated from the city they took the precaution to destroy several miles of railroad track so as to prevent pursuit. The rails were not only removed from the roadbed, but were taken into thickets, or thrown into streams, where they cannot be recovered, so that several months must elapse before they can be renewed, as it will be necessary to import new rails from England or America. The whole route of retreat was also devastated, and for some miles out of the city the line was distinctly marked by camp equipage left behind by the fugitives. But though defeated at every point the Filipinos never lost their determination to continue their resistance. When it became evident that it was impossible to hold the city against the Americans, several of the prominent natives pleaded with the authorities to surrender the place and thus save many lives and avoid destruction of property, but so far from granting their prayers the Filipino officers ordered the immediate execution of the petitioners, by which act they demonstrated their determination to contest to the last extremity, thus plainly indicating their purpose to resort to guerrilla warfare when no other means of resistance shall be left to them.

After the occupation of Malolos by our troops the insurgents moved north and west, and the general belief was for a while that they had scattered among the hills of North Luzon. The rainy season, too, was now near at hand and a suspension of hostilities was for a while contemplated; but the war department at Washington, acting upon the advice of General Otis, decided to continue the campaign despite the probable season difficulties, so as to afford no time for recuperation or reorganization to the demoralized Filipinos. Accordingly, before the expiration of the service of the volunteers, General MacArthur moved rapidly northward with the design of attacking some 4,000 insurgents

**The Battle of
Calumpit.**

that were known to be strongly intrenched at Calumpit. The march was swift from April 20, and on the 25th Wheaton's brigade reached the city, upon which they made a direct attack, supported by General Hale on the flank. A stream of some size lay between the troops and the city, spanned by a bridge that had been partially destroyed. The first to cross was Colonel Fred Funston, who, calling for volunteers, accepted five out of the hundreds that promptly offered. These crawled along the spans of the bridge as far as possible, exposed to the fire of the enemy, until they reached the broken part, when they dropped into the water and swam the remaining distance. Gaining the bank they rushed upon the startled Filipinos, and with no other weapons than revolvers drove a squad of insurgents out of their trenches and occupied them themselves. The army crossed soon after and a hot fight followed, in which the Filipinos contested stubbornly, but were finally routed and driven out of the city, but not until they had destroyed much of it by fire. Our loss in the engagement was six killed and twelve wounded.

Two days before the fight at Calumpit a sharp fight took place near Quingua, six miles northeast of Malolos, that proved to be one of the most fatal actions of the war, though the battle lasted only an hour. The Filipinos were beaten back, but not until our forces sustained a loss of nine killed and forty-four wounded, among the former being Colonel John M. Stotzenburg, of the First Nebraska, and Lieutenant August C. Nisson. Almost at the same time a party of sixteen sailors from the "Yorktown" that had been sent ashore at Baler, island of Mindanao, in command of Lieutenant J. C. Gilmore, to relieve a Spanish garrison, were surprised and made captive by a large body of insurgents. They were treated well, however, but held for ransom or exchange upon terms that might promise to be of distinct advantage to the insurgent cause.

On April 28 Aguinaldo sent two of his confidential emissaries, Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant Jose Bernal, to treat with General Otis for terms of peace. Their proposals were limited to request for a truce of three months, evidently with the purpose of **Overtures for Peace.** securing time in which to reorganize the insurgent army, though their pretence was that this time was required in which to assemble the Filipinos congress, which alone had authority to confirm peace terms. General Otis denied the commissioner's request, which was repeated on May 2 and again on May 4, but with no better success. The army was in fit condition, notwithstanding the excessive heat, and a resolute movement was made to drive the insurgents from all their strongholds in North Luzon, back upon the hill tribes that were known to be implacable enemies of the Filipinos. In pursuance of this purpose General MacArthur's forces on May 4 advanced

against St. Thomas, which was captured after a hard fight, in which Colonel Funston again distinguished himself by intrepid daring and sagacious generalship, such as has won the admiration of the world. In this engagement the enemy was routed with considerable loss, and left behind 50,000 bushels of rice which Colonel Funston secured in good condition.

Colonel Fred Funston, of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers, has been brought into prominence by such exhibitions of heroism as make him

Sketch of Funston. probably the most picturesque character developed by the war, his career being such as might give him rank with the dashing musketeers of Dumas' heroic romance. He is son of ex-Congressman Funston, of Kansas, born in 1863, and reared to deeds of daring and adventure. He received an excellent education and after graduating took a position in the agricultural department at Washington, and because of his superior knowledge of botany and forestry was twice sent to Alaska to collect botanical specimens. On his last trip he lost his two companions and made a perilous journey down the Yukon, a distance of 1,500 miles, reappearing after he was long supposed to have perished. During the Cuban rebellion he served under Generals Gomez and Garcia as captain of artillery. He was once captured by the Spaniards but secured his release by a strategy and later was shot through both lungs while leading a charge. His horse was killed at the same time and, falling on him, broke his right leg. He was rescued by his Cuban companions and taken to a hospital, and later brought to the United States. After several months he recovered, and on the breaking out of the war between the United States and Spain he offered his services to his country and was commissioned colonel of volunteers. He was sent to San Francisco with the troops detailed for Manila, and during his short stay there married an excellent lady who, joining her fortunes with those of her adventurous husband, sailed with him for the Philippines. He has on so many occasions exhibited bravery and sagacity of such high order that, on May 2, the President promoted him to be brigadier-general of volunteers and the people of his native state (Kansas) sent him a magnificent sword as a testimonial of their admiration. General Funston, though one of the greatest of fighters, is the smallest man of his regiment, weighing less than one hundred pounds.

The capitulation of St. Thomas was followed on May 5 by an advance against San Fernando, but finding this place evacuated General Lawton's

Capture of San Rafael and Balinag. command engaged 800 insurgents under General Rio del Pilar and Colonel Gregario, near San Rafael, whom he defeated after a hard fight. On the next day, May 6, General Lawton attacked Balinag where he found 2,000 Filipinos strongly

intrenched and well armed. After an hour of desultory firing Brigadier-General Funston led a charge against the enemy across open ground and through a hail of bullets, which is said to have been one of the most dashing and daring assaults of the war. Several of his men were struck, but the thinning of ranks did not halt his impetuosity and his brave men swept down upon the amazed Filipinos like an avalanche that carries every movable object before it. The enemy made a stubborn resistance for a little while but their courage failed them when the American Volunteers poured over the intrenchments, retreated with a precipitancy that quickly became a route of wildest disorder, leaving arms and provisions behind, and scattering in the jungle, where they could not be successfully pursued. In this engagement our loss was ten killed and thirty-three wounded, while that of the enemy is supposed to have been many times as great.

It is useless to wonder now what would have been the situation in the Philippines had a large force been despatched there directly after Dewey's admirable victory. Our main concern is with the present situation, and, measuring it fairly, it appears that the present condition of affairs is most favorable, and that if Aguinaldo had staked his fortunes upon a final battle our success would have been complete. This, of course, does not mean that the insurrection would be immediately stamped out. With such a people spasmodic and more or less intermittent outbreaks must be expected, but it is probable these would have been in character of no more importance than the uprisings of our Indians ten years ago.

While the wisdom of Philippine annexation is a disputed question, there can be no difference of opinion regarding the courage, discipline and efficiency of the American troops.

Fighting ambuscaded and intrenched foes in a strange country, under a tropical sun, our men displayed a steadiness under fire and a headlong bravery when the charge was sounded which have evoked the highest praise from European experts and of which all American citizens have the right to be proud. That the operations in which they are engaged are no holiday warfare is proved by the figures of the casualties since February 4. In this time, to the capture of Malolos, the number of killed had reached 167, while 900 had been wounded. This is a showing which cannot be contemplated without keen regret. But it bears unmistakable evidence to the fighting qualities of the troops, when it is taken in conjunction with the fact that not a single American soldier, gun or flag was captured in battle, and that the enemy had been driven from their position in every conflict.

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